Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by E. Challis.

The Cathedral of Lyons, from the Chapel of St. Louis.

La Cathédrale de Lyons.

Der Dom von Lyon, von der St. Louis Kapelle.

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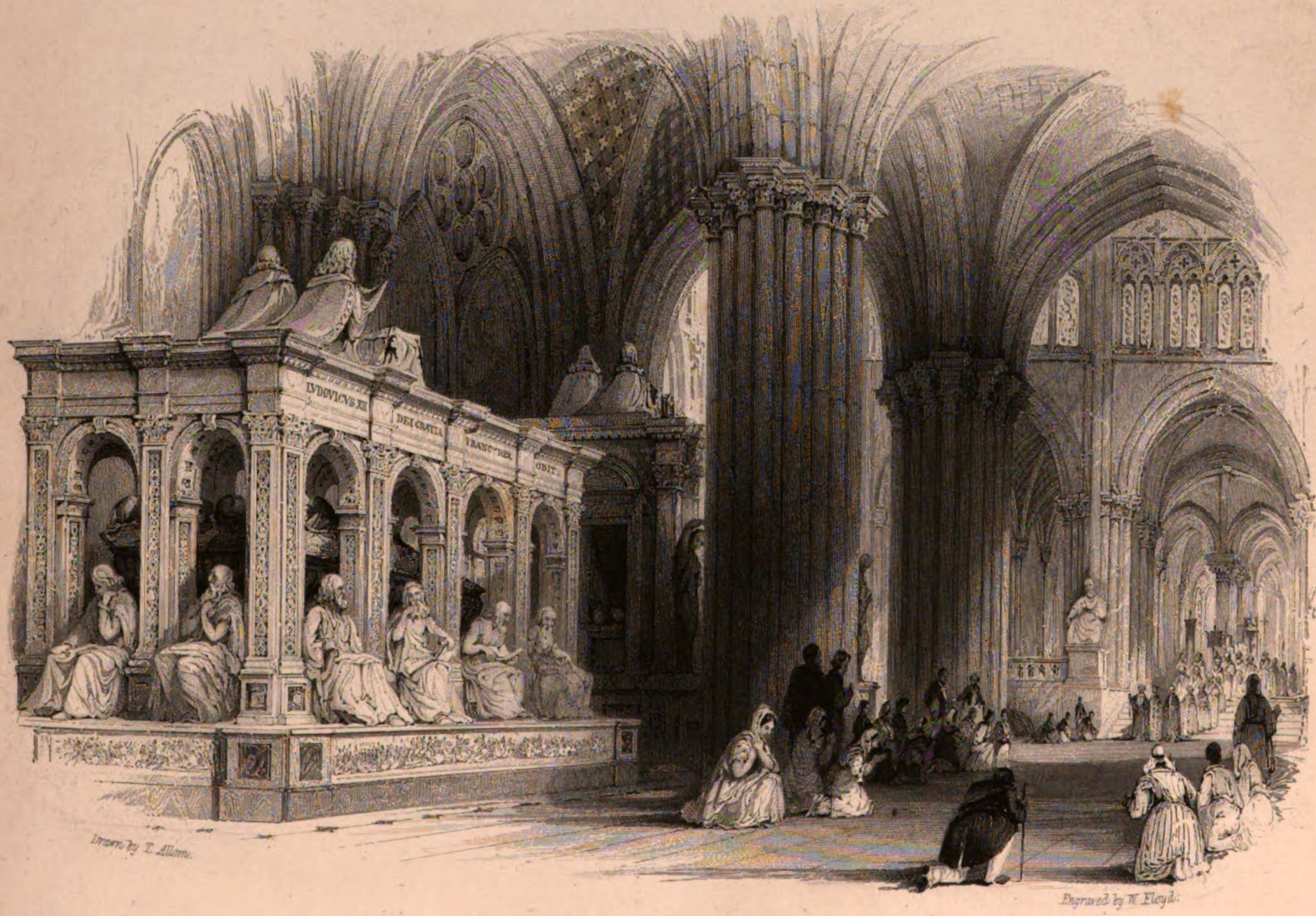
FRANCE

Illustrated.



The Abbey Church of St. Denis

Tomb of Louis XII.

Eglise de Saint Denis Tombeau de Louis XII.

Abtei zu St. Denis Grabmal Ludwigs des zwölften.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

FRANCE

ILLUSTRATED.

EXHIBITING ITS

LANDSCAPE SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,
MILITARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE, &c.

DRAWINGS BY

THOMAS ALLOM, ESQ.

DESCRIPTIONS BY

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FISHER, SON, & CO.
THE CAXTON PRESS, ANGEL STREET, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON;
RUE ST. HONORÉ, PARIS.

PREFACE.

SWITZERLAND is celebrated for the beauties of its landscape,—and the noble spirit of its inhabitants;—Italy renowned for historic associations, incomparable works of art, and genial atmosphere; and Germany for its numerous thrones, its close, dark forests, and old feudal castles, that are pinnacled on many a rocky height. Partaking of all these features, and including others of equal attraction, France presents a field for the exercise of the Illustrative art more varied, valuable, and wide.

Tableaux of that kingdom, therefore, if faithfully delineated, must necessarily gratify curiosity, satisfy a laudable desire, and convey instruction. No country in Europe, not even the original land of the Romans, retains more distinct and perfect evidence of the greatness of that nation than conquered Gallia. The Amphitheatre at Nismes, Maison Carrée, and the Pont du Gard, may be appealed to boldly in support of this assertion.

There are scenes in the Vosgean mountains—in the vicinity of the Pyrenees—and where the Helvetian and Gaul approach each other, unequalled in any other part of the Continent; but, when the powers of art and nature have been exercised simultaneously, to confer interest and beauty on the scene, French prospects remain wholly unrivalled.

France is peculiarly rich in architectural monuments, and justly proud of them. It is a matter of doubt whether her churches or her palaces are the more admirable; and it has been the fortunate lot of this national work—national as regards both France and England—to have been committed to a hand so practised in tracing the treasures of art, so successful in fixing picturesque impressions on the mind, that time in vain endeavours to obliterate them.

The variety that exists in age, manner, and object, amongst the buildings in France, has given Mr. Allom an opportunity of displaying the unlimited power of his pencil in architectural delineations; and it would be useless to select individual subjects, as peculiarly illustrative of his success—equality, the indication of a formed and firm style, prevailing throughout.

No methodical arrangement has been followed, in the selection of subjects, or order of publication, the artist's taste being the author's guide; and the former appears to have been influenced, as the eye when it first ranges over some perfect picture, by the principal lights and the prominent beauties.

LIST OF PLATES, AND CONTENTS.

*** Résumé, Part First, to precede the Descriptions.

RÉSUMÉ

OF

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF CLOVIS TO THE PRESENT TIME.

As the Franks of the nineteenth century are not descended from the ancient Gauls, their histories are not identical: the latter belonging, with more propriety, to that of Rome, the former commencing with the invasion of the South of Europe by the German hordes, and continuing, in an unbroken chain, to the present time.

Whatever is known of the aboriginal inhabitants of this fine country, has been collected from the Commentaries of Cæsar, or the less authentic narratives of mere literary men; and from these it would appear, that although various native tribes then existed, from their inability to defend themselves against sudden aggression, the soil continually changed its occupiers, title being determined, in most instances, by the numerical strength of the claimants. Perhaps this state of society and events was characteristic of the ancient Gauls, rather than of their contemporaries. It was by such title that the Romans held the greater portion of the olden world—and, however historic apologists may object, the *sole* right by which the Norman conqueror took possession of England. Cæsar has left us a description of these brave people, whose subjugation constituted his greatest achievement; and, from the dignity of his own character, it is allowable to conclude that he has not detracted intentionally from theirs. He represents them as warlike, going always armed, and ready on all occasions to terminate their differences by the sword; they were inclined to levity, but not to indolence; they were hospitable, generous, confiding, and sincere. Had the military historian been content to have finished the portrait here, few barbarous nations would appear to have surpassed the Gauls in the best and noblest qualities; but he adds, that, deeming it "excellent to have a giant's strength, but not tyrannous to use it as a giant," whatever they became possessed of by the agency of physical force, they exerted over that property an imperial authority; and, it was to this false notion of the rights of man, that the lives of their wives and children were constantly sacrificed.

Tyrants are essentially cowards; and those remorseless men, whose bosom-friends and infant offspring they made their utmost slaves, were themselves the victims of the arch-druid's policy. By the possession of some learning, by the employment of impious anathemas, and by the use of pretended charms, the druids were enabled to exercise the most entire control over these otherwise determined people. While all others were obliged to labour for their support, and to defend the public safety, the druids were not required to endure either duties; while all others were compelled to pay an arbitrary tribute, they were wholly exempt. So that the anomaly might occur, of these magicians being inordinately rich, and the government, under which they exercised their priest-craft, deplorably poor. The doctrines of these astrologers are now but imperfectly known. We are given to understand that they sacrificed human victims—a statement not inconsistent with the right exercised by parents over their children, amongst the Gauls—that they taught their followers to adore one Being as supreme over all, but this may have been made compatible with the superstitions of polytheism, or with fetichism. While the ceremonies of religion engaged his attention, the learned priest did not neglect the interests of the community, both in a civil and military consideration; in the latter, especially, his services were often eminently useful, by encouraging the bards in the composition of war-songs. These strains were calculated to animate the native armies as they entered the field of battle, to inspire a love for the profession of arms, and to celebrate the memories of the most illustrious heroes.

Under such a slavish system of religion, such false notions of moral rectitude, and at such an age of the world itself, the Gauls do not, perhaps, deserve to be ranked amongst barbarians. Haughty Rome was lavish in the application of this detractive name; but Europeans, seeing Chinese bigotry presume to apply the same epithet to the most civilized people of the globe, will receive the term henceforth with greater qualifications. That a form of government, sufficiently intelligible to neighbouring nations, did exist amongst the people whom the Romans designated Gauls, but who called themselves *Celts*, is indisputable. The whole territory of Gaul was divided into petty states, bound together by leagues offensive and defensive; in these the social sections comprehended an aristocracy, priesthood, and plebeians. The first of these classes included the elders, with the military chiefs, and civil magistrates; the priests monopolized the wealth and learning of the little states; while the people's portion was poverty and vassalage. All Gaul appeared capable of acting confederatively, the heads of each state being military chiefs, elected by the aristocracy and the army. In this constitution the people, or the soldiery, exercised a certain species of corrective control, if there be any truth in the apology of Ambiorix to Cæsar, for a treacherous attack upon the consul's camp which his followers had made. "It was not committed with my consent," said the wily Gaul, "but by the compulsion of my soldiers, for they exercise as much authority over me, as I do over them." Such must necessarily be the case in all sudden revolutions, and in all absolute democracies: the disaffected find out, or accept, a leader, and they obey him so long as he guides them in the impetuous current of their views; but, the moment he would resist that

torrent, or venture to exercise an independent personal judgment, they either destroy or desert him.

The compact union of this Gallic confederacy was an object of uneasiness to Rome; and, adopting the wise maxim of *divide et impera,* emissaries were employed to create jealousies—foment divisions—produce distrust between the states of the union. When the poison, which this Machiavelian policy had infused into the political constitution of the Celts, had begun to operate, Cæsar, at the head of his legions, attacked the envenomed and decaying members, and, lopping them off one by one, after a severe struggle, which was protracted during ten whole years, triumphed over whatever Gallic virtue had outlived the corruption of Roman stratagem. This memorable event, the annexation of the whole territory of Transalpine Gaul to the Roman empire, occurred about fifty years before the birth of Christ.

The impetuosity displayed by the Gauls in their resistance to the consular legions, was exchanged for despair when they experienced defeat. They had not perceived the duplicity of the civilized Romans in sending emissaries amongst them to open marts, and seduce the affections of some of their principal leaders, while they were preparing to overwhelm them with a veteran army. When, however, they saw treachery within the citadel, and the matchless multitudes without, they yielded at length to the fortunes of Cæsar and of ambitious Rome.

Gaul, now degraded into a Roman province, was partially colonized; arts, and agriculture, and improved habits, were speedily introduced, and these seeds flourished more luxuriantly in the new soil than they had done in the exhausted one whence they had been transplanted. At first the municipal laws, extended to this conquered people, were deemed by the poor a providential gift; and regret for what they once called "loss of liberty," soon was dissipated: but when the abuses, to which provincial governments are subjected, were felt—when Rome became a prey to luxury and avarice—when factions arose—when every courier brought intelligence of the violent death of one tyrant, and sudden elevation of another—when the exactions of proconsuls, who took advantage of temporary anarchy, became insupportable; then indeed the Gauls first tasted the bitter cup of slavery, which, while Rome herself was free, they had not known.

A large class of historians have concluded, that the formation of civic communities, the introduction of municipal institutions, the extinction of feudalism, and, in fact, the exchange of a predial and dependent, for a civic and less restrained condition, were great contributions to the general amount of happiness. There are some who doubt whether this much-lauded happiness has been increased by the concentration of dense masses of people within civic limits; whether the abolition of feudalism and of slavery be synonymous terms, or identical acts; and, whether the liberty of the subject has not been contracted rather than enlarged by the exchange of a rustic for an urbane life. The Gauls, however, do not appear to have rested tranquilly under their new institutions; on the contrary, they employed themselves, with little interruption, in harassing their neighbours, and invading their territories; and, proud of the military skill

which they had acquired from their conquerors, they sought strife for the sole purpose of display. It is somewhat extraordinary that this pharisaical spirit was not checked, or corrected by the only valuable consequence of Roman supremacy in Gaul—the introduction of Christianity. But this is accounted for on the ground, that the Christian religion, when it first shone on these rude people, was but dimly seen. Its rays, having to travel from Constantinople, where the light of the Gospel first burst upon the conquerors of the world, were shorn of so much of their brightness when they reached the land of Gaul, that the majority were uninfluenced by their operation. The religion of Christ was then only the creed of the poor: the promise of another world still appeared inferior to the possession of this; so that, although Gaul was indebted to Rome for the inestimable blessing of Christianity, she felt that the gift was rather one of necessity than intention.

The chain which bound the Gauls to Rome could therefore be readily broken, and the gradual decline of Roman power relaxed its tensity, without any consciousness on the part of either governors or governed. The bishops, a hierarchy who rose up under Christianized and Imperial Rome, possessing all the learning of the age, soon added to this acquisition a large share of political power also—so that, instead of one despotism, the empire now groaned beneath the weight of two. This division of authority naturally tended to Imperial weakness; and, in every muscle and member of the Roman constitution, incipient decay was visible. Arts, literature, civilization, declined; public discipline became relaxed;—the illusion of the Roman name vanished—the spell that hung on the conqueror's sword was dissolved—ignorance and barbarism again cast their deep shadows over that country which the reigns of Trajan, Antoninus, and Aurelius had enlightened.

Cæsar has left us the true boundaries of this ancient territory, which do not differ much from those of modern France. The English Channel and the borders of the Belgæ, confine it on the north—the classic Rhine separates it from Germany—between Switzerland and the Gauls, the Jura mountain-chain intervenes—the Alps divide the French from Italy—the Pyrenees from Spain—and the remainder of their confines are formed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

When Rome degenerated into a state of luxury, her citizens were no longer capable of defending their provinces from the invasion of those barbarian hordes that swarmed in the north of Europe; and the employment of mercenary troops became a constant practice—perhaps the only alternative. Amongst those whom the Romans deemed it prudent to engage in this subsidiary service, were the Franks, a bold race of freebooters; and from their first appointment, the defence of the banks (ripæ) of the Rhine, they were named "Ripuarii." The origin of the Franks themselves is traceable to the accidents of time, like that of Rome or Carthage. Want of commercial, or civilized pursuits, by a people now crowded into narrow domains, gave rise to a confederacy of tribes in Germany, for the purposes of conquest, or rather of invasion and plunder. This compact extended from the afflux of the Lahn down the stream of the Rhine, and included the Chauci, Sigambri, Attuarii, Bructeri, Chamavi, and Catti. Their first

successes were gained over the Lombards, and so much were they elated by the discovery of the power to conquer, which they appeared to possess, that they felt themselves at liberty to venture upon expeditions of any magnitude, and henceforth called themselves Franks, or *the Free*. This is not, probably, the meaning they themselves affixed to their adopted title; because the pretext for combination, at first, was to free themselves from Roman taxation; so that resistance to Roman tyranny was put forward as the pretended grievance of these patriots, while liberty to plunder was the real object of their powerful conspiracy.

Instead of a faithful discharge of their mercenary duties in watching the boundary of Gaul, and protecting it from intrusion, they became themselves the invaders; and every attempt to punish their perfidy proved unsuccessful. Encouraged by the enemy's increasing weakness, their own growing strength, they passed the barrier of the empire, and, encountering the legions of Gordian, Maximian, Posthumius, and Constantius, in the very heart of the province of Gaul, overthrew them successively, with the most dreadful carnage. Nor were these victories confined to Gaul, for the Franks advanced into Batavia to display their prowess, and, crossing over into Britain, lent their powerful co-operation to the Saxons, in asserting the pretensions of the usurper Carausius.

Not long after these achievements, the Franks appear to have secured a permanent settlement and dominion in the province of Gaul. They plundered Treves, the chief place in that district; their colonies, which had been planted along the Meuse and Scheldt, rapidly multiplied, until at length all Lower Germany was filled by their independent power. It must have been about this period (A. D. 420), that Pharamond, the son of Sunno, or of Marcamir, the brother of that prince, ruled over the Franks. "All the preceding *facts* may be sufficiently justified by historic evidence, but the *foundation* of the French monarchy by Pharamond, the conquests, the laws, and even the existence of that hero, have been justly arraigned," says Gibbon, "by the impartial severity of modern criticism." However, since the acts are admitted, perhaps it is of little moment what may have been the real name of the actor; so that without disturbing the smooth course of history by doubts that can never be satisfied, Clodion, the son of Pharamond, is said to have succeeded his father on the throne of the Franks, in the year 428, the fourth of the reign of Valentinian III.

Having ascertained, by means of spies, that the Belgian borders were but weakly defended, Clodion resolved upon passing them, and, boldly executing his project, he penetrated the forest of Ardennes, that lay between the Scheldt and the Meuse, took Cambrai and Tournay, the only towns then existing in a country now conspicuous by its populousness and fertility, and extended his conquests to the stream of the Somme. While the Franks lay encamped in the plains of Artois, they were surprised, during the celebration of the marriage of one of their generals, by a sudden assault of the enemy, commanded by Ætius, an officer eminent for his courage and decision. In this fearful conflict, the valour of the Franks only augmented their losses, and they were now content to rest within the dominions they had acquired between the Rhine and the Somme.

The example of the brave Clodion, during twenty years that he ruled over the Franks, was lost upon his two sons, whose ambition and discord had nearly dissipated the acquisitions of their father. Meroveus, the more pusillanimous, repaired to Rome, became the adopted son of Ætius, the very soldier who had routed and slain so many of his fellow-countrymen, and implored the protection of the emperor. His submission was accepted, and Valentinian dismissed him safely to his government, with the strongest assurances of assistance and support. It was in vain that Attila, king of the Huns, formed an alliance with the elder son of Clodion; the passage of the Rhine, and an unlucky attempt to invade his brother's dominions, being the only results of that great monarch's friendship, that history records. Meroveus, therefore, assumed the reins of government, and, having acquired the affections of his subjects, by the useful and equitable character of his laws, by his love of peace, and general impartiality, was honoured by the title of father of his country. His death took place about the year 458; and, so great was the respect entertained for his memory, that his sorrowing subjects changed their national name to *Merovingians*.

To Meroveus succeeded Childeric, of the irregularities, or glories, of whose life it is difficult to say which are the more extraordinary. Disgusted not only with his eccentricities but his licentiousness, his subjects drove him into exile, and placed Œgidius, a Roman general, on the throne. After the lapse of only four years, however, they repented of their precipitancy, and recalled the banished prince. The sorrows of his exile were alleviated by the hospitality of the Thuringian monarch's kindnesses, which Childeric ungraciously repaid by carrying off his benefactor's beautiful queen, Basina. Now resolved on recovering the affections of his people, he resumed the predatory habits to which they had early been accustomed, and to which they were solely indebted for their name amongst nations; and, leading a powerful army into Gaul, took Anjou and Orleans, reduced Paris after a siege of ten years, and extended his conquests as far as the Loire. Overtaken by years and infirmities, this gallant but unamiable prince breathed his last at Tournay, in the year 482, leaving his kingdom to Clovis, his son by Basina, who had just attained his fifteenth year.

The first great achievement of the new reign was the overthrow of the Romans under Syagrius, the son of Œgidius, at Soissons, by which the imperial power was for ever crushed in that section of Europe. The vanquished general sought refuge with the Goths; but feeling no sympathy for him, they gave him up to his enemy Clovis. These successes appear to have rendered their author either feared or respected, for immediately after the battle of Soissons, Clovis was invested with the insignia of the consulate by Anastatius, emperor of Constantinople.

Pursuing his career of victory, the youthful hero reduced the Visi-Goths of Acquitaine, dwelling between the Garonne and the Pyrenees; the Bretons, who occupied Armorica; and lastly the Allemanni, (All-men,) of both banks of the Rhine, in the celebrated battle of Zulpich, A. D. 496. "He embraced," writes Michelet, "upon this occasion, the worship of Roman Gaul. It was that of his wife Clotilde, the niece of the king of the Burgundians. He had vowed, he said, during the battle, to worship

the god of Clotilde, if he were victorious. Three thousand of his warriors followed his example. Great was the joy among the Gaulish clergy, who, henceforth, set all their hopes of deliverance upon the Franks. St. Avitus, bishop of Vienne, and a subject of the Burgundians, did not hesitate to write to him in these words—"When thou fightest, it is we who conquer." This expression received an eloquent commentary from St. Remi, at the baptism of Clovis—"Bend thy neck, gentle Sicambrian; adore what thou hast burnt, burn what thou hast adored." From this period Clovis became the champion of the Catholic church, and having humbled the Arian Prince of Burgundy, decided upon the subjugation of the Visi-Goths, over whom Alaric II. then reigned. Making their tenets a pretext for invasion, and claiming the protection of Heaven in his enterprises, he was warmly espoused by the clergy, who persuaded him that he was conducted by the divine hand. "A doe showed him a ford in the Vienne; a pillar of fire rose to guide him by night, above the cathedral of Poictiers. He sent to St. Martin to consult the destinies, and they were favourable to him." In return for this co-operation of the church, he prohibited his followers from pillaging in the neighbourhood of Poictiers. Near Tours he smote with his sword a soldier who was carrying hay from a territory of that city, consecrated by the tomb of St. Martin. "Where will be our hope of victory," said he, "if we offend St. Martin?" It was after his defeat of Syagrius, that an officer refused the king a consecrated vessel which he asked for, as part of his own share of the booty, that he might deliver it to St. Remi, to whose church it belonged. Shortly afterwards, Clovis, reviewing his troops, snatched the same soldier's halberd from him, and, while the man was picking it up, clove his head in two with his axe, exclaiming, "Remember the Soissons' vase."

So zealous a defender of the church was confident of being supported by its influence and property, and now, full of hope, he proceeded to gather new laurels in the field of conquest. Having overthrown Alaric, at Voulgé, he advanced into Languedoc, and would have pushed his victories further, had he not been so fiercely restrained by Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, father-in-law of Alaric II.

Notwithstanding his brilliant successes, his alliance with the princess Clotilde, his expulsion of the Romans, and his embracing Christianity, he was in reality no more than the chieftain of the Salian tribe. Becoming ambitious of the name of king, he did not hesitate to advance his objects by every means that force of arms, corruption of riches, or private cruelties, could accomplish. He persuaded Clodoric to slay his own father, Sigebert, and then caused the infamous parricide to be put to death. He butchered all the chiefs of the petty districts around him, who assumed regal independence, that by this wicked proceeding he alone might enjoy that title. Having formed a number of states into one kingdom, and, like Napoleon, having placed the crown upon his own head, he was anointed with the miraculous ointment brought from heaven by a dove.* Hence his successors received the title of *Most Christian King and Eldest*

* A pious citizen of Rheims is said to have saved the fragments of the *Ampulla*, which was broken in the revolutionary riots, together with some drops of the ointment it contained. These preserved drops were put in the new flask used at the coronation of Charles X.

Son of the Church. In expiation of his many crimes, the first Christian king of the Franks founded several monasteries, built many churches, and endowed numerous oratories. Having extended his conquests from the mouth of the Rhine to Toulouse, he selected Paris for the chief city of his new kingdom, and there he expired, A. D. 511, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and thirtieth of his reign. His remains were entombed in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, afterwards called St. Geneviève, and now the Pantheon. Clovis was the author of the Salic law, by which the wife is excluded from any share of the inheritance, and females not permitted to ascend the throne of France. Gibbon, who detested the vices of Clovis, has honoured him nevertheless by a comparison with one of the greatest monarchs of latter times. "His (Clovis) savage character, and the virtues of Henri Quatre, suggest the most opposite ideas of human nature; yet some resemblance may be found in the situation of the two princes, who conquered France by their valour, their policy, and the merits of a *seasonable conversion*.

The four sons of Clovis partitioned his kingdom amongst them: the first great division was into Austrasia and Neustria, or the eastern and western monarchies, the latter of which was subdivided into the kingdoms of Orleans, Soissons, and Paris. The eldest, Theuderic, resided at Metz; Clotaire, in Soissons; Clodomir, in Orleans; and Childeric, at Paris. From whatever cause it may have arisen, these princes proved wholly unequal to the care and management of the high trust reposed in them; they combined for the conquest of Thuringia and Burgundy, but ultimately turning their weapons against each other, they deluged their kingdoms with the blood of their countrymen. Accounts of civil wars, domestic feuds, predatory incursions and reprisals, occupy the pages of French history for two centuries after the death of Clovis, so that the Franks almost reverted to their ancient barbarism. The imbecility of their kings, however, opened an avenue for the aggrandisement of statesmen; and a new class, or rank, or distinction of public officers, now arose, in whom the whole supreme power was, *de facto*, vested. These men, captains of the royal body-guard, and known in history as "mayors of the palace," for many years continued to hold their sovereigns in complete subjection, leaving them little more than the title of king.

For nearly one hundred years, "the Merovingians, shut up in their villa of Maumagne, or in some monastery, preserved but an idle shadow of royalty. It was only in spring, at the opening of the Champs de Mars, that the idol was brought forth from its sanctuary, and the people were shown their king. Silent and grave, this long-haired, bearded king—these were the indispensable insignia of royalty, whatever was the prince's age—appeared, drawn slowly by oxen, in a Germanic car, like that of the goddess Hertha. Amidst all the revolutions that took place in the fortunes and names of these kings, whether they were victors or vanquished, their fate varied little. They passed from the palace to the cloisters without remarking the difference. Frequently even the victorious mayor left his own king for the vanquished one, if the latter made a better appearance. Generally speaking, these poor kings hardly lived. Last scions of an enervated race, they paid the penalty of their fathers' excesses."*

* Michelets.

It was at the commencement of the seventh century, that the power of the Merovingian princes appears to have been completely overshadowed by the authority of a *major domûs*, or mayor of the palace. In the petty kingdom of Austrasia, the names of Sigebert, Dagobert, Childebert, and Childeric, mark successively, but clearly, the mayoralties of Pepin and his son Grimoalde. In Burgundy and Neustria, Clovis II. and Clotaire III. were obscured by the renown of their ministers Archambaud and Ebroin. The latter, a man of boundless ambition and sanguinary temperament, contrived to become the sole depositary of legislative and executive authority; but he so disgusted the aristocracy by his pride and cruelty, that they openly revolted, and elected as their independent dukes, Martin and Pepin, who were already related by ties of blood.

In a desperate conflict which ensued, Ebroin was victorious, and, having got Martin into his power, by a promise of safety to his person, put him to death, with circumstances of more than common perfidy. During the siege of Laon, which Martin had so fruitlessly conducted, Pepin availed himself of every art and means to recruit his shattered forces; but, distrusting his fortune in the field, he persuaded one of Ebroin's attendants to deliver him from an enemy at once so active and implacable, by the assassination of his master. The death of Ebroin is the landmark in French history, by which the close of the Merovingian and the commencement of the Carlovingian lines may be distinctly known.

Pepin signalized his administration by numerous acts of wisdom and courage, and his illegitimate son, Charles Martel, (the Hammer), ruled the empire of France with absolute power. His triumphs over the Saracens, in all probability, saved Europe from the menaced yoke of Islamism, although the future happiness of this champion of Christendom has been irreverently impeached in monkish legends. This injustice is attributable to the freedom, with which the illustrious mayor appropriated the revenues of the church to the defence of the Christian religion, for which liberty he has been enrolled amongst those for whom no pardon is reserved. An unforgiving friar, writing to Lewis, the grandson of Charlemagne, says, that on opening the tomb of Charles Martel, the spectators were affrighted by the smell of brimstone and coals of fire, as well as by the aspect of a hideous dragon; and further still, that a holy man of that age, who had been permitted to look into the lower world, there saw the founder of the Carlovingian race enduring the torments prepared for the sacrilegious.

On the 22d of October, 741, after two and twenty years of uninterrupted prosperity, Charles Martel expired, having only reached the age of fifty years, bequeathing the government of France to his two sons, Pepin, the younger, and Carloman. The prejudice that might have attended a division of the empire, was averted by the harmony that prevailed between the brothers; so that the treachery of their half-brother Grippon, the intrigues of their mother-in-law Sonnechilde, and the ambition of their brother-in-law Odilon, duke of Bavaria, were all either frustrated, or punished, in a signal manner. Having reduced the rebel duke of Aquitaine, and completely routed the forces of Odilon, and of his allies, Theobald of Alemmanni and Theodoric of Saxony,

the French princes returned, to regulate the internal affairs of their own country; but scarcely had they reached their capital city, when Carloman declared his resolution to embrace a religious life. Pepin in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from a pursuit apparently so uncongenial to his mind, but he was not to be shaken in his determination, and, retiring to the Benedictine abbey of Mount Cassin, in Italy, assumed the habit of the order, and abandoned the vices as well as the glories of the world.

Undisputed master of the throne by the abdication of his brother, Pepin still enjoyed only the title of mayor of the palace; but, having crushed his enemies by his valour, and multiplied his friends by his liberality, all parties were now prepared to see him assume the purple of royalty. One obstacle remained, to interrupt his project—this was the oath of allegiance, by which the nobility were bound to the nominal monarch Childeric, and from which the indulgence, or authority, of the pope could alone release them. Ambassadors being sent to Rome, by the mutual consent of both parties to the projected revolution, pope Zachary declared to them "that it was lawful to transfer the regal dignity from hands incapable of maintaining it, to hands that had so successfully preserved it; that the nobles were accordingly absolved from their oath of fidelity, and the nation permitted to unite the title and authority of king." Upon the reception of this flagrant decree, public joy was almost tumultuous; the unfortunate Childeric, drawn from his state-prison, was immediately degraded, his beard being cut off, and his head shaven, the cowl of a monk was violently placed on him, and he was immured, for the remainder of his life, in various monasteries of strict observance. This bloodless revolution, in which the church acted a principal part, was final so far; the race of Clovis was henceforth excluded from the throne of France, and the Carlovingian established in its stead, under circumstances attended with considerable military and political renown.

Commenced under papal auspices, the reign of Pepin the Short is almost a series of wars in defence of the pontifical authority and dominions. With the utmost celerity he quelled an insurrection of the Saxons, obliging them in future to pay tribute to France; the inhabitants of Brittany next felt the weight of his anger and his arms; and, the recovery of Narbonne from the infidels was hailed by the church with unlimited applause. Encouraged by these brilliant successes, and devoted to the priesthood, to whom he owed at least the title of king, he sent deputies to Guafier, duke of Aquitaine, calling upon him to restore to the churches of his dukedom the estates they had formerly enjoyed therein. Besides this imperious request, he required for the priesthood certain immunities to which they laid claim, and for himself the price of certain Goths, slain by Guafier contrary to the laws of nations, along with the surrender of all deserters from the standard of France. The rejection of demands, which no prince could consistently grant, laid the foundation of a tedious, destructive, and sanguinary war. Pepin burned down all the houses and forests in Berri, overran and wasted Limousin, set Quercy in flames, cut down the vines that constituted the wealth of Aquitaine, and captured Clermont and Bourges. To deprive the enemy of plunder and protection, Guafier had recourse to the miserable alternative of destroying all the defences of his

chief towns, amongst which were Angoulême, Poictiers, Perigeux, Limoges, and Saintes; so that the unhappy Aquitainians were doubly visited by the ravages of war. For some time the issue of the contest was doubtful, but, perfidy coming to the aid of Pepin, and throwing her ignoble weights into the scale of fate, brought the contest to a close, by the assassination of Guafier. This dastardly achievement left Pepin alone the ruler of all Gaul.

A voice from the church, but still more remote, called Pepin from the blood-stained fields of Aquitaine to the northern parts of Italy. There a Sacred war sprang up between Astolphus, king of Lombardy, and pope Stephen III. Unable to cope with so gallant a spirit, Stephen crossed the Alps, and, hastening into Gaul, implored the protection of the powerful Pepin. Here he was received with every demonstration of respect and affection, lodged in the sumptuous abbey of St. Denis, and, falling ill of a malignant fever, was waited upon, during its continuance, by the king in person. Such kindness merited the fullest compensation in the power of his holiness to bestow, and, knowing how desirous the founder of a new monarchy must naturally feel for the most public acknowledgment of his title, expressed his intention of placing the diadem on his benefactor's head with his own hand. Having performed this solemn service, and palliated usurpation, he proceeded to bestow the regal unction of the kings of Israel on Charles and Carloman, the sons of Pepin; after which he admitted the three royal personages to the title of "Patricians of Rome."

Pepin did not require these additional marks of consideration, to enlist him under the papal banners, for he had ever been the champion of the church; yet it cannot be denied, that the confirmation of his title added new fuel to the pious flame that glowed within his bosom. His holiness had scarcely risen from the bed of sickness, when he beheld Pepin, at the head of a powerful army, ready to escort him back to Rome, and repay the obligation by restoring the triple crown to its venerable claimant. Entering Italy, the Franks laid siege to Pavia, and Astolphus, finding further resistance vain, surrendered the exarchate of Ravenna to the see of Rome, renounced all pretensions to the dominions of the papacy, and took a solemn oath that he would scrupulously observe the conditions of the treaty entered into on the part of Rome by the king of the Franks. Enforced obedience, and extorted pledges, possess but little sincerity; and, no sooner did Astolphus conclude that Pepin had recrossed the Alps, than he disowned the one, and violated the other. A feeling appeal from his holiness soon rekindled the zeal of the gallant Gaul, who, returning to the contest, and with rage redoubled by the perfidy of his enemy, quickly reduced him to submission, adding to the condition of his mercy the stipulation of an annual tribute. Astolphus did not long survive these signal failures, and Didier, his chief commander, seizing the vacant throne, imitated Pepin in giving validity to an usurped title by pretending to derive it from the papal see.

On Pepin's return from Lombardy, he found new enemies prepared to encounter his victorious arms, and to scatter his veteran legions—Vaifar, duke of Aquitaine, and Tassilon, duke of Bavaria: the latter, intimidated by the prodigious efforts of king Pepin, secured himself from chastisement by a timely submission; but Vaifar, retiring

into Saintognes, and there defending himself with the utmost valour, yielded up simultaneously his liberty and his life. From this period Pepin beheld himself undisputed lord of Gaul, and omnipotent in Italy; his influence over and with the church was unbounded; through the friendship of the pope, and the instrumentality of St. Boniface, he had plundered Italy of relics to enrich France, and this act of dishonesty, instead of being deemed sacrilege, was accounted meritorious. On several occasions of ceremony, the warrior king was seen carrying relics on his royal shoulders, particularly those of St. Austremon and of St. Germain-des-Pres. In the midst of all this religious and military renown, he was reminded of the instability of human power, by obvious symptoms of approaching dissolution. Being seized with a slow fever at Xaintes, he was conveyed, by his own desire, to St. Denis, and there he expired, in the year 762, of a complication of disorders, having reached the age of fifty-four years, and reigned seventeen. The diminutive form of Pepin concealed the spirit of a hero, and his genius was equally conspicuous in the camp and the cabinet. Under his auspices France attained a rank amongst the kingdoms of central Europe, which she never subsequently completely lost; and, the inscription which was engraven on Pepin's tomb, "Here lies the father of Charlemagne," some years after his decease, is a reproach to the intoxicated followers of his son, and an imputation on the discernment of posterity.

Pepin bequeathed his dominions to his sons Charles and Carloman, to rule with equal and undivided authority—a practice in most instances fraught with danger to the successors; but Charles was soon left sole monarch of the kingdom, by the death of Carloman, as Pepin l'Ancien had been by that of Martin, and Pepin le Bref by the retirement of Carloman I.* At the head of an army, disciplined during the wars of two eventful reigns, Charles set out to crush the growing strength of the aged Hunalde, duke of Aquitaine, who, quitting a convent in which he had concealed himself for three and twenty years, in vain sought to avenge his son, and liberate his country. The fortune of the Franks was still triumphant, and Hunalde being defeated in a pitched battle, escaped from the field, and took shelter at the court of Lupus, duke of Gascony. Seeking a retribution more merciful than such offences in such times were usually visited with, Lupus delivered Hunalde to the conqueror, although he had not forgotten that by him his own father had been most cruelly deprived of sight. Even in the darkness of a dungeon, his presence of mind in emergencies did not forsake him, and, effecting his escape to Desiderius, or Didier, last native king of the Lombards, he embarked in new adventures, and became the victim of new calamities. Didier had given his daughter in marriage to king Charles, but through the influence of the pope, who imputed to the Lombards the first stain of leprosy as a pretext, but who, in reality, had not ceased to feel the wounds inflicted by the sword of Astolphus on the successors of St. Peter, this marriage was dissolved, and the injured princess sent back to her own country. Having humbled the martial people of North Germany, Charles next turned his victorious arms towards Italy, where a deep-rooted aversion to his own supremacy,

* This duality is of ancient origin, and its adoption has uniformly exhibited similar results. See the history of the Heraclidæ, of Cleopatra and Ptolemy, &c.

as well as to that of the Roman pontiff, kept the Lombards united in continual combination for his overthrow. Adrian I. then wore the triple crown, and by his zeal and prudence continued to protect the sacred trust from the rapacity of its enemies. Finding diplomacy exhausted, he appealed to Charles, entreating him to remember the glory acquired by the arms of Pepin in subduing the enemies of the church, and painting the excesses of the Lombards in those strong colours which papal despatches usually employed.

As valiant as wise, Charles instantly set out for Italy, and, skilfully evading all the fortified mountain-posts, was in the midst of the discomfited Lombards before they were aware of his having marched from Gaul. Didier and Hunalde, thus taken by surprise, took shelter in Pavia; while Adalgise, son of the latter, with the widow and children of Carloman, sought an asylum in the city of Verona. But Charles, however, soon appeared at its gates, and surrender was deemed the more prudent course. Adalgise again fled, and reached Constantinople in safety, but the fate of Carloman's widow and children has been concealed from the historian. As for the aged Hunalde, he was stoned to death by the inhabitants of Pavia, for his obstinate resistance to their opening their gates to Charles; a death which, however unmerited, saved him most probably from the fate of Didier—secret assassination. The fall of Verona and Pavia terminated the kingdom of the Lombards, who henceforth were only permitted to retain the duchy of Benevento.

It was in the year 774 that Charlemagne assumed the crown of Lombardy, and it was not until the expiration of one thousand years, that a similar historic event took place on precisely the same spot. On the latter occasion, Napoleon, the Charlemagne of modern history, was solemnly crowned, or rather crowned himself, at Milan, setting the iron diadem of the Lombards on his victorious brow, and accompanying the act by the ancient form of words that belonged to it—" God hath given it to me, beware who touches it."

Having concluded the ceremony, Charlemagne repassed the Alps with celerity, and, marching on Eresbourg, near the Weser, resolved on chastising the Saxons for their violent investment of that city. The advanced guard of his army, however, was checked by the enemy, just when intelligence followed him of fresh disturbances in the north of Italy. A combination of reverses so sudden and so serious left little time for deliberation; accordingly, when the Saxons offered hostages for their future allegiance, the monarch accepted them with a feigned reluctance, and immediately afterwards set out for the west. Submission extorted from the one party, and only received through expediency by the other, could not have continued long in operation; and scarcely had Charles retired from the north, before Eresbourg was again in possession of the Saxons, who demolished its powerful fortifications. In this work of disloyalty and violence, they were surprised by Charles in person, who arrested their movements, caused them to repair the mischief they had done, obliged them to build for him new forts along the Lippe, and, having received the submission of these barbarians, publicly acknowledged by an assembly of their chiefs at Paderborn, he directed his march towards Spain.

To this latter kingdom he had been invited by Ibinala, lord of Saragossa, who had been deposed by the neighbouring princes; and having reduced Pampeluna, traversed the Ebro, and invested the city of Saragossa, Charles succeeded in restoring the Arab emir to his uneasy throne. Without distinction of creeds, Charlemagne proceeded to reduce the Spaniards everywhere, from the Pyrenees to the Ebro; he made himself master of Rousillon and Catalonia, and added the kingdoms of Navarre and Arragon to his jurisdiction; but, on his return, his rear-guard suffered a signal defeat in the passes of the Pyrenees. This action, so celebrated in romance, from the death of the famous Roland, seems to impeach the military skill and prudence of the monarch.

Having once more punished the rebellious Saxons, Charles, accompanied by his queen and his sons Carloman and Lewis, set out for Italy, and there passed the winter of the year 779 at Pavia. From that city he visited Rome, and, in presence of the Roman pontiff, and on Easter-day, while yet he was in his thirty-ninth year, divided his empire; giving to Carloman, who assumed the name of Pepin, the kingdom of Lombardy, and conferring Aquitaine on Lewis. This step of policy was not attended with the anticipated effects; it did not secure tranquillity, nor did the Saxons discontinue their struggles for freedom until they had completed three most sanguinary campaigns.

Witikind, a popular Saxon chief, who was concealed at the friendly court of Denmark, returning suddenly, headed a resolute body of his countrymen, and resisted Charles on the banks of the Weser, with a courage that merited a better fate. There four thousand five hundred of his brave followers fell in the cause of liberty, and it was with difficulty that the heroic leader himself escaped the dreadful slaughter. After three successive triumphs over the Saxons, their brave but luckless chieftain was induced to embrace the Christian religion, to abandon all hopes of shaking off the yoke of France, and to acknowledge submissively his powerful master. Tassilon, duke of Bavaria, the active ally of the Saxons, improving the opportunity which these conciliations afforded, entered the camp of Charles, and, prostrating himself at his feet, besought mercy and forgiveness. Touched with pity at his fallen fortunes, the king raised him from the ground, granted his petition, and dismissed him—to swell the amount of his ingratitude and treachery. Tassilon's duplicity and baseness were boundless; his negotiations included the barbarian Huns, the emperor of the Greeks, and the fugitive Adalgise, and he fomented discontents amongst the factious Aquitaines. His subjects, either disgusted with his perfidy to Charles, or apprehensive of his dark designs spreading ruin in their country, disclosed his iniquitous conduct; and, as Tassilon was entering the diet of Ingelheim, he was arrested by command of the French king. His guilt being obvious, he was condemned, with his two sons, to lose his head; but, adopting a more merciful course, the offended monarch commuted the punishment to perpetual imprisonment in a monastery. The principality of Bavaria was added to the dominions of Charles, upon the political death of Tassilon and his sons.

It was in vain that the Huns and the Emperor of the East endeavoured to revenge the injuries of Tassilon and of Adalgise; the former were severely punished for their

obstinacy, the latter compelled to abandon the cause of Adalgise and Lombard liberty for ever. These submissions were favourable to the fortunes of the monarch, whose army was just then visited by a desolating epidemic, and whose domestic peace was interrupted by the paricidal designs of his eldest son, Pepin. The conspiracy of this unnatural child against his father was discovered by a friar, who had accidentally fallen asleep in the church where the conspirators assembled, and, awaking while they were deliberating on the murder of the king, overheard their traitorous communications. Charles was summoned from his bed, to learn the guilt of his ungrateful son; but the course of justice was diverted by the feelings of a father, and Pepin was permitted to expiate his crime by a life of religious repentance.

The Saxons, Huns, and Moors continued at intervals to disturb the tranquillity of the empire; but the vigorous measures of Charles repressed the former, and the gallantry of Alonso the Chaste, king of Leon, kept the Moors in submission. Charles meditated an entire conquest over the haughty Moors, and began by humbling the Balearic islands, for the purpose of placing there a controlling force; but from this design he was called away by the tumults that prevailed at Rome. On the death of Adrian, the apostolic chair became the object of his nephew's ambition; but the conclave elected Leo III., a priest of the Lateran. During four years the disappointed candidate maintained a secret desire of vengeance; and at length, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by a procession, accompanied by a furious band of conspirators, he rushed on his victim, and laid him prostrate, and lifeless, as it was then imagined, on the ground. By some accident or other, Leo did not undergo the last sad change, but, escaping the assassin's dagger, fled to the Vatican, where he was protected by the duke of Spoleto and the French forces, and, hastening thence to the court of Charles at Paderborn, obtained from him a numerous escort, to conduct him back to Rome in triumph and security.

Charles would probably have accompanied the pope to Italy, had not the depredations then daily committed by the northmen, on his maritime possessions, demanded his serious attention. To counteract, so far as was then practicable, the effect of their appearance off the coasts of central Europe, he built forts at the mouths of the navigable rivers, and stationed strong garrisons in all those cities which were connected directly with the seas. These precautions being taken, he set out for Rome, resolved to visit the eternal city, and receive the public denial, by Leo, of all the crimes and sins which his enemies imputed to him.

It was on the festival of Christmas, in the year 800, that Charlemagne appeared in the cathedral of St. Peter's, at Rome, and after having decorously assisted at the mass, that the pope, suddenly rising, approached, and placed a precious crown on his head, pronouncing at the same time these memorable words—"Long life to Charles the August, crowned by the hand of God! Long life and victory to the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans." He was then duly consecrated with the royal unction, and being conducted to a throne prepared for the occasion, was paid those marks of reverence which had been only claimed by the ancient Cæsars.

Amongst the ambassadors of foreign powers, that offered congratulations to the newly-crowned emperor, were those of the caliph Haroun-Al-Rashid. This politic prince ceded to the Christian Cæsar the sacred city of Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre of our Lord. A less solemn event, but not less important to temporal interests, occurred at this time—it was a negociation between Irène, the empress of the East, and the conqueror of western Europe. Odious to her subjects on account of the murder of her son, this intriguing princess sought the alliance and protection of Charlemagne, and, as an evidence of sincerity, made a proposition of marriage. Flattered by what he considered homage, not only to his august rank but his personal graces, of which he was inordinately vain, he despatched two ambassadors to the Byzantine court, to bring the negociation to a close; but, before their arrival, the nuptials of the empress with Nicephorus had actually been celebrated. Whatever result Charlemagne had calculated upon in entertaining the proposal of the empress, its frustration produced no serious interruption to his great political projects, especially when it was announced, that Nicephorus readily ceded to him the dignity of Augustus, and solicited at his hands a settlement of the boundaries of their respective empires.

Diplomacy alone was requisite in the transactions that had just engaged the emperor's attention; military skill and determined resistance were indisputably necessary to the events that immediately succeeded. Godfrey, an adventurous chief of the Normans, whose enterprising spirit was destined at no distant period to shake the empire of the Franks to its centre, now menaced with his rude armies the peace of the western world. At first negotiation was successful, the Normans promising to spare the territories of the Franks in their piratical expeditions, and the latter engaging to respect their neighbour's boundaries. This peace, on terms of mutual advantage, allowed some few days of rest to the shattered constitution of the heroic, politic, but most unchaste monarch, during which he called an assembly at Thionville, and there publicly settled the partition of his dominions. To his son Lewis he assigned Aquitaine, Gascogny, and the Spanish march; his possessions in Italy he confirmed to Pepin, adding to them the best part of Bavaria, and territories now occupied by the Grisons. His eldest son, Charles, was named successor to the powerful kingdoms of Neustria, Austrasia, and Thuringia; and, having publicly subscribed these great donations, he rendered the ceremony more authentic, in the estimation of a superstitious people, by obtaining for it the sanction of the Roman pontiff.

The same year, in which the sons of Charlemagne were elevated to thrones, witnessed also their summons to defend themselves against aggression. Lewis and Pepin triumphed over the infidels, whom they completely expelled from Corsica and Catalonia; while the turbulent Sclavonians, who wasted Bohemia, were crushed by the ability and power of Charles. The martial achievements of his sons delighted the declining years of the venerable Charlemagne, and led him to indulge a hope that the lustre of his race would be both brilliant and long-lived. These flattering prospects, however, were soon after clouded by the reappearance of the Normans, for, already had the terror of the Scandinavian name extended from the Baltic to the British Channel. Although

bowed down both with years and infirmities, the voice of ambition could not be choked, and the aged monarch desired his ambassadors to tell the haughty Godfrey he would settle their dispute on the Norman frontier. But this menace only steeled the adventurer's sword, and he instantly retorted, that he would save the venerable man the trouble by meeting him at the gates of Aix-la-Chapelle. The threatened conflict was for that time averted by the wily stratagems of Charlemagne, who contrived to foment dissension amongst the allied powers; but, when these were partially allayed, the Scandinavians resumed their propensity for roving, and a numerous squadron of these hardy adventurers, commanded by Godfrey in person, cast anchor, shortly afterwards, on the coast of Friezland.

Undisciplined courage, inexperienced officers, and unequal numbers, were in vain opposed to hardy veterans, whose fortune depended on their military achievements, and who sought new honours in foreign lands by that title only which conquest gives. The Franks and the Frisons were therefore incapable of offering a successful resistance to the invaders, and had not Charlemagne advanced to their aid with powerful reinforcements, the invaded province would have fallen a prey to these formidable adventurers. While both armies were drawn out in line of battle, and the signal for onslaught alone was wanting, Charlemagne was surprised to observe a deliberate retrograde movement on the part of his enemy, and not caring to check or interfere with their mysterious conduct, determined on awaiting an explanation in the position he had taken. It is not improbable, however, that he was better informed of the cause than he ever after acknowledged; certain it is that the emperor was delivered from a most powerful antagonist by treachery, for, the retreat of the Normans was occasioned by the infamous assassination of their gallant leader, Godfrey. Less warlike than his father, and not imputing the death of that brave man to the machinations of his enemies, Godfrey's son solicited an alliance with the emperor of the west. Charlemagne was but too happy to embrace the opportunity of closing a contest, the issue of which was evidently doubtful, on terms so honourable to his fame and satisfactory to his followers.

But the pleasure derived from this happy conclusion of a threatened calamity, was imbittered by the unexpected death of the emperor's favourite daughter, Betrude; nor was this the only fatal visitation in the imperial family, Pepin, king of Italy, dying very shortly after his lamented sister. The Italian sceptre was speedily committed to the feebler hand of Pepin, an infant and illegitimate son; and after the lapse of a few months more, Charlemagne was beheld weeping over the tomb of his eldest son, Charles.

The increasing weight of public cares, accumulating years, and augmented infirmities, suggested the necessity of retirement or assistance, and, preferring the latter, he associated his son Lewis in the executive. One month only had elapsed from the date of Lewis's elevation and solemn coronation as coadjutor of the emperor, at Aix-la-Chapelle, when Charlemagne was attacked by a fever, which seized so tenaciously on its victim, that hopes of recovery were at once abandoned. Looking with firmness on his approaching dissolution, he recommended his successor to consider solely the hap-

piness of his subjects, and uttering the words, "Into thy hands, Lord, I commend my spirit," immediately expired. He had just concluded the seventy-first year of his age, and forty-seventh of his reign; and his death is placed, by the most accurate historians, in the year of our Lord eight hundred and fourteen.

The remains of this celebrated man were entombed at Aix-la-Chapelle, his favourite place of residence. They were deposited in a vault, where he was placed on a throne of gold, in full imperial costume. On his head he wore a crown; in his hand he held a chalice; at his side was the sword of state; on his knee lay the book of the evangelists; at his feet his shield and sceptre. The sepulchre was sealed, and over it was erected a triumphal arch, inscribed with these words—"Here lies the body of Charles, the great and orthodox emperor, who gloriously enlarged, and for forty-seven years happily governed, the empire of the Franks."

Charlemagne was a friend of learning, and deserves the title of restorer of the sciences and teacher of his people. He attracted by his liberality the most distinguished scholars to his court; among others, Alcuin, from England, whom he chose for his own instructor; Peter of Pisa, who received the title of his grammarian; and Paul Warnefri, better known in the world of letters as Paul Diaconus, who gave the emperor instruction in Greek and Latin literature. By Alcuin's advice, Charlemagne established an academy in his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, the sessions of which he attended, with all the scientific and literary men of his court—Leidrades, Theodulphus, the Archbishops of Treves and Mentz, and the Abbot of Corvey. All the members of this academy assumed names characteristic of their talents or inclinations. One was called *Damætas*, another *Homer*, a third *Candidus*; Charlemagne himself took the name of *David*. From Italy he brought professors of languages and mathematics, and established them in the principal cities of his empire. In the cathedrals and monasteries he founded schools of theology and the liberal sciences. He strove assiduously to cultivate his mind by intercourse with scholars, and, to the time of his death, this intercourse remained his chief recreation. He spoke several languages fluently, especially Latin. He was less successful in writing, because he had not applied himself to that branch of his education till he was farther advanced in years. In the winter he read much, and even caused an attendant to read to him while he sat at meals. He endeavoured to improve the liturgy and church music. He was desirous of introducing the Roman liturgy into his states, but the clergy, who clung to the ancient usages, offered too strenuous a resistance. Some churches, however, acceded to the monarch's wishes, and others mingled the Roman and Gallican liturgies. He attempted to establish uniformity of weights and measures, in the purchase and sale of merchandise.

One of Charlemagne's most gigantic projects was the union of the Rhine with the Danube, and, consequently, the Atlantic with the Black sea, by means of a canal. His whole army was employed in the work, but its accomplishment was prevented by want of that knowledge in hydraulic architecture which has been since acquired. The arts, however, under his patronage, produced other monuments of his fame. The city of Aix-la-Chapelle received its name from a splendid chapel, which he caused to be built

of the most beautiful Italian marble. The doors of this temple were of bronze, and its dome bore a globe of massive gold. The imperial palace was also built in the highest style of splendour. Here he constructed public tepid baths, in which more than one hundred persons could swim at the same time without inconvenience. He was himself fond of that exercise, and frequently used these baths, with all the nobles of his court, and even with his soldiers. At Selts, in Alsace, he had another palace, little less magnificent than that at Aix.

To Charlemagne France is indebted for its advances in navigation. He built the lighthouse at Boulogne, and constructed several ports for the protection of shipping, and the promotion of foreign trade. He encouraged agriculture, and made himself immortal by the wisdom of his legislative enactments. His law *de Villis* is esteemed a monument of his views on rural economy: and Menzal, in his history of the Germans, writes of him—"The greatest praise is, that he prevented the total decline of the sciences in the West, and supplied new aliment to their expiring light—that he considered the improvement of nations as important as their union and subjugation. This love of intellectual improvement is the more laudable in a prince whose youth was spent in military exercises and the chase, and his whole after-life in the whirlpool of war; at a time, too, before the charm of beautiful models had made intellectual occupation an enjoyment, but when literature and science, appearing in heavy forms, destitute of grace, deterred rather than invited. His fame filled the East. He received ambassadors from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, from the Emperors Nicephorus and Michael, and was twice complimented with embassies from Haroun al Raschid, the famous caliph of Bagdad; all which he received with a splendour unexampled even in the East. He convened councils and parliaments, published capitularies, wrote many state-letters, (some of which are still extant,) a grammar, and numerous Latin poems. His empire comprehended France, most of Catalonia, Navarre, and Arragon; the Netherlands, Germany as far as the Elbe, Saale, and Eyder, Upper and Middle Italy, Istria, and a part of Sclavonia. In private life Charlemagne was exceedingly amiable: a good father, and a generous friend. His domestic economy afforded a model of frugality; his person a rare example of simplicity and greatness. He despised extravagance of dress in men, though, on solemn occasions, he appeared in all the splendour of majesty. His table was remarkably frugal: his only error was a slavish devotion to the softer sex. In stature he was tall and robust; his height, says Eginhard, exactly seven times the length of his foot. His head was round, his eye large and lustrous, his nose beyond the regular proportions, and his whole countenance possessing an agreeable expression of serenity. His step was firm, and his bearing manly. He enjoyed uninterrupted good health until the last four years of his life, when he became subject to intermittent fever, and infirm on his legs. In summer he used to repose for two hours after dinner, for which purpose he always undressed; but, at night he slept uneasily. He wore the costume of his country: close to his person a linen shirt, over which was a coat with a silk border, and long trousers. For his outer dress he wore a cloak, and always his sword, the hilt and belt of which were of gold and silver. He possessed a natural impressive eloquence,

and in the expression of his countenance there was something that excited respect, united with the utmost character of kindness.

Lewis, surnamed *Debonnaire*, the successor of Charlemagne, had espoused Ermangarde, daughter of the Count of Hesbai, in the diocese of Liege, and three sons, Lothaire, Pepin, and Lewis, were the fruits of this union: the eldest was admitted a colleague by his father, the two younger were entrusted with the government of Bavaria and Aquitaine, and each violated every tie of filial and fraternal duty. The partition of the empire was opposed by Bernard, king of Italy, but his attempts proved fatal to himself. The Northmen despised the feeble arm of Lewis, and the Britons again crossed the boundaries of their povince. To these inauspicious events is to be added the death of Ermangarde, and marriage of Lewis with Judith of Bavaria and Saxony, a woman of splendid accomplishments, but uncontrollable ambition.

Weak in many respects, Lewis was contemptible in his submission to the holy see. Deceived by Pope Paschal's plausible excuses, he confirmed to him the prodigal donations of his ancestors, and, being prevailed on by further exercise of monkish influence, did public penance for having defended his throne from the assaults of Bernard. In vain also did he undertake the conversion of the warlike Danes to Christianity—the insignificance of his character was injurious to any cause that he espoused.

When Prince Charles was born, about the year 824, the empire was threatened with calamities from various quarters. The Britons resumed arms; a torrent of Moors deluged Catalonia; Navarre revolted; and the ambitious designs of the empress Judith closed the gloomy prospect with the dark scene of fraternal discord. Discontented with their portions, the sons most unnaturally waged war with their father, and actually made him their prisoner. Conscience-stricken, Judith retired to a monastery, and, laying aside the diadem, assumed the veil; while Lothaire also, repenting of his filial impiety, prostrated himself before the royal captive, and implored his pardon. Re-established on his throne, Lewis recalled his empress, who had been absolved from her monastic vows by Pope Gregory the Fourth; but the enmity of an injured woman was not to be conciliated by a tardy repentance, and Lothaire was not only degraded from the imperial dignity, but driven by Judith's hostility over to the ranks of Lewis and Pepin. The inconsistent Gregory, who had recently absolved the empress from her vows, now restored Lothaire to the imperial purple, deposed his venerable parent, dismissed the empress again to a nunnery at Tortona, and imprisoned the infant prince, Charles of Aquitaine, in the castle of Arden.

In a moment of inglorious triumph, Lothaire had imbittered the degradation of his father by an ostentatious display of ceremony, assigning to him the humble habit of a penitent instead of the robe of purple. His submissive resignation to the insults of his unnatural son awoke the pity of his people, and the most active amongst them opened an avenue for his restoration. Again Judith was recalled to share the sceptre of an affectionate husband, but unsubdued by adversity, for, she had only ascended the throne, when she resumed her intrigues for the establishment of her son Charles in the kingdom of Neustria and Aquitaine. This partition, and the disappointment of Lewis

of Bavaria kept the aged monarch involved in perpetual strife to the period of his death, which took place in the year 841.

The placid virtues and graceful manners of the emperor afforded little compensation for the miseries which were engendered by his feeble administration; and a prince, to whose name has been added the epithet of Gentle, lived without the regard, and expired without the regret, of his subjects. His advanced age, seventy-two years, sufficiently accounts for his decease, without assigning the unnatural conduct of his sons as the cause of his dissolution. It is certain that he descended to the tomb with a settled resentment towards the king of Bavaria; and when reminded by the bishop of Mentz, that it was his duty, as a Christian, to forgive, he replied, "I pardon him with all my heart; but tell him from me, that he ought to think of seriously obtaining pardon from God also, for bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The last reproof of a dying father was little regarded by those sons for whose ambitious views he had already reigned too long. The partition of his dominions was disputed on a field of battle, and, after two years' struggle between fraud and force, the plains of Fontenay attested the active hatred of the contending rivals. Lothaire, with his nephew Pepin, was compelled to relinquish the sanguinary conflict, memorable for the slaughter of a hundred thousand Franks; and the victors, Charles and Lewis, must have contemplated with horror a carnage which fulfils the historic adage—"Whole generations are swept away in a single hour by the madness of kings." Yet the advantages of this triumph were far from decisive; caprice or interest induced each to retire within the limits of his dominions, and Lothaire, having collected his scattered followers, again pressed his brother Charles, who was only relieved by the seasonable arrival of Lewis.

The vicissitudes of these years of discord at length exhausted the strength, without impairing the animosity, of these kindred princes; and they consented, in consequence, to divide those dominions for which they were no longer able to contend. To Lothaire was allotted all Italy, with the sovereignty of Rome, and the tract of country within the Rhone, Rhine, Meuse, and Scheldt. Charles obtained Aquitaine, with the territory between the Loire and Meuse; and, with Bavaria, the rest of Germany was assigned to Lewis, subsequently surnamed the German.

For several years dating from 845, the Frankish provinces were much harassed by the inroads of the Normans, until a truce was formed, a treaty made, and a concession given, permitting them to withdraw to Friezland, and settle there. It was during the reign of Charles le Gros, that those piratical intruders sailed up the river Seine, with a fleet of 700 ships, and actually laid siege to Paris. The impotence of the existing government left that great city at their mercy, and had it not been for the prudence of some Antenor of that day and country, who wisely suggested conciliation rather than resistance, the fate of Paris had been final. This wise statesman recommended his fellow-citizens to purchase their freedom, since they were not able to assert it; and, on his recommendation, a subscription was at once set on foot, for the purpose of bribing the Normans. Whether it arose from the apathy of the government, or poverty of the

people, the money was not raised without difficulty and much delay, of which circumstances the invaders availed themselves, by remaining encamped in the vicinity of Paris during the winter. Here they were kindly entreated, and allowed to associate with the citizens; but they were wholly unworthy of such generosity, for the only requital they made was to plunder the suburban districts, and by the most dishonest and violent means double the amount of money which they had agreed to accept from the king, A proceeding so inglorious had a corresponding effect upon the mind of Charles, so soon as the retirement of the Normans left him leisure to reflect; and to escape the reproaches of the insulted Parisians, he returned to Germany. There, however, he found no repose, being abandoned by his friends, deposed from his authority, and reduced literally to a state of penury; it is even supposed that, had it not been for the bounty of the Archbishop of Mentz, he would have died of want.

On the deposition of this abject prince, Eudes, count of Paris, was chosen, during the minority of Charles, afterwards surnamed "the Simple," to govern the kingdom. This gallant nobleman overthrew the Normans in several pitched battles, and checked the haughty nobles who kept the country in continued agitation. At length, wearied with the incessant plots of these ambitious men, and actuated by the most noble feelings of justice to his royal charge, he resigned the regency, placed Charles on the throne, and consented to do homage to him for his territories north of the Seine. Eudes did not long survive his retirement, leaving his feudal kingdom to Charles, who became, in consequence, undisputed monarch of France. The happiness of France was not promoted by the accession of Charles. Unable to control the nobility, he allowed this portion of the state to assume rights little less than regal; they commenced by creating a species of peerage, consisting of three distinct grades, each deriving its honours and right to the soil from that immediately superior, so that an extensive system of *imperium in imperio* was established, and numerous petty tyrannies erected in the land. In addition to this internal grievance, the Normans began to renew their hostilities, and, bent on plunder, they selected the fairest provinces of France as the objects of their heartless cruelty and iniquitous descents.

Rollo, chief of the Normans, perceiving the inability of Charles to resist his marauding bands, boldly demanded a large section of the French king's dominions, along with the hand of his daughter in marriage. Charles reluctantly consented; and Rollo, who took the name of Robert on his investiture, became king of Normandy, adopted the Christian creed, and was publicly married to the French king's daughter at Rouen, the capital of his new kingdom. Rollo indignantly rejected the proposal to prostrate himself before Charles, and kiss the royal foot; so that the courtiers were glad to accept a vicarious performance of the ceremonies. A Norman soldier, who was substituted for Rollo on this occasion, approached the throne, and seized the royal foot with so much rudeness, that he nearly overturned the chair of state, and endangered, for a moment, the king's safety. It was in this reign, so little honourable to the monarch, that the imperial dignity was transferred from France to Germany. From this period, and during the three succeeding reigns, the power of the Carlovingian race

rapidly declined: no man of genius and valour rose up amongst them, to redeem the character of the monarchy, or inspire new vigour into the constitution; so that at last they were completely supplanted by Hugh Capet, who was already, by creation, a peer of France. The revolution which raised the Capets occurred in 987; and the circumstances by which it was occasioned, as well as the means employed to effect it, resemble, in many respects, those by which Pepin was raised to the throne. The character of Hugh Capet was not marked by any of those commanding features that generally distinguish the founder of a new dynasty; but his policy, his talents, and moderation, were well adapted to the times in which he lived. Under him, Paris became the seat of government, and, to prevent an incursion of the Normans, he fortified several well-chosen positions, and established a magazine of arms at Abbeville. The greater part of his reign was passed in complete tranquillity, and he died in the month of October, 997, having sat for ten years on the throne—leaving the crown of France to his son Robert.

Having inherited the abilities and virtues of his father, the kingdom flourished accordingly in his reign; and as fortune generally favours the brave, a considerable accession was made to his dominions by the death of Henry, duke of Burgundy, of whom he was the legal, or rather natural, heir. Such an acquisition in those days, when military prowess alone gave true title to nobility, was not attainable without some test of superior power; and Robert was necessitated to employ force of arms to obtain an inheritance, the descent of which was unquestionable in point of consanguinity. That extent of territory, unless accompanied by those feelings that give interest to private hereditary possessions, was not the object of this brave prince, is sufficiently obvious from his subsequent conduct. Preferring peace and public happiness to widespread dominions with a precarious tenure, he declined the kingdom of Italy, and the imperial crown of Germany, both which were placed at his disposal.

To Robert's prudence, justice, and moderation, his country was indebted for the large share of public peace and prosperity enjoyed in his reign, and for which his administration is celebrated; and at his death, which took place in July, 1090, his subjects exclaimed, as if with one voice, "We have lost a father, who governed us in peace; beneath whose authority we dwelt in security; who suffered not in others that oppression which he himself disdained; who commanded our affections, and who banished our fears."

No further feature of internal policy, no public act of historic interest, marks the page of Frankish history before the reign of Philip I. This prince, influenced by the preaching of Peter the Hermit, co-operated in the expedition to the Holy Land, known in Europe as the Crusades. And it will excite no extraordinary surprise at reading, that the monarch of so great a kingdom was led into an adventure so visionary, when it is remembered, that the whole body of clergy, and a countless multitude of the laity, disposed of their possessions, dressed themselves in vestments with an interwoven cross, and solicited the pope to march at their head. This perilous honour the cautious successor of St. Peter declined, recommending, however, to the faithful, who were disqua-

lified by sex or profession, by age or infirmity, to aid with their prayers and alms the personal services of their hardy brethren. After confession and absolution, the champions of the Cross were dismissed, and their departure for the Holy Land was fixed for the festival of the Assumption, the 15th of August, 1096. That day was anticipated by a thoughtless crowd, who, to the number of sixty thousand, pressed Peter, with clamorous importunity, to lead them to the Holy Sepulchre. Among the most distinguished persons associated with Philip in this chivalrous expedition, were Hugh, count of Vermandois, brother of the French king; Robert, duke of Normandy, who, for the trifling sum of ten thousand marks, mortgaged Normandy, during his absence, to Rufus, who had already defrauded him of the crown of England.

It was about a century afterwards that Philip II., in conjunction with king Richard of England, unfurled the sacred banner of the Cross, and embarked, the former at Genoa, the latter at Marseilles; but, animosities arising between them, the French king returned, and seized on several provinces of France that belonged to the English. Philip died in 1223, and was succeeded by his son, Lewis VIII., who reigned only three years, when, by his death, way was made for Lewis IX., afterwards St. Lewis, to ascend the throne.

F R A N C E.

TOMB OF LOUIS XII.

IN THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. DENIS.

The struggling light through the windows high
Falls o'er the pillared tomb,
And gilds the sculptured forms that lie
Enshrined with sacred gloom.

The abbey church of St. Denis, the mausoleum of the kings of France, is one of the noblest specimens of the early pointed style remaining in that kingdom. Although revolution laid her ruthless hand upon its graceful forms, and offered unchristian violence to its stately tombs; a protecting providence appears to have guarded both from unmerited destruction. History must have watched with jealous care the fortunes of this venerable pile, for it had long been the asylum of her chiefest witnesses; and she must have trembled for the light of truth, during the exile of the royal monuments from the hallowed home which had been originally assigned them.

At whatever period this majestic basilic may have been founded, it was chosen to be the resting-place of royalty at an early date. It was towards the close of the third century, that Dionysius, or St. Denis, fell by the hands of a public executioner, for having preached the gospel in the land of Gaul; his body being thrown into the Seine, was recovered by the pious Lady Catulla, who interred it in her garden, and over it raised a cell, or oratory. This little building being enlarged by St. Geneviève, in the sixth century, became subsequently one of the most celebrated abbeys for Benedictine monks in all Europe. Attracted by the fame of the martyr's shrine, St. Denis was made the city of the royal dead. "The first of the kings of France who wished to repose there for ever was Dagobert. A part of the race of Pepin was, for a long time, buried there; king Pepin himself slept his last sleep in these vaults, by the side of queen Bertha, his wife, and not far from Louis and Carloman, the sons of Louis the Stammerer. Near

these you will find statues in stone of Clovis II., and Charles Martel. There are also cenotaphs to Philip the Hardy, and his terrible son Philip the Fair, the conqueror of the Normans, who had more than once pushed their insolent ravages to the abbey of St. Denis." *

The long list of illustrious dead who once reposed within this solemn structure, includes three separate royal races; and the crypt is adorned also with cenotaphs to the memories of those members of each, who were from choice or from accident entombed elsewhere. A marble sarcophagus, in which Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle, together with his statue in marble, have been removed hither, and placed near the effigies of Louis I., Charles II., Louis II., Charles III. and IV. Cenotaphs perpetuate the fame of Pepin the Short, Eudes, count of Paris, and some others of that line. These are succeeded in their sepulchral, as they were originally in their sovereign order, by the third dynasty, including Hugh Capet, Robert the Pious, and his queen, Constance of Arles; Constance of Castille, queen of Louis VII.; then Louis VI., Philip Augustus, and Louis VII. Nor do these alone assist the student of history in the crypt of St. Denis; he may trace the records of Europe still onward, in the tombs of queen Blanche, Philip the Hardy, Charles, king of Sicily, brother to St. Louis; Philip the Fair, Louis X., Philip the Tall, Jane of Navarre, John the Good, Charles VI., Isabel of Bavaria, &c. Within the central royal vault are buried the later kings of the elder Bourbon line, amongst whose ashes are deposited the remains of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette.

Every niche or re-entrant angle of the nave is occupied by stately sepulchral designs, some aspiring to the character of architectural works, from the union of magnitude with the delicate labours of the sculptor's chisel. Of this class are the mausoleums of Henry II., Francis I., and Louis XII. No sepulchral structure of the sixteenth century exceeds in magnificence the tomb of the gallant Francis; it was designed by Philip Delorme, and is that great artist's master-piece. On the opposite side of the nave is the equally splendid monument of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. The design, which is twelve feet in length, ten in breadth, and fourteen high, consists of a pedestal, enriched with bas-reliefs, representing Louis crossing the Alps, his triumphant entry into Milan and Genoa, and the memorable battle of Agnadel. In vain does any monumental effigy endeavour to do justice to his better qualities; these consisted in alleviating the weight of taxes that pressed down his subjects, in protecting the industrious labourer from the rapacious violence of the soldier, and punishing with death those gendarmes who laid the peasantry under tyrannical contributions: if, therefore, he was neither the greatest hero, nor the most profound politician, he acquired the more estimable glory of being a good king. His memory is cherished by posterity, and history styles him "Father of his country."

From the pedestal on which these military achievements are expressed, rises a rich and beautiful arcade, ornamented with arabesques of the most delicate execution. Within the cell, and beneath the canopy, is a sarcophagus, on which are laid recumbent figures of the monarch and his queen, in their robes of royalty. Statues of the twelve apostles

* Jules Janin.

are seated in the arches that open towards the cenotaph, and on the entablature above are engraven the style and title of the illustrious dead, to whose memories this costly sepulchre is raised. On the summit the two principal figures are repeated, in the attitude of prayer, wearing flowing robes, and with an altar-table before them.

The style of these gorgeous tombs, although little in character with the lofty pointed manner of the abbey, is chaste, classical, and correct as integral works. Philosophy may smile at the vanity of such recompense to the shades of royalty, but art congratulates that country whose civilization has attained to such a conspicuous degree of perfection. Had Paolo Poncio never executed another work, he would by this alone have secured a lasting recollection of his genius.

In conformity with a sacrilegious decree of the Convention, dated the 16th of October, 1793, the remains of the Capets and the Bourbons were disinterred, and thrown into two deep trenches without the church, in front of the northern porch. Their leaden coffins were melted on the spot, to be moulded into bullets, and the decree went so far as to order the lead to be stripped from the abbey-roof for the same purpose. Happily for the arts and the name of France, the latter part of this sentence was never carried into effect. Exclusive of the ancient tombs that adorned the abbey, no sacred depository was more rich in those relics which superstition but too often consecrates. Here was the oriflamme,* or sacred banner of the nation, only exhibited, like the standard of Mahomet, upon extraordinary occasions—a nail of the true cross—the hair of the Virgin—the head of St. Denis the martyr, which he was supposed to have carried to the abbey with his own hands—and the clock of St. Louis:—besides crowns, and sceptres, and swords, and spears, worn by the bravest, and most just, and most pious of Frank monarchs in the olden times. All these were dissipated by the same wild storm that scattered the dust of their royal owners. To the zeal, almost the piety, of Mons. Le Noir, the preservation of the ancient monuments of the crypt is wholly due. Actuated by a laudable feeling for such interesting national records, this excellent man rescued them from the hands of the revolutionists, who had plundered the abbey of its treasures, and, placing them in an apartment at the convent *des petits Augustines,* in Paris, they there formed the principal attraction of a museum since called *l'Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts,* until their restoration to their sacred homes at St. Denis.

For several years the spoliated sepulchres shared the fate of the abbey, where the ashes of so many kings had reposed for centuries. The lofty walls and the stately columns, and the "long-drawn aisles," remained to prove that princes were the best patrons of art, although the reminiscence had no better influence on "the people's" minds, than

* Or *auriflamme*—the old royal standard of France, originally the church-banner of the abbey of St. Denis, which was presented by the Abbot to the Lord Protector of the convent, (formerly the counts of Vexin and Pontoise,) whenever it was necessary to take up arms for the preservation of its rights and possessions. It was a piece of red taffeta, fixed on a golden spear, in the form of a banner, and cut into three points, each of which was adorned with a tassel of green silk. When Philip I. united Vexin to the possessions of the crown, it devolved on him to bear the banner, as Protector of the Abbey. From that period it was carried with the armies, and eventually became the great national standard of the realm. It has not, however, been borne to the field of battle since the time of Charles VII.—*Vide Lanzelot's Memoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions.*

to cause the abbey to be converted into a market-hall. It was reserved for Napoleon to make some atonement for this act of sacrilege, to redeem, in some degree, the national character, and to blot out, as far as practicable, the stain which a popular eruption had inflicted upon the reputation of France for refinement in arts and literature. An imperial decree of the 20th of February, 1806, restored to the abbey that distinction of which it had been deprived—of being the mausoleum of royalty; Napoleon caused whatever relics were recoverable to be surrendered to the abbey, the torn cerements to be reseamed, the broken tombs to be repaired; and he selected, as the burial-place of his own family, the central vault within the royal crypt. The restoration of the abbey and of the tombs was continued, after the deposition of Napoleon, by the Bourbons, who collected the bones of their illustrious predecessors, and replaced them in the graves from whence they had been exhumed. And here, at last, the ashes of Louis XVI., and of his beautiful but luckless queen, are surrounded in death by that pomp of royalty which was denied them when living. An obscure vault contains the coffin of the last Condé, on which the rays of an ever-burning lamp fall, only to kindle melancholy reflections. He was father of the ill-fated D'Enghien, and closed his own miserable life by an act of suicide.

Of the Napoleon dynasty, one only was honoured with burial in these royal sepulchres; this solitary star of the imperial galaxy was the son of Louis Buonaparte and his queen Hortense, and had been once adopted as successor to the diadem of his uncle. His ashes lie there alone; and, with the exception of the noble valves of bronze, intended for the emperor's tomb, all traces of the Napoleon family have been invidiously obliterated by the kings of the restored line.

Several circumstances which marked the desecration of the tombs by the revolutionary mob, tend to illustrate the force of fanaticism, the uncontrollable character of delusion, whether political or religious, and the total abandonment of feeling or sentiment to which it leads. When the graves were burst open, the body of *Henri Quatre*, once the idol of the French people, was found almost entire, a flowing beard dependent from his chin;—in the fierce and ruthless spirit of the hour, a soldier cut this patriarchal emblem from the pallid face, and placed it as a moustache upon his own. Nor did any recollection of him, (Louis XII.,) whom France called the Father of his Country, interpose to save his bones from the common indignity; nor did the glorious reputation of Turenne secure his ghastly remains from insult. Finding that the brave soldier's corpse had been preserved from early injury by means of an antiseptic process, and that the resemblance of his well-known portrait to the original might yet be traced, they placed the body in a glass-case, and made it the sport of idle curiosity. To obliterate more effectually all memorials of this city of the royal dead, it was resolved to exchange its venerated name of Saint Denis for that of La Franciade; but the petty effort was defeated by Napoleon, who restored the abbey to its fair proportions, the tombs to their solemn grandeur of exterior; and who raised beneath the vaulted aisles three expiatory altars to the injured shades of so many lines of kings—the Merovingian, Carlovingian, and Capetian.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by A. Willmore.

Entrance to the Port of Marseilles.

L'entrée du port de Marseilles. *Mündung des Hafens, Marseilles.*

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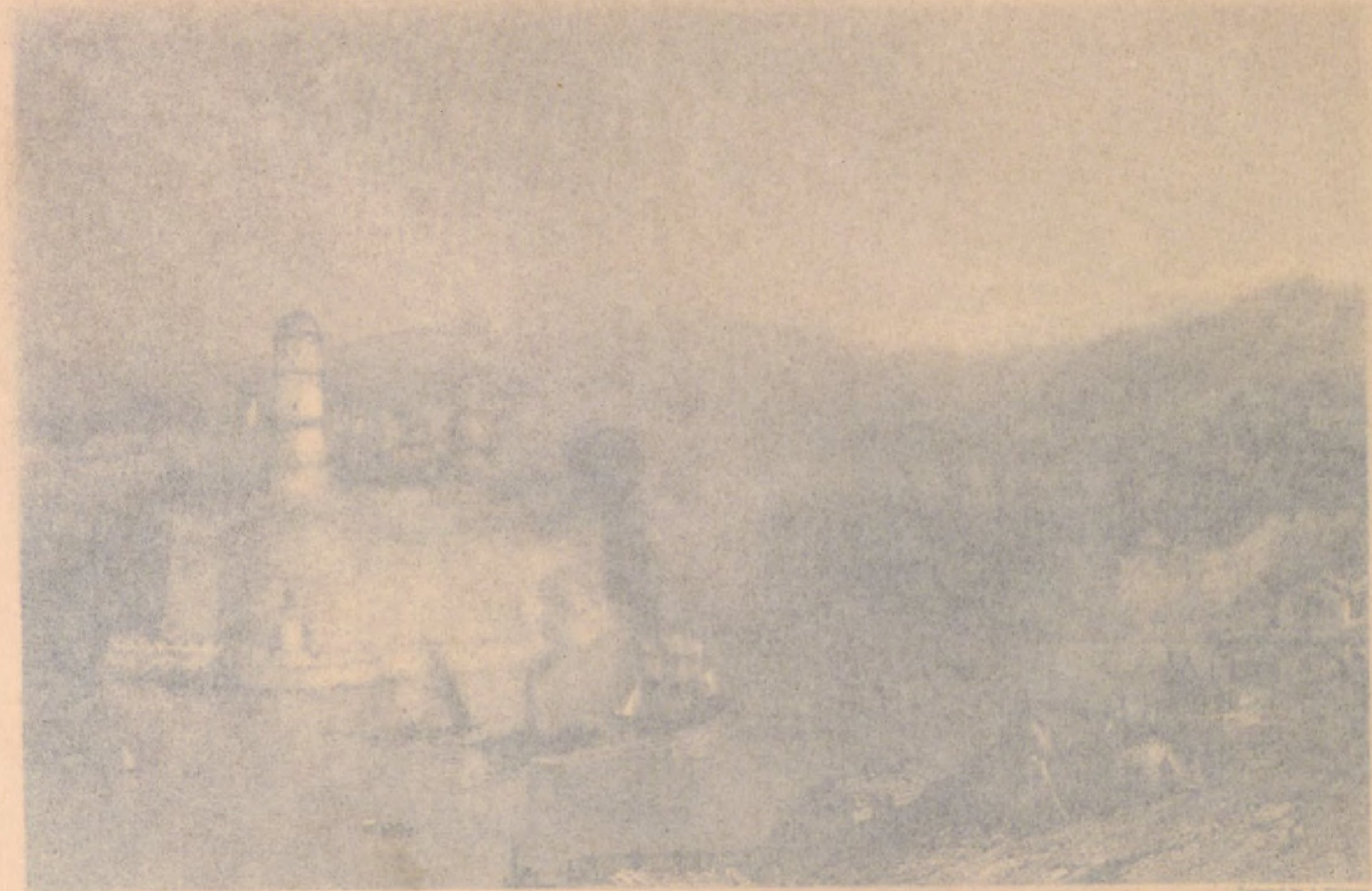

Entrance to the Port of Marseilles

Entrée du port de Marseille — *Rendez-vous Marseille*

ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF MARSEILLES.

As the Phocæans oft for freedom bled,
At length, with imprecated curses, fled,
And left to boars and wolves the sacred fane,
And all their household gods, adored in vain;
So let us fly, so far as earth extends,
Or where the vagrant wind our voyage bends.

HORACE.

ABOUT five hundred years before the birth of Christ, the Phocæans, a people of Ionia, in Asia Minor, being pressed to the last extremity by the army of Cyrus, under Harpagus's command, had recourse to stratagem to escape destruction. Surrender appearing inevitable, both to the besiegers and besieged, the latter asked but one day's truce to deliberate upon the terms proposed to them, but begged that the hostile army might, during the deliberation, be withdrawn from their walls. Harpagus having consented to their request, they employed the interval of peace in carrying all their treasures, their wives, their children, on board the ships that lay in the harbour, and then, throwing a mass of glowing iron into the sea, bound themselves by a solemn oath never to return to their native land until the metal should rise and float upon the waters. When the enemy desired to renew hostilities, the Phocæans were on the deep, and, steering for the shores of Gaul, obtained permission to land on its southern coast, and found there the city of Massilia.* It is conjectured, that as the emigrants entered the little land-locked basin, some of them exclaimed Μασσαι Σάλοι, meaning that they were now in the country of the Salyens, and the time had come when their sails might be furled. In the resolution which they had formed, the seeds of future prosperity were contained; for, devoting all their energies to the improvement of their adopted country, the commerce of the chief cities of the Mediterranean soon flowed into the port of these Asiatic settlers. But the extension of commerce did not preclude the advancement of learning amongst the Phocæans; and such was the esteem in which they were held by the Romans, during the Commonwealth, that their alliance was eagerly sought, and their friendship cultivated with diligence by that ambitious people. During the civil wars in support of the pretensions of Cæsar and of Pompey, the Massilians attempted to maintain neutrality; but, being pressed to a decision, embraced the fortunes of the latter. This unlucky preference drew down upon them the signal chastisement of the conqueror, who declared "that he spared the city rather for its name and antiquity, than its true deserts." But Cæsar was too sincere a patron of literature to meditate, for an hour, the destruction of a city, which Cicero called "The Athens of Gaul," and declared that this *Athenopolis Massiliûm* could alone be placed in comparison with the Grecian capital in

* Vide Herodotus, Strabo, Horace, Justin, Athenæus, Isocrates, Cæsar, Lucan.

arts and learning;" an opinion confirmed by Tacitus, who styles her "The Mistress of Letters."

Under the domination of the Romans, this flourishing port continued to be the rival of Alexandria and Constantinople. On the dismemberment of the empire she assumed a republican form of government, electing her own magistrates, enacting her own laws, amongst which is the famous commercial code, "Le Consulat de la Mer," forming new alliances with foreign powers, and, acting in all respects as an independent community. The period of the Crusades was the palmy days of her commercial prosperity, for she then furnished galleys sufficient for the transport of St. Louis' army to the Holy Land.

But this political independence becoming an object of envy, Marseilles was besieged and conquered in the year 1251, by Charles d'Anjou, count of Provence, and her commercial pre-eminence declining with the loss of her freedom, the greatness of Venice, Genoa, and Leghorn rapidly rose over her decay. Having no interest in the political struggles of Gaul, in the year 1482, she tamely submitted to be annexed to the crown of France, and has ever since continued to be a valuable gem in that rich diadem. It is true that their ancient spirit of independence was manifested in the resistance of the citizens both to Henri Quatre and to Louis XIV., the two most splendid kings in that long line that sleep at St. Denis, but their efforts only ended in disgrace and punishment.

Marseilles, however, acted a conspicuous part in the first or great Revolution; there *terror* had its sanguinary reign; and there, too, the uncertainty of popular sentiment was glaringly exhibited in the oscillation of the citizens, who, from being at first distinguished by their zeal for the new doctrines of 1793, were aftewards found to be amongst the Girondists. Their change of mind had nearly been visited by a great public infliction, for it was actually proposed, in the same assembly that ordered the substitution of "La commune de Sans Nom" for the ancient name "Marseilles," that the harbour or port should be filled up, and commerce for ever excluded from the city.

This calamity was providentially avoided, and new avenues of commerce have recently been opened from this secure and sheltered port to Algiers, in Africa, which has been colonized by France; and to Alexandria in Egypt, since the Anglo-Indian mails have been transmitted by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. These recent additions to her trade and intercourse are calculated to revive the recollection of those bright days in Massilian history, when the citizens could boast of reducing Carthage to submission—of lending succour to Rome—of teaching Italy the refinements of art and literature—of being the first city in Gaul that had embraced Christianity.

The Port of Marseilles, the *Halcydon* of Mela, is not only a panorama of the most surpassing beauty—a lake whose banks are adorned with buildings reflected in its own tranquil bosom, and embraced by an amphitheatre or crescent of hills, whose horns touch the sea—but it is one of the most safe, sheltered, and accessible asylums in the Mediterranean. The city on the north, the Bourbon hills on the south, protect its surface from the rude visitations of the tempest, and strong fortresses on either side of its contracted entrance, guard it from the sudden depredations of an enemy. The

port itself is a natural basin, 520 fathoms in length by 150 in breadth, with a depth varying from 16 to 24 feet. This depth is insufficient for ships of the largest class, but so complete is the shelter, so insensible even the rise of the tide, that vessels of large burden enter with little apprehension from any agitation of the waters. The most admirable facilities are afforded for the loading and unloading of vessels, and 1,200 may find accommodation close to the quays, which are steep to the very edge. Seaward the assaults of the seasons are warded off by the interposition of three rocky islets, If, Rattoneau, and Pomegue, between the two latter of which is a safe roadstead for men-of-war, and all are strongly fortified. Here is a *lazaretto,* built during the plague of 1720, covering an area of fifty acres, and so capacious that the whole French army performed quarantine within its double lines of enclosure, on their return from Egypt. The entrance of the inner harbour is defended by the cross-fire of forts St. Nicholas and St. Jean, and a chain was formerly stretched across between them.

It was in St. Jean's tall tapering tower, of impenetrable strength, that Monsieur Egalité and two of his sons, Montpensier and Beaujolais, were imprisoned; and it was from the dreary darkness of its cells, that the father was taken to the scaffold, the sons allowed to pass into exile. Before the republic thought it expedient to grant liberty to the suffering prisoners, the elder, Montpensier, attempted to escape, but, falling upon the chain that crossed the harbour, he was retaken, and confined until his liberation was granted, on condition of joining his brother, Louis Philippe of Orleans, in America.

"Having failed in attempting to deceive the sentinels and pass the drawbridge, the Duc de Montpensier, assisted by his servant, made fast one end of a rope to a pin for securing the window, and, passing the remainder of its length through the casement, commenced his perilous descent; but scarcely had he accomplished half the dizzy height, when the rope broke, and the unhappy prince fell senseless to the shore. Here he remained, perfectly unconscious of everything that passed around him, for about half an hour, when his returning senses enabled him to behold the clear bright moon, whose tremulous beams then played upon the surface of the silent sea. He was soon, however, rendered alarmingly and painfully alive to his miserable situation, finding that he was immersed up to his waist in the sea, and that one of his legs was broken. Crawling a few yards from the spot where he fell, he succeeded in reaching the harbour-chain, and laying hold of it, drew himself up and reclined upon it. Having about thirty louis in his purse, he calculated upon obtaining relief from some of the passing boats, as the harbour was not then shut; but, in this also he was miserably mistaken, for although seven boats passed within hail, during two hours of torture that he endured hanging on the chain, there was not an individual of their companies who had not become wholly callous to all appeals of humanity, and his cries of agony found no response save that of some horrible imprecation. The chilling cold of November would have been alone sufficient to have congealed the sufferer's blood and produced dissolution, and immersion in the open sea must have accelerated the fatal process; but the fever and inflammation that ensued from a sprained ankle, broken leg, and other injuries, counteracted the benumbing effects of the cold air and water, which were instrumental in

preserving the sufferer's life. An eighth boat at length arrived, manned by men of nobler hearts, and better instructed in those Christian precepts which teach us our duty to our neighbour. These fine fellows, as they pulled into the harbour to reach their homes at the hour of promise, heard the faltering voice of a fellow-creature in distress, and instantly called out to him to hold on for a little until they had apprised their friends of their arrival, and that they would return without further delay to his relief. After the expiration of about twenty minutes the boat returned, and the honest fellows who brought it taking the unfortunate prince, then stiff, cold, and unable to describe his situation, on board, steered out into the channel."*

Chains have since not only been removed from the Port of Marseilles, but struck off from the once enslaved people of France; and the tower of St. Jean is now only a witness, retained in the service of history, to render the present generation content with the comparative liberty of their lot.

THE PARK OF ST. CLOUD.

Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN the wicked Clotaire, the son of Clovis, assassinated two of his nephews, and usurped the throne, Clodoald succeeded in escaping his dagger, and, with a different, but perhaps not less happy, fortune than the founder of the royal family of England, secured a safe asylum in the shelter of a forest.† Constructing for himself an humble hermitage within the bosom of the aged grove of Norigentum, he there devoted his remaining years to penitence and prayer; and when his pilgrimage was ended, and the secret of his birth discovered, admiring votaries not only canonized his memory, but exchanged the former classic name of his retreat for "St. Clodoald," or "St. Cloud," in honour of the royal recluse who had been so long its tenant. Here on the banks of the river Seine, and about six miles from Paris, a town of better founded pretensions to beauty than to extent or prosperity, soon arose, and the locality possessing many natural graces, a convenient proximity to the capital, and an ancient sanctity, was chosen as the site for a royal demesne. St. Cloud has not escaped the calamities of war, nor the conse-

* Vide Life and Times of Louis Philippe, p. 265, *et seq.*

† Fleance, after the assassination of Banquo by Macbeth's orders, escaped to Aber, in Caernarvonshire, and there married a daughter of the lord of that district. His son Walter, visiting Scotland, was appointed Lord High Steward of the kingdom, and from him, who then assumed the name of Walter Steward, the royal family of England is descended.

The Park of St Cloud.

Parc de Saint Cloud *Der Park von St Cloud*

[illegible] An eighth boat at length arrived, manned by men of [illegible] interested in those Christian precepts which teach us our [illegible] These fact fellows, as they pulled into the harbour to reach [illegible] of promise, heard the faltering voice of a fellow-creature in [illegible] cried out to him to hold on for a little until they had apprised [illegible] of their arrival, and that they would return without further delay to his [illegible] minutes the boat returned, and the honest [illegible] place, then stiff, cold, and unable to [illegible] the channel."*

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* [illegible] Philippe, p. 265, et seq.

† [illegible] of Banquo by Macbeth's orders, escaped to Aber, in Caernarvonshire, and [illegible] of the district. His son Walter, visiting Scotland, was appointed Lord [illegible] him, who then assumed the name of Walter Steward, the royal family [illegible]

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. C. Bentley.

The Park of St. Cloud.

Parc de Saint-Cloud. *Der Park von St. Cloud.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

quence of being the favourite abode of the ruler of the land. In 1358, it was burnt down by the English; and in 1411, a party of the Armagnacs laid it level with the ground. For the chateâu itself was reserved the lot of witnessing many assassinations, political intrigues, and even depositions of kings, so that its name is frequently encountered in turning over the pages of general history. The town possesses but little internal attraction; its environs, however, are adorned with several magnificent residences, and beautifully retired spots, of which perhaps the Château of Bellevue, the Ville d'Avray, and Valley of Fleury, are the most agreeable.

To the Château and the Park of St. Cloud belong distinct and different histories. Both may be styled works of art, but their records will be found to have less similarity. In one, the darkest passions that agitate the human breast have been in dreadful operation, and became the fountains of much misery to France and to the world; in the other, the softest sentiments that civilize our nature have reigned uninterruptedly for many a year, and been productive of a large amount of harmless happiness. "The Park is a *chef d'œuvre* of art, surrounded by every natural elegance; the Château, placed between two terraces, between two avenues, presides over this collection of meadows, of verdure, of lawns, of basins." Le Notre, the most celebrated landscape-gardener of his own nation, has here earned for himself a high reputation. Dividing the great area subjected to the arrangements of his taste into two portions, he has succeeded in securing to the royal occupants of the Palace the unenvied possession of their delightful promenades. The smaller enclosure, *parc reservé*, is immediately attached to the Château, and extends up the slope of the hills behind it. Extensive gardens, profusely ornamented flower-beds, shrubberies of the rarest plants, alcoves, bowers, grottos, temples, pillars, and statues, are introduced with the happiest effects; and the silent character of these enchanting scenes is increased by the sleeping aspect of many artificial lakes. When Jerome de Gondy owned these wide domains, they were not deficient in those accessions which accomplished taste, controlling unbounded riches, could confer upon them; but, when Louis XIV. purchased, and presented them to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, they had been improved and beautified in a style commensurate to the splendid conceptions of that great monarch.

At the foot of a beautiful open-work iron bridge, light and aerial, that spans the Seine, stand two handsome pavilions, between which is the entrance, from the Sevres road, into the great Park of St. Cloud. It is in these delightful grounds, overshadowed by chestnuts, and limes, and elms, which have attained a prodigious height, that the citizens of Paris pass so many hours in the enjoyment of every species of exhilarating amusement. Always open to the public, the Park is almost always animated by the presence of pleasure-parties, especially on the first and third Sundays of every month, and during the *fête* of St. Cloud, which lasts from the seventh to the twenty-eighth of September. The following vivid sketch of a single occasion will happily illustrate many: "The Parisians have arrived, and have already spread beneath the yoke elms; the cries were never more joyous, the groves never more thronged; the road is filled, the steamboat brings each hour its lovely cargo of young men and girls. Listen! the music is beginning!

it is the ball, always the ball, which gives the signal. Before long, and when the shades of night are really fallen, a thousand lights, of all colours, will invade the Park of St. Cloud; the bird, awoke amidst the foliage, and thinking it is day, will commence his morning hymn, soon interrupted by the sound of the morning watch, recalling the dragoons to the neighbouring barracks. Still later, a brilliant firework will burst in the heated air. Without fireworks there can be no good *fête* for the Parisian. The country is at peace, he is engaged in making his fortune, he asks nothing but to live and die in this happy calm,—but to die a long time hence; and yet gunpowder always pleases him; he loves its blaze, he loves its noise, its smell, and even its smoke; he looks at the powder burning, he enjoys it with all his heart; *he dreams the rest*, while singing Beranger's songs." There cannot be a more faithful picture of French character, and drawn from living portraits in the Park of St. Cloud, on festal days, than Jules Janin has here delineated. Possessing an acquired taste for music, a natural propensity for dancing, the Parisian operative here whiles away, in a sort of reverie, many Sabbaths of his years. As in republican Rome, so in liberated France, the state furnishes forth entertainment for the citizens; and, not only are these glorious sylvan bowers thrown open for recreation, but the numerous fountains are made to throw up their sparkling spray towards the heavens, in forms and to heights that are astonishing. The grand fountain, or *jet-geant*, rising from a marble basin at the termini of long vistas of forest-trees, reaches a height of one hundred and thirty feet, discharging, every minute, upwards of five thousand gallons. Beside the upper cascade, the design of Le Notre, is a group of statuary, representing the rivers, or river-gods, Seine and Marne, reclining upon urns, from which the waters are ever pouring. From stage to stage the broad volume falls into the deepest basin, whence the efflux is conveyed, by an aqueduct, to the head of the lower cascade. This felicitous ornament, constructed by Mansard, is in the form of a crescent, and the water, descending in sheets, over a series of shelves, similarly shaped, supplies a conduit of three hundred feet in length, from which twelve jets d'eau ascend. The vicinities of these artificial cataracts, of the various jets, of the long-drawn conduits, of the many-arched aqueducts, are adorned with appropriate statuary, grouped and separate, and furnished with rustic seats, and pavilions.

One of the principal ornaments of the Park is a pillar, erected by Napoleon, on the summit of which is placed that beautiful design, the monument of Lysicrates, vulgarly called the Lantern of Demosthenes. From the elevation of the site, as well as of the structure, a most commanding *coup d'œil* is taken in from the lantern, including Sevres, and the great hollow in whose bosom Paris reposes, the Path of Sighs, and those evergreen valleys of Breteuil and Montretout. One of the wonders of St. Cloud—one, however, that forms no part of the prospect above ground—is the railway-tunnel, 1,660 feet in length, which is carried underneath the Park.

THE CATHEDRAL OF LYONS.

FROM THE CHAPEL OF ST. LOUIS.

——————For years, long years,
Years that make centuries, those dim lit aisles,
Where rainbows play, from coloured windows flung,
Have echoed to the voice of prayer and praise.

ENLIVENED by industry, enriched by commerce, beautified by wealth, as well as by its delightful situation at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, Lyons has for years ranked next to Paris in municipal importance. Here science, literature, and art, have also fixed their seats; and, if luxuries are to be had in less profusion at Lyons than in the metropolis, polished society is more accessible. Few cities in Europe are more splendidly adorned with public buildings of the first class, magnificent bridges, extended quays, and spacious squares. Favoured in its infancy by royal patronage, the churches of Lyons rose with a costliness and magnitude characteristic of the middle ages; and, by some providential care peculiar to this city, their features sustained less defacement during the first revolution, than those of sacred edifices that stood where royalty was fondly cherished. Even in Lyons, the misdirected vengeance of the revolutionists inflicted much injury upon the churches of the Oratoire and the Chartreux, while their violence appears to have undergone some abatement before it reached the altars of the cathedral of Saint John.

This venerable pile presents a varied kind of style; evidently in the Moorish manner at first, it has since been enlarged and repaired, with more submission to caprice than caution, and now the Gothic and Roman styles prevail in many parts of the interior. A baptistry being founded here by Saint Arège, sometime in the seventh century, the place from thence acquired a repute for sanctity; and pious princes, amongst whom Philip the August is chiefly remembered, enlarged it by degrees into a structure of stately proportions. The east end, altar, and great window, are the most ancient parts of the building; the nave and west end were added in the reign of Saint Louis the Crusader, who died at Tunis in 1180; and the porches and concluding decorations were finished so recently as the age of Louis XI. The ground-plan is a parallelogram, at each angle of which stands a square and lofty tower. In one of these, the clock-tower, is the famous bell, containing so large a proportion of silver, which had nevertheless the good fortune to escape the cupidity of the bell-melters in the revolutionary riots. Its precise weight is not registered, but it has always been reported as heavier than that on which St. Paul's clock, in London, strikes the hours, which is known to be exactly 8,400 lbs.

The grand entrance of the cathedral stands in the Place of St. John, and is approached by two broad flights of steps. Here are three Gothic doorways with deep soffits, the central and more lofty being surmounted by a large rose, inscribed in a triangle; and an open-work stone balustrade, extending the whole length of the façade, finishes the basement or doorway story. Curiosity will be gratified in tracing the moresque portions of this pile in its exterior changes, while the admirer of chasteness and symmetry will be rewarded by a careful examination of the nave and choir. The former, 257 feet in length, is adorned with closely clustered columns, sustaining a plain but lofty ceiling, and producing an effect of simple grandeur. Many lateral chapels open into the side-aisles that are parallel to the nave. These have been built at various periods by dignitaries of the church in this diocese, and by families of the ancient nobility. The richest, most beautiful, and highly finished of these is the Shrine of St. Louis, or the Bourbon chapel. It was finished in the fifteenth century, by Cardinal Bourbon, and is elaborately ornamented with tracery and delicate carving. The circular window opposite the altar is an exquisite specimen of design and execution. Amidst the gracefully grouped flowers that compose the chief ornaments of this gem of art, the thistle, *chardon,* may be perceived: a pleasant equivoke—the similarity of *cherdon* and *chardon,* suggesting the idea to the architect—Louis IX. having made a *gift* of his daughter to Pierre de Bourbon, one of the founders of the chapel.

A character of great grandeur pervades the choir, heightened by the dimness of the coloured rays that flow in through the painted windows. The ceiling is lofty and groined, the columns clustered, and tall, and delicate, and around the apsis of the choir may be traced a band of coloured marbles, copied from the antique, and introduced at a comparatively recent period. The high altar, besides the gems that glitter in its marbled front, is adorned by two crosses, kept there in memory of the oecumenical council of Lyons, held in this cathedral in the year 1271, for the grave and momentous object of uniting the Greek and Latin churches.

A piece of mechanism, creditable to the age, 1598, and to the maker, Nicholas Lipsius, of Basle, stands in the south transept. It presents a perpetual calendar, marking the century, year, month, week, day, hour, and minute. Above this dial is an astrolabe, showing the place of the sun in the signs of the zodiac, and the phases of the moon. A set of chimes, regulated to play every hour an air called the Hymn of St. John, communicates motion to a number of little figures; one set of images appears only once in the week, a second group once each day, and a third every three hours. A door in the highest compartment opens every hour, and discloses a cock, that crows loudly and claps his wings; and in two side-divisions more objectionable effigies are placed; one, most improperly, represents the Father of heaven, who advances and bows towards the figure opposite, which, with only an inferior degree of error in judgment, is an image of the Virgin Mary. Two well-executed statues in marble, of St. John and St. Stephen, would form interesting ornaments to the transept, were they not disfigured by crowns, and by wreaths of tinsel and flowers intertwined.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by H. Adlard.

Quay of Louis XVIII. Bordeaux.

Quai de Louis XVIII. Bordeaux. *Der Quai Ludwigs XVIII. Bordeaux.*

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Two [illegible] enveloping [illegible]
with [illegible] historical records [illegible]
Bituriges [illegible] under the Gauls,
the Visigoths [illegible] drew to Spain,
disposed [illegible] until by the [illegible]
turies the Saxons and Normans [illegible]
bitants with [illegible]
place for [illegible]
Eleonora, [illegible]
deaux was [illegible]
band, and to [illegible]
Henry II. of [illegible]
it was that [illegible]
after the battle of [illegible]
revisit his native [illegible]
totally disappeared [illegible]
sage of the [illegible]
cuel, [illegible]
tuesque [illegible]
itself [illegible]
des Chouans. [illegible]
reigned in the [illegible]
grandeur. It [illegible]
theatre; and, as [illegible]
Nismes. The [illegible]
works possess, although [illegible]
great nation was on the [illegible]

Whatever were the glories of [illegible]
rior, presenting one of the [illegible]
France. For a length of [illegible]
Garonne, which here sweeps [illegible]
picture to be embraced at a [illegible]
admit vessels of a thousand [illegible]
sence of shipping; and, the opposite bank, a rich country, adorned [illegible]

Quay of Louis XVIII, Bordeaux

QUAY OF LOUIS XVIII., BORDEAUX.

Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.
HENRY VI.

THE night of time enveloping the earliest history of Bordeaux, this age must be content with such municipal records as identify its site with Burdigala, the capital of the Biturges Vivisci under the Gauls, and of Aquitania Secunda in Roman history. Before the Visi-Goths withdrew to Spain, they seized and sacked this rich city, and seemed disposed to hold it, until by the gallantry of Clovis they were forcibly expelled. In turns the Saracens and Normans succeeded to the possession, each pillaging the inhabitants without mercy; this wretchedness continued down to the year 911, when the place fortunately fell under the power of the duke of Gascogny. By the marriage of Eleonora, daughter of William X., last duke of Guienne, with king Louis VII., Bordeaux was attached to the French crown; but, that princess being repudiated by her husband, and in 1151 re-marrying with Henry Plantagenet, duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II. of England, the same territory became a part of the English dominions. Hither it was that Edward, the Black prince, conveyed his royal captive, John, king of France, after the battle of Poictiers, whom, for the space of four sad years, he did not permit to revisit his native land. After an occupancy of nearly three centuries, the English were totally dispossessed, and expelled from Bordeaux, by Charles VII., who, to guard the passage of the river, erected the Château Trompette, which Louis XIV. enlarged and strengthened, under the direction of the celebrated military engineer, Vauban. The most picturesque Roman ruin in France was removed, to make way for the Trompette, which has itself been since levelled with the ground, and succeeded by new structures, the *Quartier des Chartrons*. Le Palais Gallie, the supposed palace of the emperor Gallienus, who reigned in the third century, still survives, although despoiled of much of its ancient grandeur. It is circular in form, whence some antiquaries deem it to have been an amphitheatre; and, an archway of entrance, still entire, resembles those of the great circus at Nismes. The masonry, of stone and brick mixed, is of that tenacity which Roman works possess, although evidently the production of a period when the power of that great nation was on the wane.

Whatever were the glories of ancient Bordeaux, the modern city is probably superior, presenting one of the most picturesque, animated, and imposing panoramas in all France. For a length of nearly three miles, the city extends along the left bank of the Garonne, which here sweeps in one great graceful crescented bend, allowing the whole picture to be embraced at a single glance. The depth of the river being sufficient to admit vessels of a thousand tons burden, its surface is always enlivened by the presence of shipping; and, the opposite bank, a rich country, adorned with wooded

slopes, cultivated vineyards, and handsome villas, presents a contrast both pleasing and remarkable.

The city may be distinguished into the old portion, with its narrow, dark, and crooked streets; and the modern, consisting of numerous open squares, regular avenues, and splendid public buildings. The cathedral, where Richard II. of England was baptized, and Anne of Austria married to Louis XIII., is a beautiful Gothic monument; Montaigne's tomb is in the church des Feuillans; the design of the theatre is one of the most admired specimens of modern architecture in Europe; and the glass dome of the Bourse, the oblong diameter of which is 100 feet, is an object of astonishment and grandeur. The quays form a continued promenade of the most agreeable, it may be added, salubrious description, opening down to the river, commanding a prospect of the rich and cultivated country beyond it, and sheltered from behind by a continuous row of buildings, irregular, detached, and varying in their styles, many, however, presenting good models of the Italian manner. One of the grandest areas in the improved part of the city, is the Place Louis Philippe, one entrance to which is from the Quay of Louis XVIII, between two lofty rostral columns. From this spot the noble bridge of Bordeaux, a happy specimen of the perfection of modern engineering, is seen to advantage. For years a ferry maintained the communication between the city and the suburb of Bastiade; Napoleon, whose far-seeing policy neglected no public want, actually began to erect a wooden bridge, which was discontinued soon after his deposition, and the present handsome structure of stone completed in 1821, the year of the emperor's decease. Although the quay and bridge are often called after the monarch, Louis XVIII., in whose inglorious reign they were both opened for public accommodation, their foundation is not otherwise connected with that prince, for, the bridge was built by a private company, at an expense of £250,000; and the beautiful promenade that leads to it from the columns, was not completed until the reign of Louis Philippe.

From its geographical position, navigable character of its river, security attending its distance from the sea, and large quantities of wine and brandy produced in the surrounding district, Bordeaux necessarily became a place of eminent commercial rank; and, unless the Garonne shall one day change its course, or become choked up, it will probably continue for centuries to enjoy all these local advantages. Upwards of three thousand ships, carrying 190,000 tons, annually enter the port, and find employment in conveying thence 250,000 tuns of wine, besides nearly an equal quantity of brandy. This great trade in wine, brandy, and fruits, is not conducted altogether externally, for, by means of the canal of Languedoc, connecting Bordeaux with the Mediterranean, the south of France is supplied hence with produce and imports of every kind, as cheaply as through Marseilles. Iron-foundries, cotton-factories, sugar-refineries, and glass-works are established here; but the wine trade has so completely absorbed the attention of the merchants, who conduct most of their business on commission, and the prices of labour and living are so high, that Bordeaux is never likely to become the seat of extensive manufactures, nor to increase very rapidly in population. It now contains but 112,000 inhabitants.

Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by J. H. Le Keux.

The Cathedral, Bourges.

Der Dom zu Bourges.

La cathédrale, Bourges

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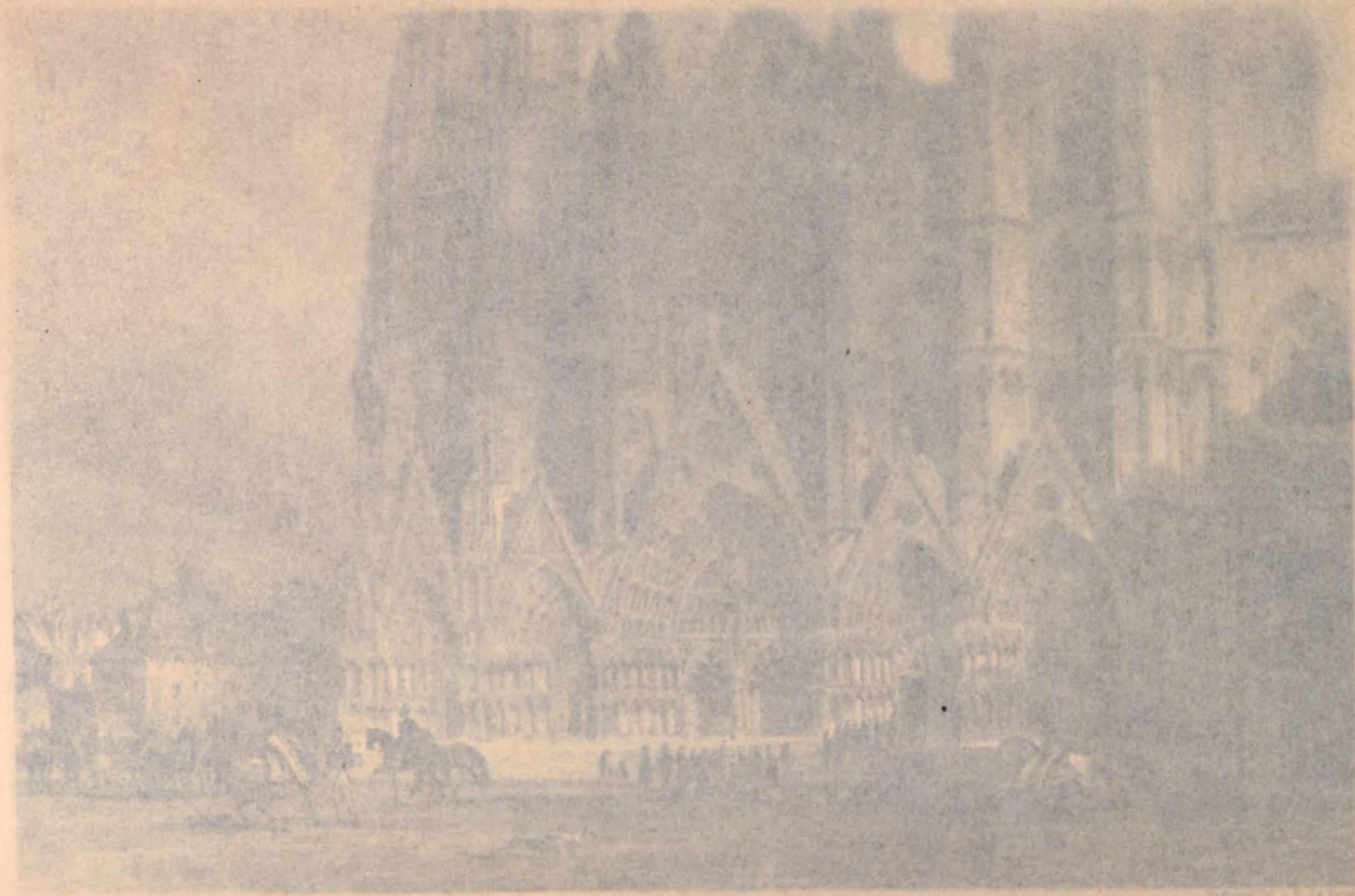
Elevated [illegible] departments [illegible] tion, at the [illegible] and the [illegible] squares, over those of [illegible] is involved in [illegible] name is [illegible] first called A[illegible] capital of [illegible] legions. [illegible] Chur. [illegible] six [illegible] circuit [illegible] tion has [illegible] fixed their [illegible] tion, their [illegible] enclosed within [illegible] dwellings stand [illegible] space within the [illegible] of manufactures, and the [illegible] many wealthy [illegible] assemblage of a [illegible] and dealers in jewels and [illegible]

On the very summit of the [illegible] venerable Cathedral of St. [illegible] similar sentiment seems to pervade all [illegible]



The Cathedral, Bourges

THE CATHEDRAL, BOURGES.

Built in far other times, those sculptured walls
Attest the faith which our forefathers felt,
Strong faith, whose visible presence yet remains;
We pray with deeper reverence at a shrine
Hallowed by many prayers.

THE MINSTER.

ELEVATED above a vast plain, traversed by the railway from Paris to the central departments, the ancient city of Bourges appears conspicuous and solitary. Its situation, at the meeting of the rivers Auron, Yvres, and Yevrette, is peculiarly agreeable; and the noblesse of Cher have long given a preference to its silent streets and solemn squares, over those of more populous and prosperous places. The foundation of this city is involved in obscurity; but, that it was of importance at an early age, and that its name is inseparable from the military history of the nation, there is ample proof. At first called Avaricum, then Evre, it is identical with that stout citadel of the Biturigæ, the capital of Celtic Gaul, which offered such an obstinate resistance to Cæsar's veteran legions. Under the earlier Bourbons, it was the chief place in Berri; under the later, in Cher. The city was formerly surrounded by a strong embattled wall, with eighty flanking towers; the former, like the ramparts of Chester, and other old English fortifications, is converted into a public promenade; of the latter, not more than five or six survive time's insidious mode of attack. The *enceinte* of the city, which has now a circuit of three English miles, has progressed with the march of time, while the population has as gradually decreased. Although many families of independent fortunes have fixed their winter-residences here, the streets have a deep air of melancholy and desertion, their width rather adding to this character of sadness. Private mansions are enclosed within inhospitable walls, and only approached by *portes cocheres;* many dwellings stand detached, in the midst of flower-gardens; and a large portion of the space within the walls lies wholly waste and unoccupied. Possibly the complete absence of manufactures, and the stateliness and retirement of this ancient place, attracted so many wealthy inhabitants thither; one of the consequences of whose choice is the assemblage of a most unusual number of lapidaries, silversmiths, and other operators and dealers in jewels and gold.

On the very summit of the hill around which the city wall is drawn, stands the venerable Cathedral of St. Etienne, the noblest ecclesiastical edifice in France. A similar sentiment seems to pervade all tourists of taste, on the first view of this sublime

production, or at least when the grand spectacle of its quintuple aisle bursts upon the astonished sight—that feeling is silence.

> Breathe not a thought, nor let a sound be heard;
> Within the hallowed precincts of that scene
> Feeling is mute, and language hath no word
> Meet for the memory of what hath been
> Beneath that ancient roof.

A broad flight of gently-ascending steps leads to a noble plateau, from which the grand west front appears to rise; and here five sumptuous Gothic porches, with deep and profusely-enriched soffits, give entrance to as many aisles. The central front, more spacious and lofty than the others, includes two doorways, with valves of carved-wood, above which is a *bas-relief* representing the Day of Judgment. The design it is unnecessary to criticize—the execution cannot be too highly applauded. Christ appears surrounded by archangels, while the Virgin and St. John are kneeling before him; St. Peter is conducting the righteous into Paradise, on one side; while indescribable agents are engaged in throwing the wicked into caldrons on the other. Forty-eight panels in the Gothic arch above are filled with pictures, in stone, of angels, and apostles, and patriarchs, all executed with a degree of mastery honourable to any period of the arts. In the soffits of the portals, on either side, designs from Scripture are introduced similarly. One series of panels is occupied with the preachings of St. Ursin and St. Just, in the province of Berri, of which Bourges is the capital; another, with the martyrdom of St. Stephen; a third, with the death of the Virgin Mary; and the life and acts of St. Ursin fill up several. These sculptures sustained much injury during the religious strifes of the sixteenth century, but they have since been restored with considerable care and ingenuity. The material, a plastic clay, has yielded so entirely to the wishes of the artist, that no traces of mutilation are observable. The north and south porches differ altogether, in style and decoration, from those of the west front. They are circular-headed, with chevron ornaments, and other emblems of pure Norman. Hence it is, that this glorious edifice illustrates the transition of ecclesiastical architecture from Norman into what is now named Early English or Gothic. The north tower, less venerable in aspect than its companion, was built from a design of Pellevoisin, in 1530. It is called the "*Butter Tower,*" the funds for its erection having been raised by the sale of indulgences to permit the eating of butter in Lent.

The first view of the interior is esteemed not only unequalled in sublimity, but overpowering in effect. "Its five naves, with their gigantic pillars, the extraordinary elevation of its bold roof, the streaming glories of its *jewelled* windows, the countless ranges of its reedy columns, its sombre recesses, illuminated chapels, galleries, and arcades—all fill the senses with rapt admiration. Every part of this wondrous church, every capital and pillar, is full of details, all amazing and exquisite in their execution; the painted glass of all the chapels is entire, and richer in its hues than any we had seen, though nearly similar to that at Rheims; it would seem that the same artist who painted the unrivalled rose there, had thrown the same luxury of colour over every

pane of these enormous windows. I have felt the same delight in looking on the *chef-d'œuvres* at Rouen, but my sensation of admiration on seeing St. Etienne were not surpassed even there."*

Sixty pillars, with foliated capitals, sustain a vaulted roof, groined, and adorned with sculptured bosses, the latter placed at a height of 120 feet from a flooring of coloured marbles. The centre nave is lighted by a clerestory, beneath which is a triforium, that embraces the choir also. Jacques Cœur, the prince-merchant of Bourges, adorned the sacristy, and built the beautiful Gothic chapel called from his name; the other chapels are dedicated to the memories of their respective illustrious founders. The high altar is of marble; the stalls in the choir exquisitely carved; and the great organ suited, by the boldness of its tones, to the area through which they are so solemnly poured. Beneath the choir and the apsis of the cathedral, is a subterranean chapel with extensive catacombs. Here is the tomb of John the Magnificent, first duke of Berri, uncle of Charles VI., from which all the little mourners have been removed, and the effigy left alone on its marble couch.† At the prince's feet is placed the figure of a bear, an emblem assumed in compliment to his princess, who belonged to the *Ursine* family. This was not his original resting-place; he built the "Holy Chapel" for his mausoleum, and on its destruction, his broken tomb was carried hither. Marshal Montigny's monument is also preserved here, together with several pieces of sculpture that once occupied the aisles above, but, being injured either by the Protestant iconoclasts of 1562, or the enraged republicans of 1792, they have been removed into an atmosphere whose grey light throws a partial veil over all evidences of violence and error.

Don Carlos, whom king Ferdinand's will deprived of the Spanish throne, being placed in involuntary exile at Bourges, was observed to be a constant attendant at divine service in the cathedral.

"We went to hear mass one day," writes Miss Costello, "when Don Carlos and his party attended, and were rather struck with the style of attention shown him. The bishop officiated, and all the priests in their richest robes; throughout the ceremony, all the honours paid to the altar were shared in by the ex-king; the incense thrown towards those sacred objects was liberally bestowed on him; the reverences paid to the altar were repeated as each priest or chorister passed the raised seat on which the royal party sat; and to one uninitiated it would have been difficult to discover whether the saint or the king was the object of worship. Don Carlos appeared very devout, and never ceased crossing himself, with vehement gestures. He is gloomy-looking, and by no means distinguished; his queen has a majestic air and an agreeable countenance; but the whole business was depressing and sad enough to witness."

* A pilgrimage to Auvergne, vol. i. p. 347.

† This distinguished prince has been compared to John of Gaunt, from the remarkable similarity in their fortunes and dispositions. Jean de Berri was son, brother, uncle, and nephew of kings. John of Gaunt was son of Edward I., son-in-law of the king of Castile, father of Constance queen of Castile, and of king Henry IV. of England. Neither ever ascended a throne, but both exhibited in their style of living all the splendour of royalty.

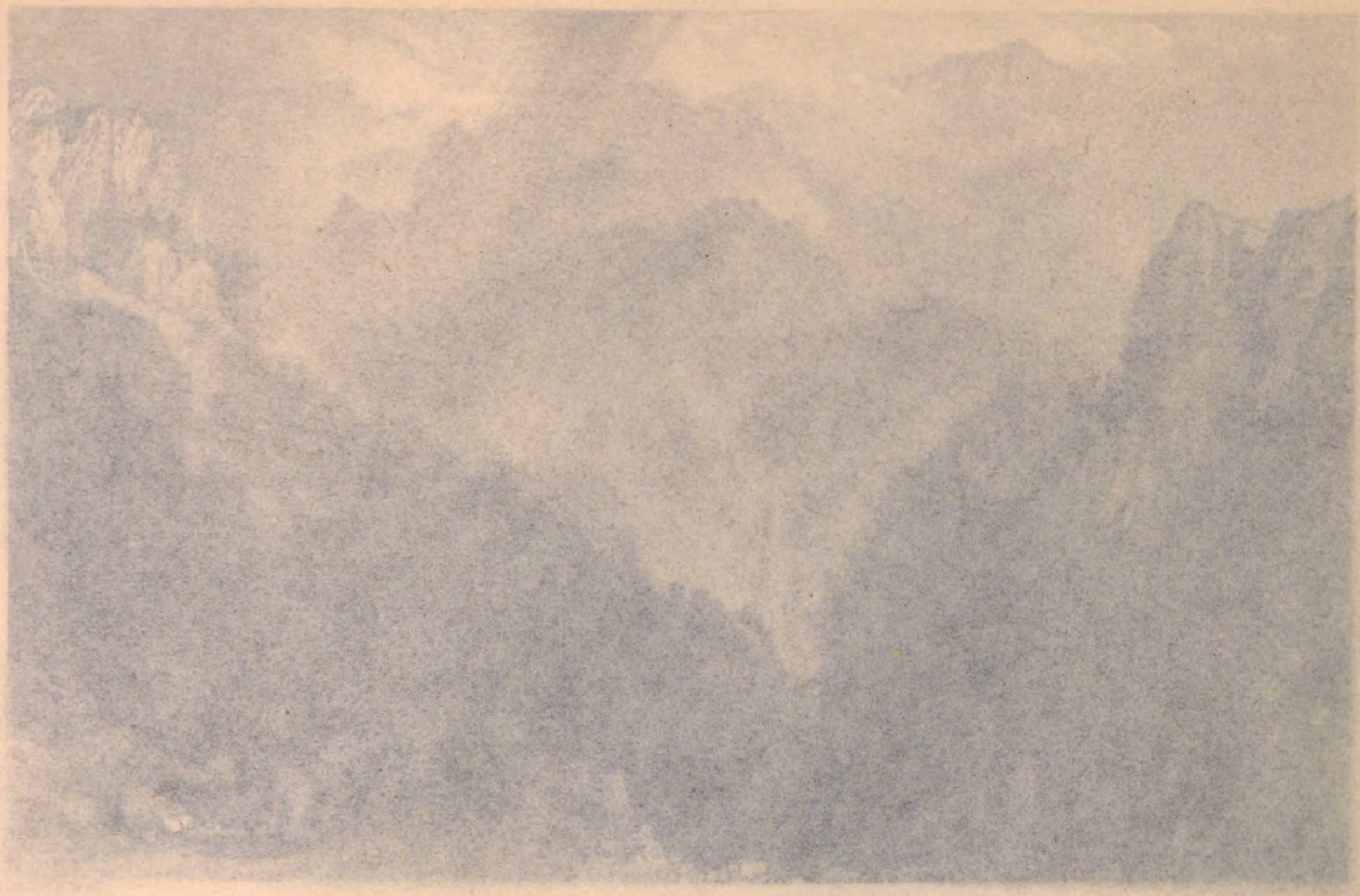
PASS BETWEEN VOIRON AND THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

Such is the scene, mid which the traveller falls
Prostrate in spirit; while he inly calls
Upon the rocks and caves and roaring floods,
On echoing hills, on deep and pathless woods,
On snowy heights more distant and more dim,
On this lone world, to speak and answer him.

FALLS OF THE JUMNA.

IN a sheltered hollow, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, and where the pinnacles of the Alps become first capped with perpetual snows, St. Bruno founded a monastery after rules of the strictest obligation. It was in the year 1086, that the venerable man retired to his cell amidst the summits of Isere, and his sanctity soon found imitators so numerous and devoted, that at last he laid the foundation of that magnificent establishment "the Grand Chartreuse," some few miles from the road leading from Grenoble to the Sardinian States. Difficult of access as it still remains, the brotherhood have expended vast treasures, at various periods, in cutting roads in the solid rock, in joining together opposite mountains by arches of tenacious masonry, and in overcoming obstacles which indefatigable energy, and unbounded expenditure, could alone have subdued. Along this steep ascent of many miles, the pilgrim wends his solitary way, to bow before a shrine consecrated by antiquity, at least; and hither also numerous visitors direct their steps, to indulge curiosity, or carry away the recollection of having witnessed such entire devotion to the world to come, and such absolute resignation of the present, without being influenced by the force of example.

Setting out from Grenoble towards the village of Voiron, only remembered by its trifling manufactures, the mountains are soon approached, and the toil of ascent commenced. It is of this beautiful tour, that Gray, the poet, wrote, It is "the most solemn, most romantic, and most astonishing scene I ever beheld." The road at first traverses the valley of the Isere, then, entering the mountain-passes, changes its character almost at every step, becoming, as it is paced along, more magnificent, yet more terrific. At the foot of the mountain, the noise of the falling waters is heard like distant thunder; and the song of the bird, or the voice of the traveller, is no longer audible by human faculties. As a greater height is attained, the hollow sounds increase, and the actual danger of the journey also. At length, the mountains close, and form a deep ravine; there the road is hewn in its rocky side, appearing at a distance like a stripe or band along its length, or, more closely viewed, as the frieze or cornice of some colossal structure overhanging its base. And now the opposing masses, as if by reciprocal attraction, seem to approach each other, while their summits become lost in the heavens, and darkness reigns everywhere, save in a single contracted opening. There a torrent descends,



[illegible] AND THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

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Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. Cousen.

Pass between Voiron and the Grande-Chartreuse.

Détroit entre Voiron et la Grande-Chartreuse. *Engpass zwischen Voiron und der Grande-Chartreuse.*

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

like a great pillar of foam, from the ridge of the mountain into the very road, that seems to end abruptly at the head of the gloomy glen. This is the particular scene of which description is in vain attempted.

Confident, from the knowledge that many have preceded him in this dangerous journey, the traveller advances, and, reaching the foot of the cascade, discovers that he is placed between Scylla and Charybdis; for he must guide his mule safely past a foaming cataract on one side, and a measureless abyss on the other. An error of a few feet in either direction would inevitably prove fatal, hence those animals that have been accustomed to the route are ever taken by travellers upon this perilous service. Should the mule unhappily start towards the cataract, which is but a few feet from the road-side, himself and his rider would be overwhelmed, almost instantly, beneath its awful volume; should he diverge to the opposite side, the torrent, into which he must be inevitably precipitated, rages at a depth of five hundred feet below.

Immediately after the melting of the snow, the cataracts become so much swollen that the dangers of the passage are too great even for those that have been long familiar with its majestic terrors; but, in summer, the pleasing horrors may be enjoyed with little real risk, imagination filling up the omissions of the picture. Beyond this singular scene of terror and magnificence, the mountains part again, the skies are lighted up once more, the sounds of falling water become less deafening, and vegetation succeeds to sterility. These are the indications by which the vicinity of the monastic mountain-palace, called the Grand Chartreuse, may be conjectured; and the traveller, who reaches this little oasis, feels a disposition to pause, again exhale that breath that has been almost suspended, and, like the young voyageur, who has faced and fought his first hurricane, congratulate himself on being safely over the perils of "waters, winds, and rocks."

The peasantry of this wild district have always been characterised by patriotism, hospitality, and intelligence. "There is," says Michelet, "in the every-day manners of this region, a lively and frank mountainous simplicity, that charms you at once. As you ascend towards the Alps especially, you will meet, with the honesty of the Savoyard, the same good nature with less gentleness. These men must, *per force*, love each other, for nature, it seems, loves them little. On those northern slopes, at the bottom of those gloomy funnel-like valleys, through which whistles the abhorred blast of the Alps, life is made sweet only by the good heart and good sense of the people. Annual emigrations set out from this country, but they consist, not merely of masons, water-carriers, and waggoners—strolling tutors, above all, are to be noticed among those who every winter come down from the mountains. These schoolmasters proceed from Grenoble into the Lyonese, and across the Rhone; families are glad to receive them, they teach the children, and assist in the domestic concerns."

CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN.

ABBEY OF ST. DENIS.

Beneath the sculptured column
Thou bendest with thy fears,
Thine incense—no vain offering—
Thy penitence, thy tears.

THE COMMON DOOM.

BEYOND the east end of the abbey, and embracing the apsis of the choir, within which the high altar stands, are two concentric aisles, both sustained by plain shafts, with ornamented capitals, and both lower, or less lofty, than the side-aisles of the nave. The roof of the inner corridor, which is of cut-stone and groined, is without ornament; that of the outer adorned with lozenge, rope, and zigzag mouldings, the surface of the vaults being painted in a beautiful ultramarine, in which gilt quatrefoils are introduced at equal intervals. In every recess an altar is set up, decorated with the usual costly ornaments of Roman Catholic worship; and the intervening windows are entirely filled with stained glass, part of which is believed to be the workmanship of the twelfth century, the gift of Abbot Suger, and closely resembling some still preserved in Canterbury cathedral. There cannot be a scene of art, perhaps there ought not to be a place of worship, enriched with a greater profusion of ornament. Architecture has lent her powerful aid, in deepening that feeling of solemnity which temples of religion should communicate —the endless aisles of clustered columns, the doubtful light that pours through the mystic windows, the vast extent, and height, and capacity of the grand pile itself, may contribute to produce that reverential feeling which should ever accompany the worshipper to the house of prayer; but, the gilded ceilings, heraldric blazonry, painted tombs, coloured marbles, and jewelled altars, intrude, to some extent, on humble, holy sentiments. No such re-action, however, is observed in those that often come to bow before the altars of St. Denis; yet the visitor will inevitably encounter many a struggle between curiosity and conscience, during the half-hour allotted for each service. One of the peculiarities of this Lady-chapel is, that its floor is elevated considerably above the level of the choir, a fact shown in the accompanying view, by the canopy of the high altar appearing between the columns of the inner arcade;—another, that a triforium above the aisles, commands a view of the choir, and extends all the way around it.

This interesting appendage to cathedral, and abbey, and collegiate churches, usually denominated "the Lady-chapel," is in general the most beautiful, costly, and elaborate portion of each respective structure. It did not constitute part of the original design of early Norman churches, but was added some time in the thirteenth century: Henry the

CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN.

ABBEY OF ST. DENIS.

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[illegible] my fears,
[illegible] offering—
[illegible] my tears.

THE COMMON DOOM.

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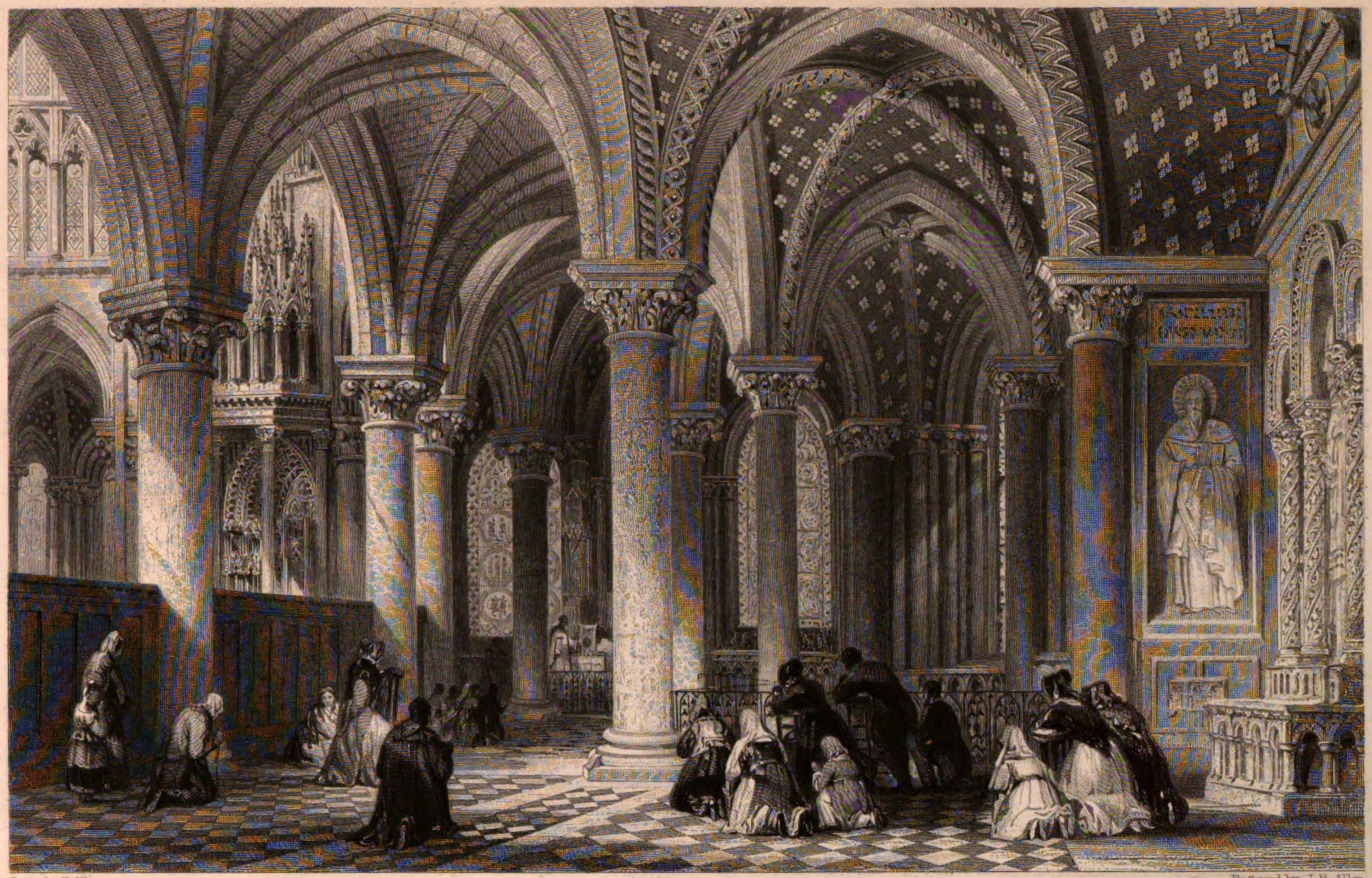


Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. B. Allen.

Chapel of the Virgin. Abbey Church St. Denis.

Église de Saint-Denis chapelle de la Vierge.

Capelle der heiligen Jungfrau in der Abtei zu St. Denis.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by S. Fisher.

Clermont and the Puy-de-Dôme.

Clermont et le Puy-de-Dôme. *Clermont und der Puy-de-Dôme.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

CLERMONT AND THE PUY DE DÔME.

> Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
> Her corn, and wine, and oil; and plenty leaps
> To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
>
> Byron.

Near to the centre of France, but still more near to the [illegible] of Puy de Dôme, is the ancient town of Clermont, equally remarkable from the [illegible] events with which its name is associated, and the [illegible] which nature has drawn around it. The Romans [illegible] locality, at different periods; Nemoetum, [illegible] Clermont is deduced, are all that have been preserved [illegible] conditional the civil division of the kingdom, Clermont [illegible] Revolution, it is but the chief place in the [illegible] spot celebrated by Sidonius Apollinaris, [illegible] spell-bound by its charms, forgot their native [illegible] themselves from the scene of enchantment; [illegible] was this terrestrial [illegible] one of the Childeberts desired to [illegible] be laid. Chosen, from its [illegible] as a convenient rendezvous, [illegible] have been held [illegible] periods. Of these, none are so celebrated as that organized by Peter [illegible]

Clermont and the Puy de Dôme

Seventh's chapel, at Westminster, illustrates both these assertions; this sumptuous structure, which conceals the apsis of the choir, and destroys the proportions of the abbey, being not older than the fifteenth.

Excess in reformation having led the monks of the fourteenth century to the conclusion, that the claims of the Virgin Mary, to separate worship, had been overlooked in the structure of their abbey churches, it was decided that a chapel, under her particular tutelage, and dedicated exclusively to her honour, should be added. In many instances this prompting of enthusiasm was triumphantly accomplished; in others, however, it sustained a signal defeat. From the subsiding and settling of the new masonry, and its necessary detachment from the old, alarms were created, and superstition taking advantage of the event, confirmed the pious builders in the belief that their labours were not acceptable to Heaven. Changing their resolution as rapidly as it had been adopted, they now resolved on leaving the eastern end of each cathedral to its ancient destination, and constructing an aisle, or porch, on the north or west side, they devoted it to the reception of female worshippers, of occasional visitors to the abbey, and endowed it sometimes with the privileges of a sanctuary. Such building, as well as the triforium or gallery looking into the nave and choir, was afterwards called a "Galilee."

CLERMONT AND THE PUY DE DÔME.

> Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
> Her corn, and wine, and oil; and plenty leaps
> To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
>
> BYRON.

NEAR to the centre of France, but still more near to the medial point of Puy de Dôme, is the ancient town of Clermont, equally remarkable from the historic events with which its name is associated, and the magnificent panorama which nature has drawn around it. The Romans bestowed different names upon this favourite locality, at different periods: Nemossus, Augustonometum, and Claromons, whence Clermont is deduced, are all that have been preserved by geographers. When provinces constituted the civil division of the kingdom, Clermont was the capital of Auvergne; since the Revolution, it is but the chief place in the department of Puy de Dôme. This is the spot celebrated by Sidonius Apollinaris, as being "so beautiful that strangers became spell-bound by its charms, forgot their native countries, and were unable to withdraw themselves from the scene of enchantment;" and it was this terrestrial paradise that one of the Childeberts desired to see before he died. Chosen, from its central position, as a convenient rendezvous, ecclesiastical councils have been held here at various periods. Of these, none are so celebrated as that organized by Peter the Hermit, and

presided over by pope Urban II. in person. It was on this occasion that the hearers, under the influence of pontifical excitation, tore up their red cloaks, and, forming crosses with the shreds, laid this badge, now first adopted, on their bared breasts, and raising their hands towards heaven, devoted themselves thenceforth to the service of the church, and the annihilation of the infidels who desecrated the land of Palestine. Thirteen archbishops, two hundred bishops, besides the cardinals of Rome, were present at this grand impulse to the feeling then prevalent, of crushing the Saracens by a holy war.

About a mile from Clermont stands the little town of Mont Ferrand, seated on a rocky eminence, and approached by steps cut in the solid foundations on which it rests. Although of some importance in other times, Louis XIII. thought proper to unite it with the capital of the province, which, from that date, has been called Clermont-Mont-Ferrand.

Clermont has long been celebrated for the beauty of the prospect it commands over the fertile plains of Limagne, through which the Allier so gracefully winds; for the salubrity that attaches to its elevated position, and for the shelter with which nature has furnished it, by raising up a screen of lofty mountains on those quarters whence the most fierce and impetuous winds periodically blow. The activity that pervades a productive country lends a character of life to the wide-spread plain; the city, embosomed amidst stupendous hills, seems to rest secure under their abiding protection; and the sublime group that surrounds the still towering Puy de Dôme, resembles the fabled family of old that was thus transformed, while its patriarch stood with his children around him. So suddenly does the giant hill rise above his sons, that, although five miles distant from Clermont, the Puy appears almost to impend over it. It is a vast extinguished volcano, now wholly clothed with a strong and rude vegetation. The walnut strikes its roots into the cliffs of the basalt, and wheat springs up out of the pumice-stone; its summit is alternately veiled and unveiled by the clouds that love it, and that can neither leave it, nor remain on it.

Entering the town, the streets present a solemn and a sad appearance, from the dark-coloured lava, found in the quarry of Volvic, that is used as the chief building material, as well as from the great height and closeness of the houses. In the new quarters, however, a very different air prevails. There, although loftiness is one of the distinguishing features of domestic architecture, the streets being wide, no gloom is produced; besides, the façades are all of snowy whiteness, and the slope of the ground affords a view over the spacious champaign country, that extends from the hills to the great plateau of Gergovia. No longer apprehensive of foreign aggression, the defences in which the citizens trusted have disappeared, and continuous boulevards, only interrupted by spacious Places, now form the municipal boundary.

Fairs are held in the Place du Jaude, or place of arms; the Place de la Poterne is built on a raised terrace in the upper part of the town; Place d'Espagn is the next wide opening to that of Poterne, with which it is connected by a flight of steps, broad, sheltered, overlooking the great public road, and enjoying a magnificent prospect of the grand hollow in the centre of which Clermont seems to repose. The Place de

Taureau is an exact square, and remarkable for a beautiful obeliskal fountain, erected to the memory of the gallant Dessaix, the hero of Marengo, who was a native of this town. From this agreeable area the view is still more commanding than that from Place d'Espagn; it embraces the whole sunny vale of Limagne, the plateau of Gergovia, and the summit of Mount-Rognon, crowned with the picturesque ruins of a Gothic castle. Place de Lille, named after the poet, who was also an Auvergnât, is situated at the entrance of the high road from Paris, and adorned with a lofty fountain, of four stories, in a mixed style of Saracenic and Norman, raised in 1515, by that munificent patron of letters, James, bishop of Amboise.

Above the roofs of the lofty houses of Clermont, the ancient Gothic cathedral, commenced, 1248, by Hugo, bishop of Tours, after the design of Deschamps, is seen rising with much dignity, its strong features appearing in relief on the dark ground of the impending mountains. Near to this noble structure may be observed the square tower of Notre-Dame-du-Port, in the immediate vicinity of which the crusades were proclaimed by pope Urban; and in the wondrously built crypt of which, a black image of the Virgin, found in a well at some distance, is still carefully preserved. A public library, supplied with 15,000 volumes and 190 MSS., is one of the most interesting of the civic establishments, and that interest is increased by the presence, amongst its many decorations, of an admirable statue of the learned and amiable Pascal, whom Clermont claims as her most favourite son. Science, literature, and general knowledge, may be cultivated in this ancient town with facility and advantage, aided by the opportunities of a botanic garden, museum of natural history, cabinet of mineralogy, including a rich collection of specimens from the volcanic region of Auvergne, a gallery of antiquities, and the theatres of the college.

A great natural curiosity, not elsewhere equalled in the rapidity of its transmutations, exists in the faubourg of St. Alyre. It is a spring, the waters of which are ferruginous, and slightly acidulated, gushing up through a volcanic peperino, and with a temperature varying from 16° to 18° of Reaumur's thermometer. With such rapidity do they deposit calcareous matter, that the conduits through which the waters are conveyed, require to be cleared from incrustations every month. From this property of quick deposition, the waters of the petrifying well have transformed an old bridge of wood in its vicinity, 240 feet in length, into a new one of solid stone; and, having completed this metamorphosis, they are now performing a second miracle of a similar kind. From this predominance of calcareous matter, held in suspension by the carbonic acid gas, and from the extraordinary rapidity of its deposition, a transmutation more real than the alchimists of old could pretend to in their search for gold, is hourly accomplishing. The lessees, or proprietors of the stream, where it is broken into numerous falls, construct close boxes, containing bunches of grapes, various kinds of fruits, vegetables, woods, and sometimes birds. The water being permitted to drip slowly through these cases, in a few months covers the object completely over with a calcareous or stalactitic coat, without, in the most minute particular, altering its shape, or causing a deviation from its colour. Sometimes the objects, destined to transmutation, are merely exposed to the spray

that is thrown off by the falling waters, which is found to be impregnated sufficiently with calcareous matter for the purpose. These *petrifactions* constitute objects of curiosity, subjects of philosophical inquiry, and sources of emolument, the proprietors of the garden raising a handsome annual income from their disposal.

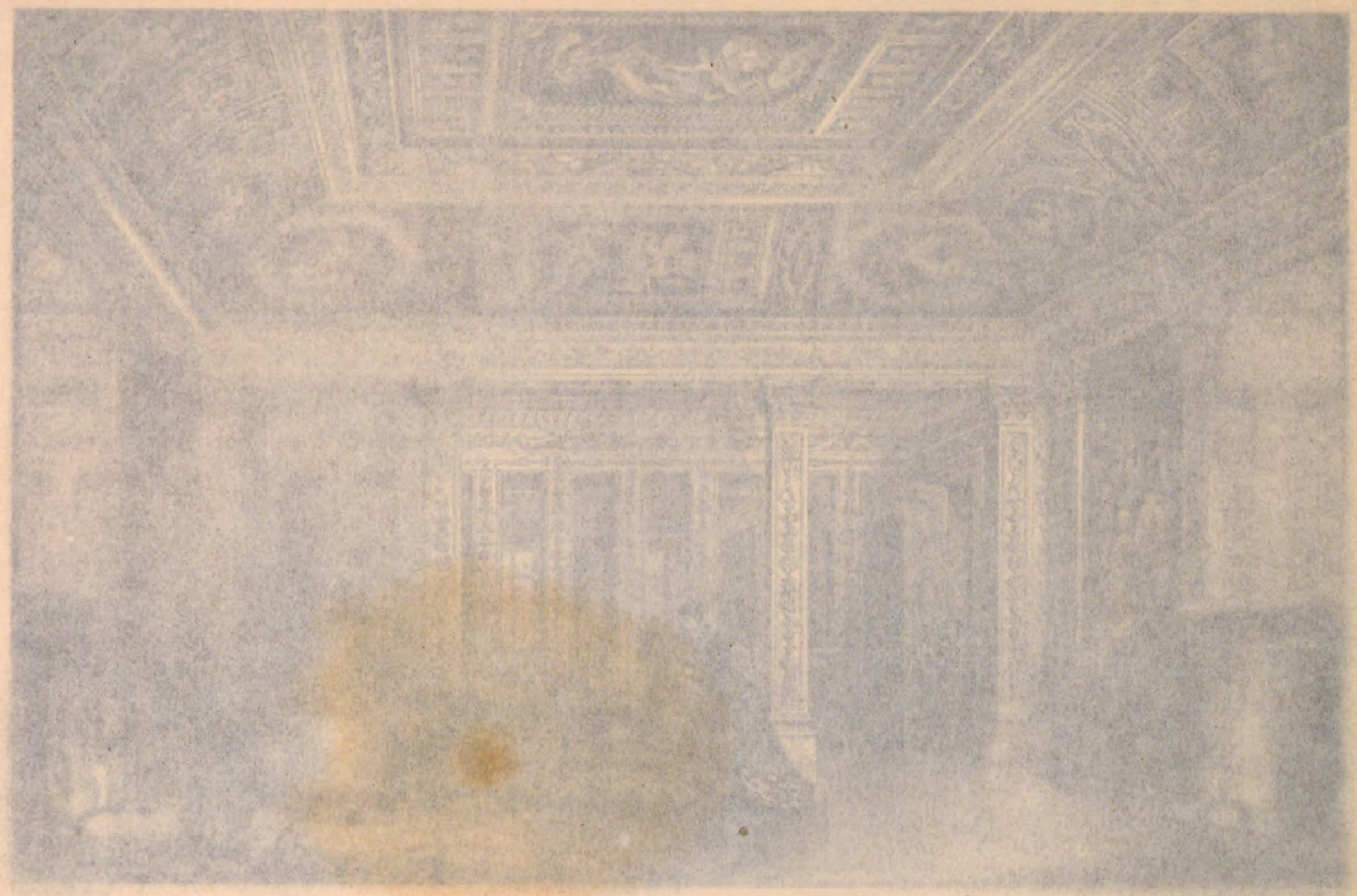
Besides Pascal, De Lille, and Dessaix, to whom allusion has been made, Clermont is the country of Gregory of Tours, Domat, Assas, and Dulaure. The trade of this inland place is considerable, both in the produce of the land and the labours of the loom; but the population, 30,000, does not increase with the rapidity observed in other capital towns of France.

PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG,

BOUDOIR OF MARY DE MEDICIS, PARIS.

Is this the place where Mary held her court,
When, thralled by power, each devoted lord,
Low bending dropp'd the knee? H.

Places, as well as people, are subject to revolution, and, in Paris, few have undergone more rapid and remarkable changes than the precise spot now occupied by the beautiful palace of the Luxembourg. Here Robert de Harley de Sancy erected a stately mansion, some time in the sixteenth century; and, the Faubourg St. Germain continuing to be the favourite Quartier of the nobility, the duke d'Epinay Luxembourg purchased the site rather than the structure of De Harley, in the year 1583. Actuated by the same *esprit aristocratique*, Mary de Medicis, widow of Henri Quatre, gave £4,000 sterling to the duke, for his interest in these ancient halls; and, availing herself of the talents of Jacques Debrosses, built an edifice that has become associated with some of the most remarkable events of national history. The merit of the design is to be ascribed to queen Mary rather than to her architect, because it is a mere copy of the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence, the residence of her uncle, the grand duke of Tuscany. When this haughty woman had secured for herself the regency of the kingdom, she chose the new palace for her private home, but received public bodies and ministers of state at the palace of the Louvre. This is that queen of France between whom and the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, some writers have attempted to draw a parallel; but the coincidences in their histories are few, and the differences many and striking. Both may be said to have been queens of France, both lost their husbands by assassination, and both left *only* sons to succeed to the throne. Here the analogy ends. The Italian princess was wholly free from the imputation of immorality, or of deeper criminality; she also succeeded in all her projects of worldly ambition, and was remarkable for being



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PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG,

BUILT BY MARY DE MEDICIS, PARIS.

> "Is this the place where Mary held her court,
> When, dazzled by power, each devoted lord,
> Sick, sighing, despair'd the knee?" H.

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Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by M. J. Starling.

Palace of the Luxembourg. – Paris.

Boudoir of Mary de Medicis.

Palais du Luxembourg, Paris. *Der Luxenburg Palast zu Paris.*

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uncontrolled by any species of feminine weakness. In each of these respects the Scottish queen exhibited a totally different character. One anecdote alone will be sufficient to mark the firmness of the French queen's character, and place it in most opposing contrast to her unhappy but erring namesake. "All the avenues leading to the convent of the Augustines, where the parliament of Paris then held its meetings, were occupied by various detachments of troops, and, as that assembly was actually sitting at the precise time when the king was assassinated, Mary commanded them, by a message notifying the catastrophe, instantly to deliberate on the question of delegating to her the regency. They obeyed; and Epernon, in order to accelerate their resolution, entered the hall where they were met, with his sword undrawn in his hand. Addressing them in the queen's name, he besought the president to notify their determination, which was expected with the utmost impatience at the Louvre. The parliament, thus invested by an armed force, and propelled to a decision by Epernon, did not long hesitate in conferring on Mary the regency. We can never sufficiently wonder at the rapidity of these events: Henry enjoyed perfect health at four o'clock in the afternoon, and by half an hour past six o'clock of the same day, however incredible the fact seems, his widow was declared regent by the parliament. Modern history presents no similar instance of so sudden a transfer of the supreme power, in virtue of the deliberations of a legislative body." These extraordinary events, which sufficiently characterize this illustrious lady, distinctly mark her superiority to Mary of Scotland, whose melancholy life and cruel death find no parallel so closely analogous as the reign of Joan of Naples.

"Palais de Medicis," the first name by which queen Mary's private residence was known, was exchanged for that of Palais d'Orleans, upon its coming, by bequest, to Gaston de France, duke of Orleans, and brother of Louis XIII.; and it retained this appellation until the period of the first revolution. It was purchased from the representatives of Gaston, by Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, duchess de Montpensier, for 50,000 livres, and sold again in 1672 to Elizabeth d'Orleans, duchess de Guisè et Alençon, from whom it was bought in 1694, by Louis XIV. Here the duchess of Brunswick and Madame d'Orleans, queen-dowager of Spain, resided successively; and, after the decease of the latter, it was conferred by Louis XVI. upon Monsieur, his brother, afterwards Louis XVIII., who occupied it until his retirement from France in 1791.

In the reign of terror, when prisons became more requisite and more numerous than palaces, state-victims were here immured, and the decorations executed with such princely expenditure were then most barbarously defaced. From this rage for spoliation, the gorgeous apartment, known as the boudoir of Mary de Medicis, fortunately escaped, and it now appears nearly as she left it, when she passed away from all the vanities, as well as glories, of an earthly kingdom. The furniture and architecture are of her age, but the panels of the ceiling and walls, except those occupied by mirrors, are filled with paintings, placed there during the occupancy of the duchess de Montpensier. Of these, four are by Philip de Champagne, four by Nicholas Poussin, eight square compartments in the cornice were painted by the latter, and the grand design in the centre

of the ceiling, by Rubens. While the Luxembourg was degraded into a prison, and the fanaticism of the revolutionists was at its maximum, some influential and reflecting members of the government removed these noble works of art from their gilded framework, and concealed them securely from violence. Upon the ebb of political frenzy and return of better reason, they were restored to their places, and again continue to improve and to gratify all beholders.

The violence of the revolutionists did not totally obliterate the majestic features of this princely pile; and the pleasantness, salubrity, and ancient popularity of this quarter of the city, pleaded the cause of the Luxembourg with the republicans, so that, while spoliation proceeded elsewhere, restoration was resolved on here. In 1798, the façade was chiselled and cleaned, all injuries done to the chief apartments compensated, and every part of the building restored to its original richness and style. Here the First Consul conferred with his associates in supreme power, naming their place of meeting the *Palais de Consulat*; and, shortly afterwards, when a national, though still nominal parliament, was assembled here, he directed the chamber of meeting to be called *Palais du Senat Conservateur*.

Upon the fall of Napoleon, the Luxembourg once more changed its name to *Palais de la Chambre des Paris*, to which it is very properly entitled; but, as it is somewhat difficult to invent a new word or name, so is it also a work of time to extinguish an old one, and "Palais de Luxembourg" continues to be the most popular, indeed the only name which Parisians seem disposed to recognize.

It was in the Luxembourg that Napoleon and Josephine passed their happiest and most honoured days; it was there they both exhibited such extraordinary powers of conversation, such knowledge of court ceremonies, and taste in etiquette, as astonished the most refined classes of society. Here Josephine was living, admired by France, beloved by her ambitious husband; it was here she received his flattering letters from the battle-fields of North Italy, declaring "that while he was winning battles, she was winning hearts;" and it was from the period of her quitting this scene of her early happiness, that she herself has dated the decay of Napoleon's affections.

HOTEL DE VILLE, BOURGES.

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF JACQUES CŒUR.

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, there lived at Bourges a wealthy merchant, Jacques Cœur, whose wisdom commanded the respect of his fellow-citizens—whose wealth, the friendship of his king. The son of a furrier, he united his father's commerce abroad with his own homely business of jeweller, and, doubly provided with

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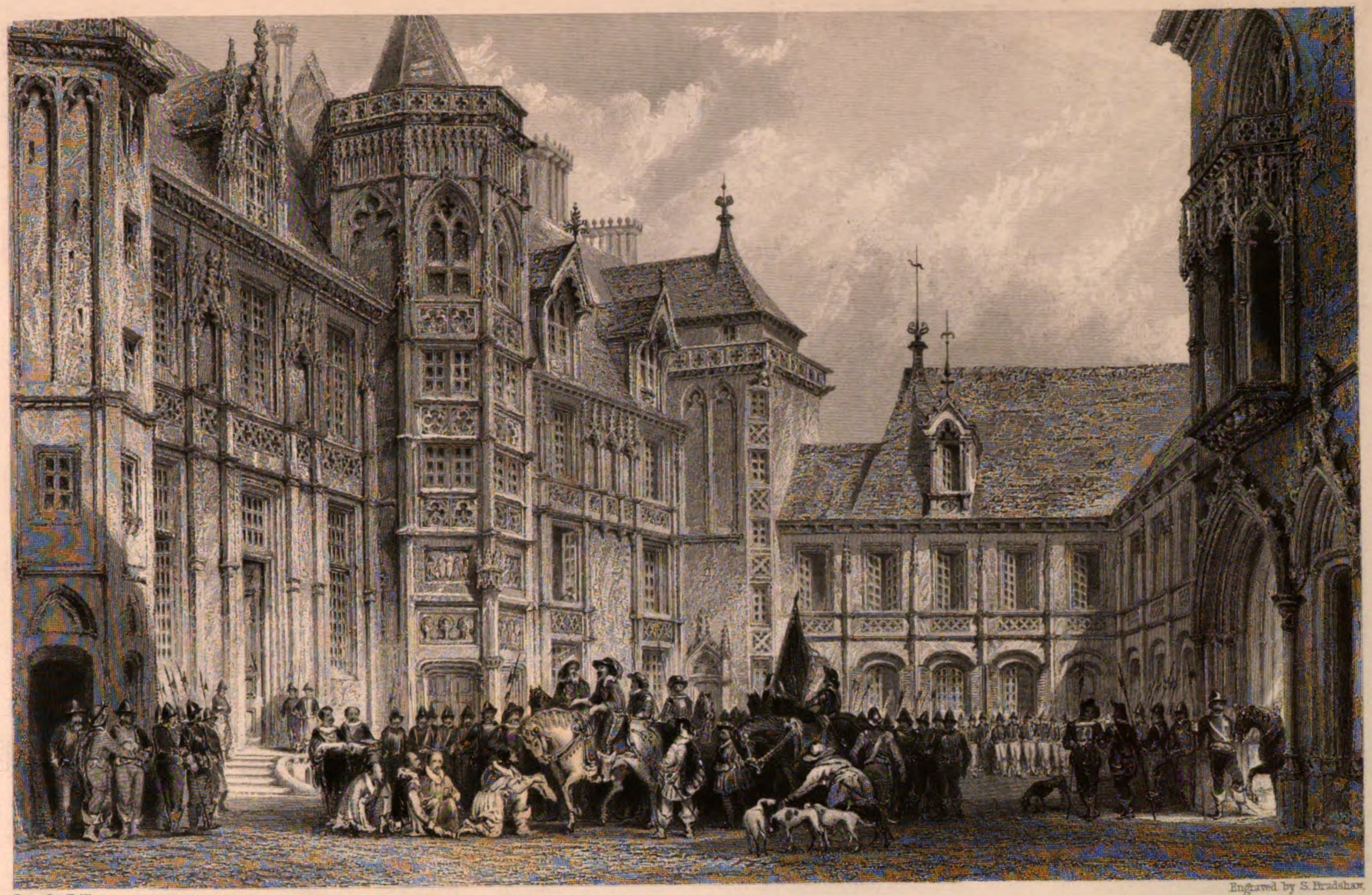

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

Hôtel-de-ville, Bourges.

Formerly the house of Jacques Cœur.

Hôtel-de-ville de Bourges, ancienne demeure de Jacques Cœur.

Stadt-Haus zu Bourges, ehemalige Wohnung von Jacques Cœur.

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occupations, he quickly accumulated boundless treasures. At every principal city of Europe, and many even of the Indies, he had correspondents, and he kept upwards of three hundred agents constantly employed in disposing of cargoes of merchandise in various ports and parts of the globe. At length his fame reached the throne itself; and the wisdom, wealth, and activity of such a citizen were fully appreciated by a sovereign, whose indolence and effeminacy rendered virtuous acquirements in others necessary to the existence of the state. Conceiving, therefore, that Jacques Cœur—

> Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
> Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
> Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading
> And though he was unsatisfied in getting,
> (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing thereof
> He was most princely—

Charles VII. made him Master of the Mint, Keeper of the Privy Purse, and adopted him as his adviser and companion, not in state-secrets merely, but in those which friendship only is allowed to share. The distracted state of his kingdom, harassed by the English from without, and by bands of brigands in the heart of his territories, had ample mental resources existed, would yet have required monetary aid; from both difficulties the king found refuge in the rich citizen's co-operation. The most delicate negotiations with neighbouring powers, and rebel lords, were conducted to successful issues by the prudent caution of the favourite, and two hundred thousand gold crowns were cheerfully advanced by him to relieve his royal master's necessities.

Such services deserved the most ample recognition, in the bestowal of honours and dignities. Jacques the jeweller now rose to be governor of Touraine, Baron Marmagne, Maubranche, Menetou-salon, and St. Fargeau. In these and several other lordships he built chateaux and lodges, and in Paris he had two sumptuous palaces, one of them occupying the site on which the Palais Royal stands.

He had now reached the climax of his history; his honours were already mature; and the summer of his life, which was lengthened, productive, and happy, at length came to its close. It requires but little acquaintance with the history of court intrigues, to perceive how immitigable the rancour of the aristocracy against a man of plebeian rank, who had the ability to ingratiate himself into royal favour, and how indissoluble the bond that linked together the grand conspirators against this favourite's power. Plans deeply laid, measures artfully cemented, were put into execution, and numerous witnesses were found who supported the false charge of treason. The undutiful, the almost rebellious conduct of the Dauphin, imbittered the monarch's moments, and filled his capricious mind with suspicions of his nearest and most steadfast friends. The courtiers perceiving the opportunity, improved it to criminate their victim, and Charles was mean enough to surrender his "guide, philosopher, and friend." A mock trial was performed, suborned witnesses appeared to establish the prisoner's guilt, and a corrupt judge was regardless of examining the nature of the evidence. The fallen favourite was condemned to death, but the prerogative of mercy was extended to him on these

conditions—that he should do penance *bareheaded,* pay a fine of a hundred thousand golden crowns, forfeit his chattels to the crown, and be banished for life from his native land. With the latter part of this merciless sentence he could not comply until the fine was paid, and, his majesty having deprived him of the means to do so by confiscating his goods, he was thrown into a dungeon. Removed from prison to prison, lest his keepers, becoming acquainted with his sorrows, might sympathize with him too mercifully, at last he was transferred to the cells of a convent at Beaucaire, in Gard. In his fallen fortunes, Jacques Cœur had the singular chance to preserve the unshaken affections of a former friend; this man, one of his commercial agents in the days of his mercantile glory, assisted him in making his escape from prison, and reaching Rome in safety. There, by the vigour of his inexhaustible invention, and the fidelity of his companion, he was soon enabled to procure the price of his freedom, which, with the honour of an upright merchant, he remitted to his ungrateful country.

Amongst the many vague suspicions that floated in the mind of Charles, one, perhaps the most fatal to Jacques Cœur's fortunes, was that which associated him with the cruel fate of Agnes Sorelle, the Fair Rosamond of French history, whose death was ascribed to poison. Too late, however, the king had reason to be assured that his faithful treasurer was not only incapable of an act so iniquitous, but that it would rather have been injurious to his own influence; that the death of Agnes Sorelle, as well as the dismissal of Jacques Cœur, must have been effected by the same faction; and that his unnatural son was most probably the instigator of both. Awaking from his lethargy, from the illusion that had mocked him, like Othello, or Alonzo, he would have undone what was done; but, while he demanded the lives of those who had abused him, was proclaiming the innocence of his friend, and recalling him to his favour, the spirit of Jacques Cœur was taking flight to a kingdom of mercy and truth.

Between the histories of Wolsey and Jacques Cœur there is a remarkable analogy. Both rose from humble rank, to be the favourites, ministers, and private friends of their respective sovereigns; both were eminently gifted with learning, and worldly wisdom; both accumulated immense treasures, raised numerous palaces and institutions, lived in regal splendour, and exhibited measureless munificence; and, at length, both fell from their greatness through no faults of their own, but solely from the caprice of the masters whom they served. Had Charles VII. protected his friend from the machinations of his enemies, he would most probably have escaped the sinfulness of hastening his own destruction; had Charles I. of England saved Strafford from the scaffold, a scaffold would not have been erected for himself. Few traces remain of the palaces of Jacques Cœur elsewhere, but his favourite residence at Bourges, having been converted into the Hotel de Vi le, retains much of its primitive grandeur and all its picturesqueness of design.

Jacques Cœur, like the haughty Wolsey, raised palaces on many of his baronial estates, but none of them were comparable in magnificence or extent to his house at Bourges. Commenced in the year 1443, it was not completed for some years, although incessant labour was expended upon it, and such vast treasures, that the masonry alone

cost 150,000 livres. The design is quaint, but beautiful and chaste. The parts differ considerably, yet combine with perfect harmony, so that either may be studied with advantage, or dwelt on with satisfaction. The principal entrance is flanked by a beautiful tourelle, adorned by a spacious open balcony, on each side of which is sculptured an open window, at which a figure is standing. These are said to represent two faithful servants, in attitudes of vigilance, to warn their master of the proximity of danger. On the inner front of the gate-tower is a corresponding balcony or oriel window, one of the chief ornaments of the whole design. These graceful and exquisite specimens of their age light the private chapel, an interesting and precious remnant of the domestic style in art. The ceiling, which is groined, was gilt, and richly painted in fresco, with figures of cherubim bearing scrolls inscribed with sentences from Scripture. Two canopied seats, still entire, were appropriated originally to the prince-merchant and his consort, Marie de Leodopart, daughter of a valet de chambre to duke Jean the Magnificent. But the *coup d'œil* of this once sumptuous little temple is now destroyed, by a floor which cuts it into two separate stories and apartments. Beside the open balconies, on which the chapel windows open, were placed originally beneath Gothic canopies, equestrian statues of King Charles and his faithful Jacques, the mule on which the latter was mounted being shod the reverse way, like the troop-horses of Owen Glendwr.

The various municipal offices, that surrounded the courtyard, were originally devoted to domestic purposes, and the peculiar destination of each may still be ascertained by the device above its doorway or its windows. Above the office-entrance, bales of merchandise are represented; a figure ringing a bell is carved over the chapel porch; the kitchen is identified by a group busy in culinary occupations, and barrels and vessels of various kinds, in bas-relief, indicate intelligibly the position of the cellar. It was the pleasure of the founder to express his ideas in the language of emblems, in order that foreigners might read his pictorial descriptions; and there is no doubt that much of his mysterious history might yet be deciphered in the symbolic language of these sculptured walls. Quatrefoils are introduced generally in the panels, Gothic niches between the windows, and corbelled finials in the ornaments of the roof, while the rich decorations of the highest story of the tower are in an entirely different manner, but in perfect unison. Every variety of form in use throughout France is given to the windows around the court; the flat arch, regular square, pure Gothic, and circular, are exemplified, without, in the least degree, interrupting the general harmony. Grotesque figures in lead convey, through their expanded mouths, the rains that fall with rapidity and great momentum from the high-pitched roofs; stone figures of unintelligible character are placed in every retreating angle, well-sculptured statues occupy prominent consoles, and almost every part of the wall is adorned with tracery, or symbolical representations. It was one of the peculiarities of the age and country, to pun upon the family name, where opportunity presented itself; in this way the *Ursine* house adopted a bear for its emblem. Jacques Cœur took advantage of his peculiar name, in adopting the heart and the scallop-shell of the pilgrim to St. James's shrine; and this quaint device is graven on every conspicuous panel, a lasting record of the founder's name; while a

large and most obvious tablet in the chief façade exhibits this inscription, in tall Gothic letters—"*A vaillants Cœurs rien impossible.*"

When the palace of Jacques Cœur was transferred to the municipal authorities, and converted into an Hotel de Ville, alterations, wholly destructive of its primitive features, were necessarily made. The result of these utilitarian changes has been either the obliteration of painting and sculpture, removal of the most exquisite specimens of internal domestic architecture, or reduction of the proportions of the noblest apartments. No insult, however, has yet been offered to the majestic, venerable, and graceful aspect of the exterior. There it stands, in all its beauty and singularity, just as the taste, talents, and treasures of Jacques Cœur had placed it.

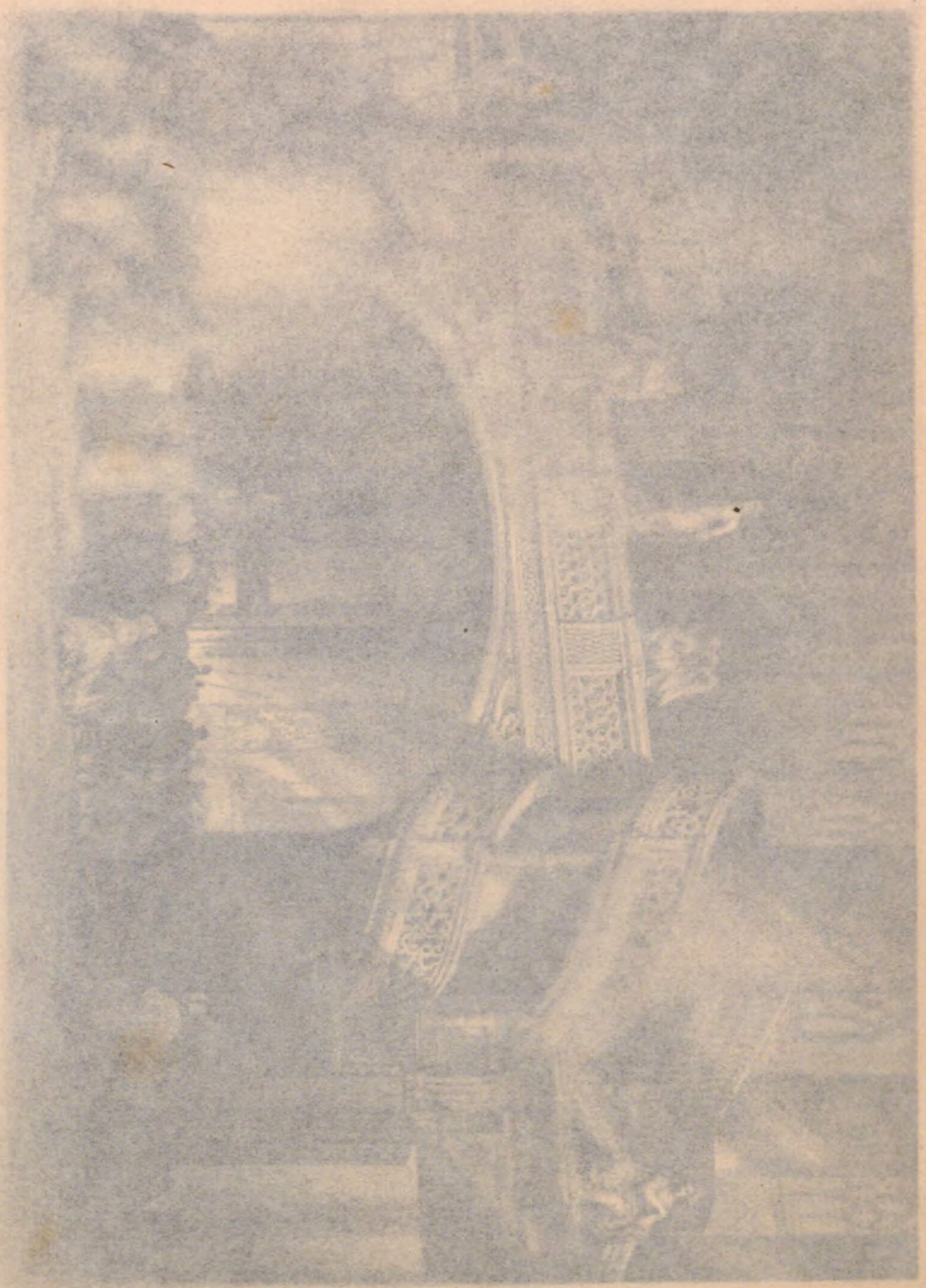
CHURCH OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT.

Behold what faith has laboured, patience won,
What wealth has purchased and what art has done!
But, hark! they come—see how the banners wave,
Kneel, kneel, and call on all the saints to save.

MRS. ELLIS.

"THE churches of Paris," writes Fenimore Cooper, "want the odour, the genial and ecclesiastical atmosphere, and the devout superstition, that rendered those of Italy so strikingly soothing and pleasant; but they are huge piles, and can always be visited with pleasure." This assertion, so remarkable, because emanating from a writer of well-deserved popularity, is not more directly refuted by any example than that which the accompanying interior represents. The churches of Paris constitute its most delicate and pleasing features, presenting master-pieces of various ages, from the eleventh to the present century, in architecture, sculpture, and painting. Although not one of the most ancient Parisian structures, St. Etienne occupies a venerated site, and seems to form the link between the earlier and later ages. Here is the shrine of St. Geneviève, to which pilgrimages are made on her festival day; and the devotion with which her tomb is regarded, is one of the most singular remnants of the superstition of the middle ages of history. "The only one of the beliefs of ancient Paris that has passed into the new city—oh! who would guess it!—is the belief in Saint Geneviève, the patroness of the city, the virtuous and courageous patroness, who announced long beforehand another heroine, equally dear to France—Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. Thanks to the remembrance of Saint Geneviève, thanks to this popular name, the city of grace and gallantry has not been left without a saint to invoke, on those days which to her are heavy with clouds and remorse. Modern Paris even prefers Saint Geneviève keeping her flocks, to the repenting Magdalene, whose temple forms the boundary to the new city, so long predicted by Saint Augustine." *

* Jules Janin



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[illegible] OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT.

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>
> MRS. ELLIS.

[illegible] Paris," writes Fenimore Cooper, "want the odour, the genial and [illegible] and the devout superstition, that rendered those of Italy so [illegible] and decent; but they are huge piles, and can always be visited with pleasure." The exception, so remarkable, because emanating from a writer of well-deserved popularity, would have directly refuted by any example than that which the accompanying interior represents. The churches of Paris constitute its most delicate and pleasing features, presenting master-pieces of various ages, from the eleventh to the present century, in architecture, sculpture, and painting. Although not one of the most ancient Parisian structures, St. Etienne occupies a venerated site, and seems to form the link between the earlier and later ages. Here is the shrine of St. Geneviève, to which pilgrimages are made on her festival day, and the devotion with which her tomb is regarded, is one of the most singular vestiges of the superstition of the middle ages [illegible]. "The only one of the beliefs of ancient Paris that has passed into the new [illegible]—who would guess it!—is the belief in Saint Geneviève, the patroness of the city, the virtuous and courageous patroness who announced long beforehand another heroine, [illegible] near to France—Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. Thanks to the remembrance of Saint Geneviève, thanks to this popular name, the city of grace and gallantry has not been left without a saint to invoke, on those days which to her are heavy with clouds and remorse. Modern Paris even prefers Saint Geneviève keeping her flocks, to the repenting Magdalene, whose temple forms the boundary to the new city, so long predicted by Saint Augustine."*

* Jules Janin

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by T. Turnbull.

The Church of St. Etienne du Mont.

L'Église de St. Etienne du Mont. *Die Kirche St. Etienne du Mont.*

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

There stood on the summit of the hills, now occupied by the library and church of St. Geneviève, called also the Pantheon, an abbey exempt from the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Paris. The vassals of this religious house built within the abbey precincts a chapel for themselves; but, on the extension of the civic boundaries, both abbey and chapel were included within the area. Resolved on guarding with necessary jealousy his abbatical rights, the head of the convent permitted no other entrance to this private chapel of St. Etienne than through the church of St. Geneviève—a privilege which was maintained by his successors until the beginning of the last century. It was about the year 1110 that the first ecclesiastical structure was raised here, and perhaps a century later that it was enlarged, and made parochial; and two towers, the one square, the other round, detached from the main building, like the Irish pillar-temples, standing within the abbey-grounds, are supposed to be coeval with the original chapel. Various additions, and at distant intervals, were made to the first design; the nave and choir were rebuilt in 1537, and a range of charniers erected; but it was reserved for Marguerite de Valois to complete the splendour of this beautiful temple. In the year 1610, this pious queen laid the first stone of the modern portal, and directed such other additions, and decorations, as should render the design complete in all its details. A tablet placed above the principal entrance was inscribed with a minute account of this solemn ceremony, but the rage of the revolutionists against all royal records consigned it to destruction. An accurate observer may trace the progress of ecclesiastical architecture in the various additions to the ancient building. The north aisle of the choir, and the basement-story of the tower, were built in 1490; the other parts in 1530, except the upper stories of the tower, which must be dated as late as 1630. The ground-plan of the edifice is cruciform; the eastern apsis, which is octagonal, being inclosed by a range of chapels equal in number to the arches of the choir. Lofty circular colums sustain, divide, and adorn the nave and choir, and both are lighted jealously by diminutive clerestory windows. While light has been withheld from the main parts of the building, an abundant flood is poured into the side-aisles, which are of disproportioned height, through spacious windows filled with stained glass, the design and execution of which are due to Pinaiguier.

About midway up, arches are thrown from column to column, along the nave and choir; and on these, light galleries are placed, with open-work balustrades; their continuity is unbroken, except by the openings of the transepts. Between the choir and nave, a flattened elliptic arch extends, richly sculptured, and adorned with tracery and bas-reliefs, and whole figures of cherubim, resting on open-work pedestals. This arch was originally filled with mullions and tracery, but is now thrown open uninterruptedly. Two spiral staircases of delicate and admirable workmanship seem to coil their beautiful forms around the tall columns on either side, each appearing to be sustained by a doorway, lofty, enriched, and of noble proportions. No failure is discernible in any part of this exquisite composition, either with respect to invention or execution—the first being confessedly original, the latter obviously perfect.

Architecture probably takes precedence of sculpture in this beautiful depository of

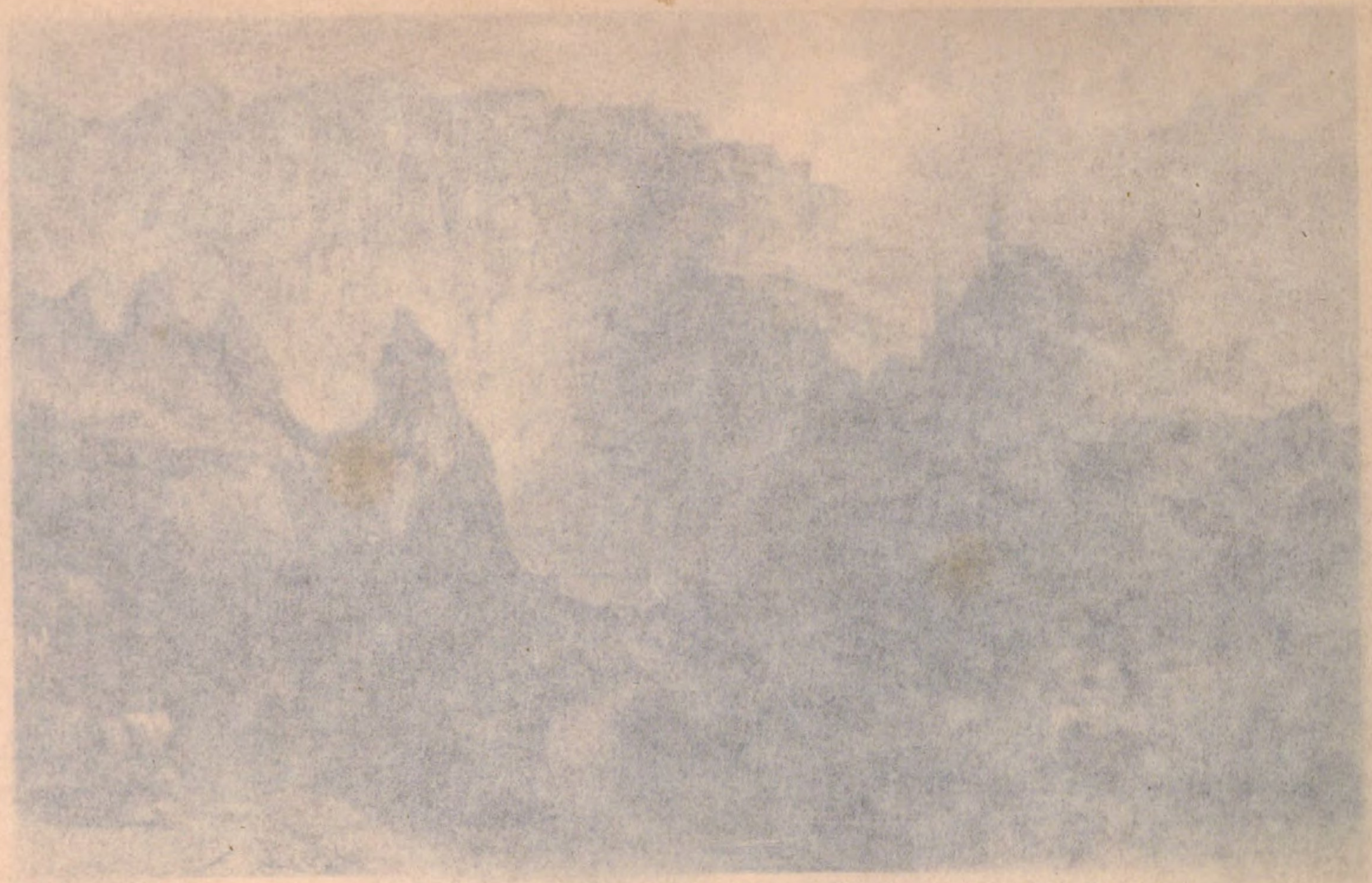
labour in both kinds, but painting may still contend for the victory. A Holy Family, by a Flemish artist, adorns the chapel on the right, nearest to the western entrance; in the adjoining one are the Martyrdom of Saint Stephen and a Holy Family. In others may be seen scriptural subjects of the most favourite classes, the works of eminent men of different schools and nations. In a painting of the Crucifixion, a singular anachronism occurs—Louis XIII. and St. Louis the Crusader are introduced at the foot of the cross. In the same chapel is the entombment of Christ, a group of figures admirably sculptured; and in the adjacent chapel of the *Sacré Cœur*, an admirable design of its adoration. The death of St. Louis and a St. Bernard, in one of the chapels in the south aisle, are amongst the best in this collection. Two large pictures, by Larguillière, less scriptural than the rest, are not only well painted, but nationally interesting; the one represents the genius of France, (a portrait of Anne of Austria,) attended by the parliament, imploring Saint Geneviève, herself interceding for St. Louis, to stay a famine that was depopulating France; the other, a companion, painted about the same date, 1700, represents the mayor of Paris and municipal officers, in their robes of ceremony, surrounded by a number of spectators, amongst whom may be observed the poet Santeuil and Larguillière himself, in the act of supplicating the intercession of Saint Geneviève.

The tomb or shrine of the saint, around which lights are constantly burning, and before which pilgrims are for ever bending, occupies one of the lateral chapels. An inscription indicates the entrance, and states with certainty that the bones of the saint are there entombed; the architecture of the mausoleum is not earlier than the thirteenth century. No specimen of art, however, in this sacred treasury, is more entitled to attention than the pulpit, which is supported by an admirably executed figure of Samson, ornamented with numerous statuettes, and covered by a rich and beautiful canopy. Amongst the eminent in letters, arts, and virtue, whose ashes lie beneath the marble pavement of St. Etienne, are Perault, Lemaitre, the Abbe de Sacy, Lesueur the painter, Tournefort the botanist, and Pascal the wisest and the best.

FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE, AND PETRARCH'S CASTLE.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt,
Is one of the complexion which seems made,
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed,
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade. BYRON.

THIS is one of those spots where the memory sees more than the eye, for if the name of Petrarch were not associated with the wild landscape, Vaucluse would never have aspired to the interest that now is lastingly attached to it. The valley is but a winding passage between stupendous rocks, that form part of the chain called the Mountains of Leberon; the Sorgue, which flows from the fountain of Vaucluse, with the exception



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FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE AND PETRARCH'S CASTLE.

> And the soft spirit [illegible] there he dwelt,
> In one of the [illegible] the whole scene made,
> For those who [illegible] sweet delight,
> And sought a refuge from their hopes deserted,
> In the deep [illegible] of a green hill's shade. — BYRON.

This [illegible] where the memory sees more than the eye, for if the name of Petrarch [illegible] associated with the wild landscape, Vaucluse would never have [illegible] so [illegible] is lastingly attached to it. The valley is but a winding passage [illegible] rocks, that form part of the chain called the Mountains of Luberon; [illegible] which flows from the fountain of Vaucluse, with the exception

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. C. Bentley.

Fountain of Vaucluse, and Petrarch's Castle.

Fontaine de Vaucluse, et château de Pétrarque. *Quelle von Vaucluse, und Petrarch's Schloss.*

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

of the breadth of a carriage-road, occupying nearly its whole interval. Sometimes a space occurs between the river and the road, of which the husbandman avails himself, by raising on it a little corn, or setting down some short meadow-grass, or rearing, with careful culture, a few mulberry trees. When Petrarch wandered in these lovely vales, the hills on either side were clothed with wood; some scattered vines, olives, and fig-trees, are now their only productions. Still these noble rocks, and the copious fountain that rises so romantically amidst them, form just subjects of admiration. This was the grand asylum, the favourite retreat, of the greatest literary ornament of the fourteenth century. Here he struggled to subdue that hapless, hopeless passion, which he considered as his weakness and reproach, but which has contributed so essentially to his immortality. "Here," says the enraptured bard, "is everything which grows upon the earth, or lives in the waters, as in the terrestrial paradise, to speak the language of the theologians—or in the Elysian fields, to use that of the poets."

Winding some distance among the rocks, the road leads to a hamlet, obtruded into a spot which would have better harmonized with the savage scene around, had it been left in its original solitude. About a quarter of a mile further up the stony pass, in the precipitous part of the cliff, is the famous fountain, the river henceforth completely monopolizing the space between the hills. An immense mural precipice, rising to the height of six hundred feet above the river's-bed, forms the termination of the valley, and, from a cavity in its rugged brow, at the height of about fifty feet, those waters pour, that supply so abundantly the stream of the Sorgue. The fountain lies within a cavern, but, so concealed by a large mass of rock, that neither cave nor fountain is visible until the summit of this bold rocky screen is reached.

In spring-time, when the snows melt on the mountains, the waters accumulate rapidly within the cave; then, rising above the ledge that encloses the cavern's mouth, fall in a majestic cascade into the reservoir that is hollowed beneath it. At this period, when the fall is fullest and most beautiful, the cave itself is inaccessible, but, on the subsidence of the waters, and diminution of the scenic grandeur, the curiosities and wonders of the fountain become easily approachable.

At a considerable height, in the rock from which the waters issue, grows a fig-tree, which has withstood, it is said, some hundred winters; the floods are believed to have risen as high as this conspicuous and solitary object, but never beyond it. Immediately below its springing from the rock is an inscription, rudely carved, to which this doubtful legend is attached:—Two young Englishmen, led by the fame of Petrarch, came to witness the wonders of Vaucluse, and having descended the rocky screen that crosses the entrance of the fountain, began to explore the inmost recesses of the cavern. They had not penetrated far, before the voice of the guide fell in shrillest accents on their ears, imploring them to retreat with all possible speed, to ascend the mole, and escape altogether from the mystic cave, for he saw the waters rising with a violence that would soon render escape impossible. Having the good fortune to reach the entrance without being overtaken by the enemy, they commemorated their deliverance by an inscrip-

tion on the rock, warning future adventurous tourists from the dangers that lurk within the deep-seated fountain. Several circumstances, however, combine to neutralize the advantages of the caution which the inscription conveys—its vast height from any convenient *locus standi,* its sculpture in the Latin tongue, and, finally, being almost effaced by the abrading power of time.

Vaucluse village is seated at a spot where the valley, forming an angle, affords space enough for the erection of a few cottages, encircled by little gardens and paddocks. Here was Petrarch's home, here his laurel plantations, consecrated to Laura —his partiality for this beautiful shrub originating in the accidental affinity of names— and here, too, was the scene of those conflicts with the nymphs of the water, the woods, and the mountain, who perpetually violated his retirement, and of which he so frequently complains in his sentimental letters. On the summit of a detached rock, between the fountain and the village, stand the ruins of a building known as Petrarch's castle; tradition, ever aiding romance, asserts that Laura had a castle on the opposite side of the river, and that a subterraneous passage admitted of communication between them. But the purity of that flame which consumed him, supported by the evidence of his interesting letters, contradicts this coarse assumption of romance, and restores his fame to all the delicacy and interest that will for ever belong to it. Laura did not dwell in Vaucluse, nor did she answer the impassioned appeals of her lover in accents as burning as his own. In seeking a home amidst the rocks of Vaucluse, the poet retired from the political intrigues of the court of Avignon, which his manly heart despised, and vainly sought to conceal from the eye of curiosity the fatal influence of a passion, which was destined to destroy and to immortalize him at the same time. The castle was a summer-palace of the bishop of Cavaillon, and it was frequently visited by its venerable owner, during the poet's sojourn at Vaucluse, a warm friendship existing between them.

Vaucluse was known to the Romans, and its waters appear to have been conducted by an aqueduct to Arles. The Sorgue is that river of Gallia Narbonessus which Strabo calls the Soulgas; but the present monastic name of the glen was given by Petrarch, and is derived from the natural character of the scene, "*vallis clausa.*" The Franks changed the poet's epithet into Vaucluse, and the Italians, employing a second transmutation, call it *Valchiusa.* Close to the village of Vaucluse, and about a quarter of a mile from the fountain, the first traces of the ancient aqueduct are observed; and, one mile farther from the vale is a conduit, evidently Roman workmanship, in perfect preservation. Hence, all the way to Arles, fragments of the work are occasionally discernible, especially at Durance, Novès, St. Remi, Mont-major, and Font-vielle. Some travellers have imagined that these waters were conveyed by a tunnel under the bed of the Durance, close by the convent of the Chartreux, at Bonpas, but it is more probable that the river was crossed by a viaduct and aqueduct, side by side. There was a bridge at Durance, certainly, which was broken down in the wars between Francis I. and Charles V., to check the emperor's apprehended invasion of Provence. The inhabitants call these Roman remains "the canal of Arles;" nor should the great length of

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

Grenoble, from the Fortress.

Grenoble, vue prise de la forteresse.

Grenoble, von der Festung aus gesehen.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

Etude pour le Midi

the aqueduct be admitted as an argument against the purpose for which it was originally constructed, the Romans being known to have expended vast amounts of treasure on their structures for the conveyance of pure water to capital towns.

The following extract from the poet's letters will aid the intellectual tourist in his investigation of the motives that influenced him in selecting this sequestered spot for his residence—"The Sorgue, transparent as crystal, rolls over its emerald bed, and by its banks I cultivate a little sterile and stony spot, which I have destined to the Muses; but the jealous nymphs dispute the possession of it with me; they destroy in the spring the labour of my summer. I had conquered from them a little meadow, and had not enjoyed it long, when, upon my return from a journey into Italy, I found that they had robbed me of all my possessions. But I was not to be discouraged; I collected the labourers, the fishermen, and the shepherds, and raised a rampart against the nymphs, and then we raised an altar to the Muses: but, alas! experience has shown that it is in vain to battle with the elements; I no longer dispute with the Sorgue a part of its bed—the nymphs have gained the victory.

"Here I please myself with my little garden and my narrow dwelling; I want nothing, and look for no favours from fortune. If you come to me, you will see a solitary, who wanders in the meadows, the fields, the forests, and the mountains, resting in the mossy grottos, or beneath the shady trees. Your friend detests the intrigues of court, the tumult of cities, and flies from the abodes of pageantry and pride. Equally removed from joy or sadness, he passes his days in the most profound calm, happy to have the Muses for his companions, and the song of the birds and the murmur of the stream for his serenade. I have few servants, but many books. Sometimes you will find me seated on the banks of the river, sometimes stretched upon the bending grass, and, enviable power! I have all my hours at my own disposal, for it is rarely that I see any one. Above all things, I delight to taste the sweets of leisure."

GRENOBLE, FROM THE FORTRESS.

> To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
> I turn: and France displays her bright domain.
> Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
> Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

THE ancients appear to have possessed both taste and judgment in the selection of city-sites, which moderns have not been able to degrade. No situation, which the cultivated judgment of modern times may have separated for a similar purpose, could much exceed in convenience, or equal in beauty and salubrity, the noble position occupied by this very ancient place. When Cæsar lived and moved over the surface of Gaul, with

a colossal power that subjugated everything, then was this place called Calaro by the Allobroges. The Romans permitted this designation to continue, until the reign of Gratian, when that emperor altered it to Gratianpolis, whence its present corrupted name Grenoble. In regal reigns this was the capital of Dauphinè, it is now the chief place in the department of Isère, having a population of about thirty thousand souls. The Isère flows with a rapid current and full volume past the town, and the noble plain that is seen from the *Bastile*, a hill-fort whence the accompanying view is taken, is intersected by the Drac as well as the Isère, being also so spacious and widely extended, that Mont Blanc appears to close the distant prospect, although at least thirty leagues from the place of observation.

The Isère separates the city into two unequal parts; of these the less considerable includes the suburb of De La Perrière and St. Laurent, which are included between the mountain of the Bastile and the high banks of the river. A large portion of the city, formerly consisting of narrow streets, of lofty, dark, and dismal dwellings, has within the last century been much improved. Broader avenues, lower houses, brighter materials in domestic architecture, combine to give a new and lighter character to the streets of a city, whose name is indelibly connected with the antiquities of the kingdom. Grenoble, however, is less indebted to art, whether the improved and noble city-avenues, public and domestic architecture, or surrounding gardens, and orchards, and vineyards, be included in the consideration, than to the magnificent natural advantages that have been conferred upon the locality. The *coup d'œil* from the suburbs is one of the finest landscapes in all France. From no other part or province of the kingdom is so great an extent of the Alpine chain visible, the very glaciers appearing above their summits towards the east. The Sassenage, a branch of the same stupendous arrangement, closing the distant prospect eastward, and the isolated Chartreuse on the north.

Within the city-precincts these exquisite scenic characters disappear, and subjects artificial and less inviting present themselves for examination, and occasionally for instruction. Amongst the latter is the public garden, laid out with excellent taste, having shady walks, parterres of rarest flowers, and an extensive and always healthy orangery. These delightful grounds were originally designed and planted by the duke of Lesdeguienes, whose noble hotel is now occupied by the prefect. The quays form another agreeable promenade, being faced or fronted with cut-stone, and enjoying the advantage of a refreshing breeze from the waters, during the summer's sultry hours.

In the place of St. André stands the Palais de Justice, a Gothic edifice, in the best florid style, the rich embellishments of which, from the durable material of which they are formed, have defied most completely the assaults of time. In the library of the college, an ancient institution, some manuscripts are preserved, to which the citizens attach a peculiar value; they include the productions of the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII. A museum of antiquities, a cabinet of natural history, and a collection of curious specimens of art and mechanism from various countries, contribute to the advancement of public instruction. Whilst the presence of a Cour Royale renders

Grenoble respected by the inhabitants of the department, who here seek for that protection which an impartial code of laws uniformly affords.

Commerce has here but insecurely located herself, the rapidity of the Isère in passing the city rendering navigation a service of no little peril. Still, since vessels can reach Montmelia, about twenty miles from Grenoble, industry will remedy the inconvenience of a port so distant. Cheese, gloves, cotton twist, hemp, ratafia, and other liquors, are exported hence; iron is loaded here, from the Allevard forges, and marble from the adjacent mountains; fir and walnut woods are procured and fashioned at this place, the one for shipment, the other for domestic furniture.

It was Grenoble that set France the bold example of first recognizing Napoleon on his return from Elba. "Advancing towards the city, Colonel Termanouski was met by an officer in full gallop, who said, 'I salute you on the part of Colonel Henry Labedoyère.' The colonel himself arrived soon after, at the head of the fourth regiment of hussars, carrying an eagle, which had been concealed in the military chest. The garrison had been augmented by a part of the seventh and eleventh regiments of the line, selected on purpose, as not being acquainted with the emperor's person, and sent from Chambery; General Marchand, the commandant, remained faithful to the king. Besides detachments of the seventh and eleventh regiments of the line, the garrison consisted of two thousand men of the third engineers, two of the fifth, and the fourth of the artillery of the line, in which last regiment Napoleon had been raised to the command of a company twenty-five years before. The seventh regiment marched out of Grenoble at four in the afternoon to meet the invaders, but were recalled by general Marchand. The whole force was ranged on the ramparts; the cannon were loaded; the matches lighted; the national guards were drawn out behind the regular troops, and were themselves backed by the mass of the population of Grenoble. The gates were shut at half-past eight. Termanouski, with eight Polish lancers, presented himself at the gate of Bonne, just as Napoleon entered the suburbs. He demanded the keys, and was answered that general Marchand had secured them; whilst the garrison and cannoniers, instead of firing as they were ordered, shouted *Vive l'Empereur*, in which they were joined by all the people on the ramparts, as well as those of the suburb, who quickly arrived with axes and sledges to beat down the gate.

The keys were delivered just when the gate had been driven in, and the advanced guard, entering the streets, was met by a crowd with torches, issuing out to meet Napoleon, who was soon seen walking alone, and some paces before his troops. The crowd could no longer be restrained—they rushed towards him, prostrated themselves at his feet, seized his hands and knees, and gave way to every demonstration of unbounded transport. The mayor and part of the municipality would have accompanied him to the town-hall, but he stepped aside into the inn of Labarre, an old soldier of his guard, and was there for some time, completely lost to his staff, who became so much alarmed, that Termanouski and Bertrand, having forced their way into the room, found the emperor, unaccompanied by a single soldier, in the midst of a crowd, who were pressing round in every direction, to see him—speak to him—touch him.

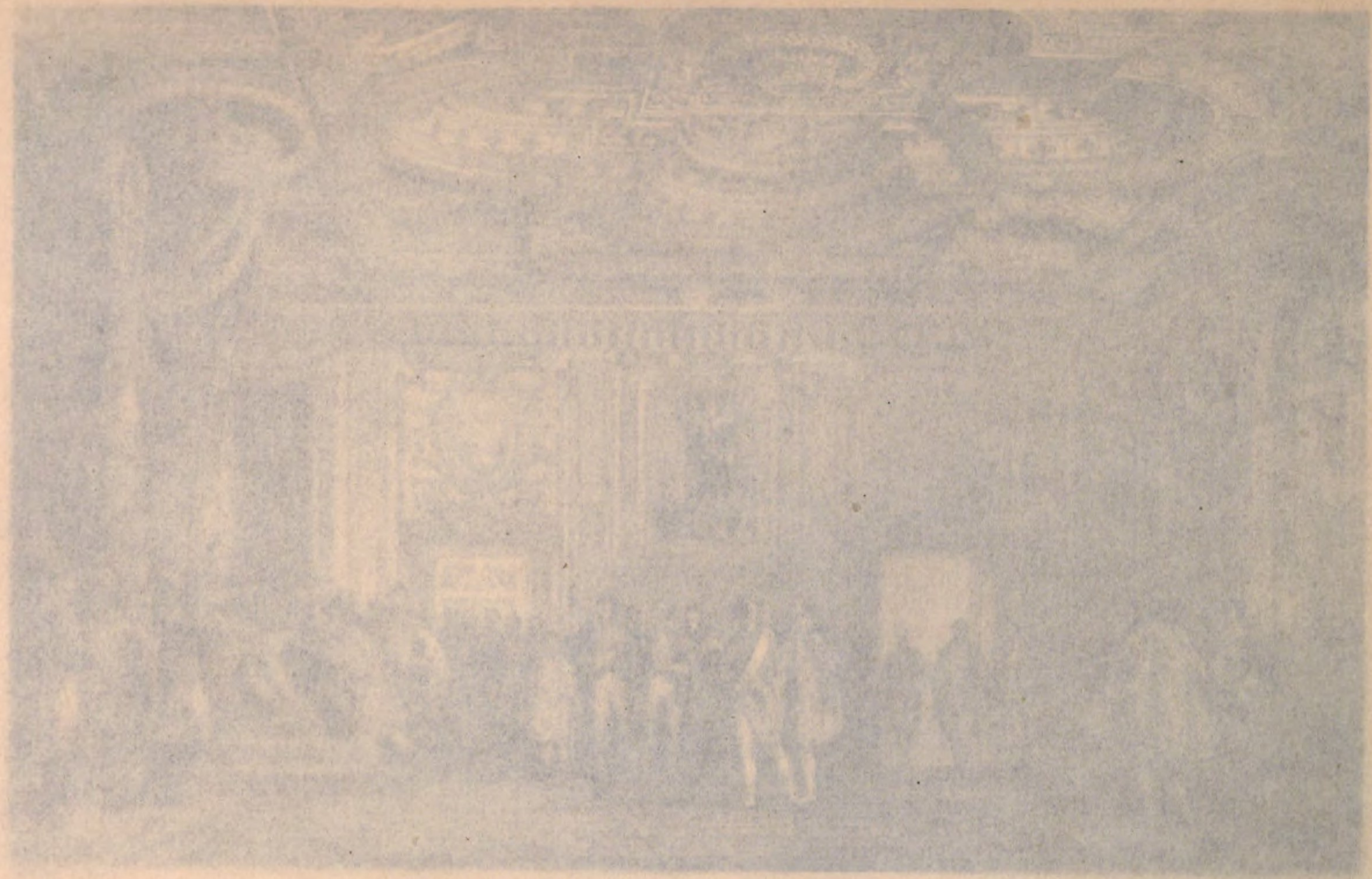
The officers succeeded for a moment or two in clearing the room, and placed tables and chairs against the door, to prevent another irruption; but without success,—for the crowd burst in a second time, and the emperor was nearly two hours in their hands, without a single guard. It was during this period that the gate of Bonne was brought under the window of the inn by a vast body of people, who cried out, "Emperor, we could not offer you the *keys* of your good town of Grenoble, but here are the *gates*."

THE THRONE-ROOM, FONTAINBLEAU.

What may its bequeathings be—
Honour, song, and courtesy.
Like the spirit of its clay
Yesterday redeems to-day.

FONTAINBLEAU is not only the most ancient of all the royal residences of France, but the most rich also in those historic remembrances that bestow an interest—almost a sentiment—upon every object around and within it. Whether this spot, so long the loved abode of royalty, derives its agreeably-sounding name from its limpid waters, or from a favourite dog named *Bleau*, whose history, like that of Llewellyn's greyhound, is entwined with the domestic annals of the Capets,—remains involved in mystery; but so far back as the year 1169, Fontainbleau was known by its present name, and was even then the seat of royalty, whence decrees were issued that controlled, without resistance, the actions of the people. Louis the Young, delighting probably in the joys of the chase, frequented the forest of Fontainbleau, and built a chapel there, under the invocation of St. Saturnin, which was consecrated by Thomas-à-Becket, then exiled from England for contumacy and haughty bearing towards his own royal master. Here Philip Augustin, or, the Second, kept his court; and amongst the numerous charters signed at Fontainbleau in his reign, one of them is particularly memorable, as "ordering all the bread left at table daily in the palace, to be sent immediately to the Hotel-Dieu at Nemours"—a laudable enactment, if unaccompanied by this ostentatious mode of celebrating its merits. Saint Louis was as fond of "*his desert*," as he styled the forest of Fontainbleau, as any of his predecessors; and he made large additions to the structure itself, one wing or pavilion of which, still preserved, is distinguished by his name. It was here that this monarch, labouring under a painful malady, called his son Philip to his bed-side, and said, "I beseech you love your people, for I should prefer a Scot from Scotland, who would govern well and loyally, to you, if you ruled with obvious folly." Besides the enlargement of the palace, and erecting a church dedicated to the Holy Trinity, Saint Louis founded an hospital for the poor and infirm in the

* Vide Hobhouse's Letters from Paris; Memoirs of Napoleon, &c.



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THE THRONE-ROOM, FONTAINBLEAU.

> [illegible] be—
> [illegible] but courtesy.
> [illegible] of the day
> [illegible] to-day.

[illegible] the most ancient of all the royal residences of France, but [illegible] historic remembrances that bestow an interest—almost [illegible] around said within it. Whether this spot, so long the [illegible] its agreeably-sounding name from its limpid waters, or [illegible] *Bleau*, whose history, like that of Llewellyn's greyhound, [illegible] annals of the Capets,—remains involved in mystery; but [illegible] Fontainbleau was known by its present name, and was even [illegible] royalty, whence decrees were issued that controlled, without resistance, the actions of the people. Louis the Young, delighting probably in the joys of the chase, frequented the forest of Fontainbleau, and built a chapel there, under the invocation of St. Saturnin, which was consecrated by Thomas-à-Becket, then exiled from England for contumacy and haughty lording towards his own royal master. Here Philip [illegible] the Second, kept his court, and amongst the numerous charters signed at Fontainbleau in his reign, one of them is particularly memorable, as "ordering all the [illegible] daily in the palace, to be sent immediately to the Hotel-Dieu at [illegible] a laudable enactment, if not unexpressed by this ostentatious mode of [illegible] its merits. Saint Louis also [illegible] "*his desert*," as he styled the forest [illegible] Fontainbleau, as any of his predecessors. He also made large additions to the structure itself, one wing or pavilion of which, still preserved, is distinguished by his name. It was here that this monarch, labouring under a painful malady, called his son Philip to his bedside, and said, "I beseech you, love your people, for I should prefer a Scot from Scotland, who would govern well and loyally, to you, if you, ruled with obvious folly." Besides the enlargement of the palace, and erecting a church dedicated to the Holy Trinity, he built a foundling hospital for the poor and infirm in the

* Vide Sidney's Letters from Paris; Memoirs of Napoleon, &c.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by T. Turnbull.

Throne-room, Fontainbleau.

Salle du trône, Fontainebleau.

Thron-saal zu Fontainebleau.

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miserable village, that presented such a striking contrast to the splendour of the palace. At Fontainbleau, also, Philip the Fair was born, in the year 1262; and here that cruel persecutor of the order of Knights' Templars breathed his last, being killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting in the forest. By the marriage of this prince with the Queen of Navarre, that inheritance was united to the crown of France; and his descendants bore for many years the twofold title in their proclamations and on their coined money. Too much engrossed with projects, political, religious, or rather bigoted, and with views of personal ambition, Philip made few improvements or additions to the seat of his royal ancestors. His successor, Charles VII., however, amply compensated for this neglect, by the erection of new pavilions. Louis XI. commenced the library, which Louis XII., however, removed to Blois, where the court resided in his reign.

The forest of Fontainbleau, the primitive attraction of this celebrated place, must once have been the noblest domain that ever encircled a palace. Covering an area of thirty-four thousand acres, it presents an endless variety of near and distant prospects. Here, huge dark debris lie scattered on the banks of morasses that partake of their sad colour—there, strata of bright free-stone glitter in the sunshine. On one side barren sands spread to a vast distance over the surface; on the other rise majestic forest trees —oak, beech, and pine—exhibiting the most luxuriant foliage; huge trunks of aged monarchs of the woods, overthrown by time, occasionally lying prostrate amongst them. "You ought to see the forest of Fontainbleau," writes Jules Janin, "in the morning, at a very early hour, when the bird sings, when the sun shines, when all the points of view extend themselves to infinity before your delighted eyes; when all these stones, heaped beneath these aged trees, take a thousand fantastic forms, and give to the forest the appearance of the plain on which the Titan fought against heaven."

"The forest of Fontainbleau is full of mystery—of noises, of byways, of light, of obscurity: there are profound caverns; there are little paths that secretly wind beneath the shade, upon the flowery turf; there are waves of sand which escape from the half-opened rock; there is a drop of dew, which falls with a soft murmur from an inert hill; there are a thousand strange forms, as there must have been many on the earth after the Deluge, when the waters had disfigured at pleasure everything in creation. At each step you take in these mysteries, you meet some of these novelties, as old as the world, but the effect of which is all-powerful. The artists, the poets, the romancers, the lovers—these great poets have, from time immemorial, made Fontainbleau the empire of their dreams. It is composed of nearly forty thousand acres of ancient and majestic trees; it is bounded on the west by the Seine, on the south by the Canal de Briare, and is no less than twenty-eight leagues in circumference."

The town, or rather village, of Fontainbleau, is merely an appendage to the palace; its streets, although now regular and of an agreeable character, are few and thinly peopled, and its prosperity has always been regulated by the degree of favour in which the palace happened to be held by each reigning sovereign. Many monarchs, however, have fixed their courts in these ancient halls, from their first foundation in the twelfth

century. The apartments, built by command of Saint Louis, have fallen to decay, but those added by Francis I., who made this his constant residence, have been restored, and decorated in the happiest manner, by the best artists of France and Italy. Pavilions, or wings, or halls, or private apartments, were added successively by Henry II., Charles IX., and Henry III., but the fourth Henry expended half a million sterling in enlarging, beautifying, and completing this great national palace. Whatever this splendid prince left unfinished, his royal successors, Louis XIII. and XIV., fully carried out; so that, while other royal residences represent the mind and the age of a single sovereign, in Fontainbleau may be traced the changes in art that have taken place during several centuries, and the precise age of each may be justly assigned, from a knowledge of the prince in whose reign the various additions and improvements were made. Louis XV. expended a considerable sum in further decorations of the principal apartments; the name of luckless Louis XVI. is also in some degree connected with the history of art at Fontainbleau; but it was reserved for Napoleon to crown the labours of all his predecessors on the throne, by the expenditure of nearly one million sterling in additions, renovations, and embellishments. During the tottering rule of the elder Bourbon, after the restoration, the halls of Fontainbleau were in silence and solitude, and its countless paintings, its exquisite sculptures, its inimitable stuccoes, were gradually yielding to the principle of decay which pervades all forms. This decay, however, has been arrested, by the splendid monarch who now occupies the throne of France. Having revived the glories of Versailles, Louis Philippe bestowed his care, and taste, and judgment, in renovating the venerable halls of this more ancient mansion; and having restored the paintings, replaced the statues, renewed the fading colours of each brilliant ornament, with a feeling that all nations must appreciate, selected this hereditary home of Fontainbleau as the chief palace of his eldest son, upon his union with the princess of Mecklenburgh Schwerin.

It is remarkable that the exterior designs of Versailles and Fontainbleau, the latter especially, are wholly unworthy of the magnificence and lustre which their interiors display. They are both mean collections of low square buildings, placed together without any regard to architectural elegance. In fact, it is obvious that the artists in both cases sacrificed external grace to internal accommodation, concluding, perhaps justly, that the palaces of kings do not require those specious qualities that halls of minor mortals need. Fontainbleau is a tasteless assemblage of low brick buildings, pierced with numerous windows, and surrounded by spacious old-fashioned pleasure-grounds. It includes six regular squares: the first is called the Court of the White Horse; the Court of Fountains, the Oval Court or Donjon, the Court of the Orangery, the Court of the Prince, and the Kitchen-Court, follow in succession. Three chief entrances give admission to the palace: the principal, the approach for visitors of the highest rank, the *entrée d'honneur*, is through the Court of the Cheval Blanc; the second, by the Kitchen-Court; and the third, by the Avenue de Maintenon and the Port-Dorée. The Court of the Cheval-Blanc derives its name from a plaster-cast of an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, taken at Rome in the year 1560, and placed here by desire of

Catherine de Medicis; but its frail material being unequal to resist the moisture of even this mild climate, no remnant of horse or rider now remains. The Court of Fountains, enclosed by buildings on three sides, on the fourth opens towards the gardens; it is adorned with a spacious marble basin, from which *jets d'eau* are constantly playing. Surrounding the Oval Court are seen the most ancient parts of the palace; the façade of which is decorated with columns and balconies, and within these are the chief apartments of ceremony—the ball-room, library, throne-room, and council-chamber.

The saloon, now called the throne-room, but formerly the king's bedchamber, was built in the reign of Charles IX., but not completed before that of the thirteenth Louis. In the year 1642 it was finished, in the richest style of decoration; and in 1713, Louis XIV. enlarged it considerably, by the addition of a boudoir that adjoined the queen's apartments, where Marshal Biron was arrested.

The ceiling is an object of surpassing beauty and inimitable art; it is separated into two distinct portions, one consisting of the richest carvings, the design representing eight cupids surrounding the crown of France, encircled by festoons and garlands, and various gilded decorations; the other is a demi-dome, enriched by *fleurs-de-lis*. On the sides of the opening is emblazoned the cipher of Louis XIV., accompanied with decorative designs, chiefly in carved and gilded work. The chimney-piece is also of carved wood-work, resembling in every respect the beauty and gorgeousness of the ceiling.

A full-length portrait of Louis XIII., by Philippe Champagne, was originally placed in this saloon, but, with an indiscreet taste, it was removed by his successor, who filled the panel with a design of Flora and Zephyr, by Jean Dubois. This admirable painting retained possession of its usurped throne until Napoleon assumed the imperial power, when it was compelled to make room for an admired and celebrated portrait of that extraordinary man. The possession of this individual panel in the throne-room of Fontainbleau, has been contended for with a zeal that attaches to its history an interest more than common. In England the stone of destiny is the only superstitious relic that continues to accompany the succession; in France, where the regal destiny has been more varied, the chief panel of this throne-room appears to be the cherished heir-loom. At the Restoration, accordingly, Napoleon was unpanelled, and a portrait of the fifteenth Louis substituted in his place; but this most legitimate monarch was in turn removed by Louis Philippe, a Bourbon of the younger line, and replaced by the portrait of Louis XIII., the founder, or at least the decorator, of this princely hall.

In a panel above the portrait is the device, or motto of Louis XIII., "*Erit hæc quoque cognita monstris,*" and beside it lies a club, the design being an allusion to the club of Hercules. The same device may be observed on the panels of the dome of the council-chamber, accompanied by emblems illustrative of its application.

A medallion over the door of the reception-room is occupied with a design representing a hand grasping a club, and prepared to crush a seven-headed serpent; and over the corresponding doorway on the other side of the chimney-piece is a sacrifice, illumined by a sun, whose rays appear to be just gilding the sacred pyre. These two

exquisite medallions are elaborately carved and brightly gilt; their explanation was formerly to be read in mottoes underneath the frames. The "*hæc meta laborum*" alluded to Louis XIII.; the other, "*Phœna et Taurus accessit ad aras,*" to the birth of the dauphin, Louis XIV. These classical compositions were restored and gilt under the imperial government, when this beautiful apartment, originally designed for the state bedchamber of the king, was converted into the Salle du Trone. The costliness of the furniture harmonizes entirely with the magnificence of the architectural decorations; the drapery of the throne, which is the same as Napoleon left it, with the exception of the golden bees that were once scattered upon it, is of crimson velvet, with fringe of gold; and the royal chair, which is richly carved and gilt, is covered with blue embroidered velvet.

PORTE DU CAILLOU, RUE DU PALAIS.

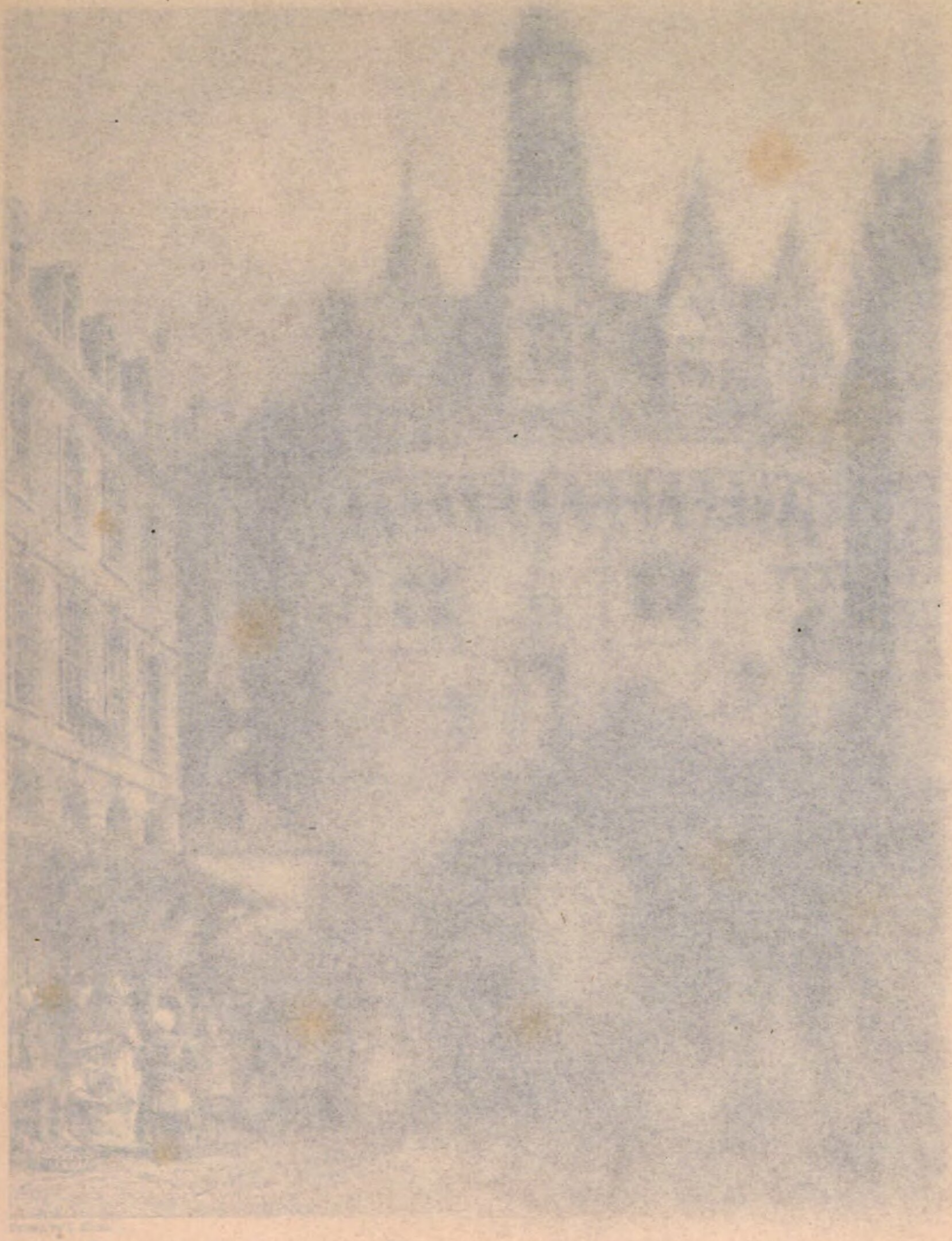
BORDEAUX.

"'Twas Charles's host came shouting from afar,
Disdaining ease, and eager for the war;
O'er the wide plain they stretch'd their bright array,
And to the ramparts urged their furious way."

VOLTAIRE.

It was about the year 1490 that Ferdinand, the natural son of Alfonso of Arragon, and half-brother of Ferdinand the Catholic, ascended the throne of Naples. The father had acquired this dignity by conquest, and the son retained it till his decease, by those arts that both honoured and degraded the European princes of those ages. Deficient neither in capacity nor vigour, he nevertheless sought to give stability to his throne by means which are ever characteristic of cowardice and folly. Assisted by his infamous son Alfonso, duke of Calabria, he behaved with signal perfidy towards the Neapolitan feudatories, ordering them to be seized and executed upon frivolous charges, or privately assassinated upon unfounded suspicions. Opprobrium was the natural result of this barbarity, and the circumstances which attended the commission of these acts of treachery awoke a determined spirit of revenge. The king and his presumptive heir became now odious to the nobility, and nothing less than their eventual overthrow could allay national indignation.

The prince of Salerno, one of the most popular and powerful of the Neapolitan nobles, having fled for refuge to the court of Charles VIII. of France, resolved upon releasing his country from the tyranny under which it groaned, and rightly estimating the French king's character, appealed at once to his humanity and courage. No prince of that age was more deeply imbued with a spirit of chivalry than this young monarch, and from his inordinate desire of military glory, none could have been appealed to with



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[illegible] CAILLOU, RUE DU PALAIS.

[illegible]

[illegible] from [illegible],
[illegible] war;
[illegible] they [illegible] their bright array,
[illegible] their [illegible] way.

VOLTAIRE.

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Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. Carter.

Porte du Caillou, Rue du Palais, - Bordeaux.

Porte du Caillou, - rue du Palais, Bordeaux. Thor von Caillou, Rue de Palais, Bordeaux.

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Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. Tingle.

The Bridge of Toulouse.

Pont de Toulouse. *Die Brücke zu Toulouse.*

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THE CATHEDRAL OF TOULOUSE

Before the conquest of [illegible]
Tictosages, but, after that [illegible]
many noble and sumptuous [illegible]
to have stood here, existed [illegible]
only the merit of having [illegible]
improved the city in a very [illegible] this temple [illegible]
rous ingots of gold were [illegible] which between [illegible]
entailed much misery on the [illegible] The Cimbri pouring [illegible]

The Bridge of Toulouse

more certain prospects of success by the exiled Neapolitan nobles. With an army of nine thousand men, Charles crossed the Alps, and, engaging the enemy on the plains of Fornoua, nine miles from Placentia, achieved a brilliant victory. The rapid and astonishing success of an expedition, which, from its temerity, seemed to promise a different result, was due more to the pusillanimity of Alfonso II., who had succeeded Ferdinand, than to the deserved unpopularity of his character.

But the historic maxim, "Conquests are less difficult to acquire than retain," was never more fully illustrated than in the *denouement* of this triumph; for, Charles had scarcely laid his hands upon the crown of Naples before he felt convinced that precipitate flight was his only resource, and, with a fortune for which he afterwards felt grateful, he was enabled to repass the Appenines, notwithstanding the determined opposition of the Italian princes, who had leagued to obstruct his return.

It was to commemorate this chivalrous but calamitous expedition, but most especially to celebrate the victory of Fornoua, that the massive portal of *Caillou* was erected at Bordeaux. Preserved by the solidity of its construction from early decay, few municipal buildings of that date present more perfect examples of the prevalent style, and when viewed as a triumphal record its interest is considerably enhanced. A canopied niche above the gateway was probably intended for the conqueror's statue, but his sudden death, as well as his rapid retreat, would seem to have suspended the intention. Hemmed in on every side by encroachments, the original dignity of this tower of triumph is concealed; but it is impossible to pass unnoticed the rich Gothic ornaments that decorate its vari-formed windows, and the niches that indent the southern front.

THE BRIDGE OF TOULOUSE.

> "See the proud arch, in just proportion strong,
> With easy sweep bestride the unruffled flood,
> See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
> Each part with each, and with the circling main
> The whole enliven'd land."
>
> THOMSON.

BEFORE the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, this ancient city was the capital of the Tictosages, but, after that period it was systematically colonized, and adorned with many noble and sumptuous edifices. The celebrated temple of Apollo, that is known to have stood here, existed previous to the Roman invasion, so that the conquerors have only the merit of having beautified and embellished it; but they doubtless enlarged and improved the city in a very considerable degree. It was in this temple that those numerous ingots of gold were deposited, the contest for which between surrounding hordes entailed much misery on the citizens of Toulouse. The Cimbri pouring down from the

north upon the Roman empire, the inhabitants of this place co-operated with them, and, by their united efforts, completely expelled the Roman garrison. This disgrace was blotted out soon after by the conduct and courage of Cæpio, who, being appointed to the chief command in Gallia-Narbonensis, proceeded at once to the reduction of Toulouse, and, to make its punishment a terrible example to revolted colonies, gave the place up to indiscriminate pillage. It is supposed the golden ingots were seized by the Romans, and reserved for subsequent partition, but Cæpio having drawn off the main body of his army to quell disturbances elsewhere, the citizens rose upon the garrison, put many to the sword, drove others from the town, and recovered the golden offerings. Escaping from the miseries of war, the inhabitants were next visited by the calamities of a plague, which still further depopulated their homes, so that the priests and soothsayers began at length to insinuate, not only that the treasure afforded no protection to its owners, but, that it rather drew down misfortune on their heads. The conclusion of these venerable men is the origin of that proverb which designates any object which ill fortune seems to follow—"The gold of Toulouse."

On the total overthrow of the Cimbri, this place reverted to the Romans, who prevented all further attempts at separation by placing there a garrison of such numbers as rendered resistance hopeless. The emperors favoured this colony, and Galba established here schools for the study of jurisprudence, which laid the foundation of the distinction this place has ever since enjoyed for the study of that legislative science. When the Visi-Goths migrated from the south, they seized Toulouse, and made it their chief capital; but, being wrested from them, it was governed by its own counts, who constantly resided there, until the union of Languedoc with the crown of France, which took place in the thirteenth century, and in the reign of Philip the Bold.

From having been the chief place in Upper Languedoc, Toulouse is now but the capital of a department—the Upper Garonne—and, although advantageously seated near to the junction of the famous canal of Languedoc with the river Garonne, for ages it possessed no trade or commerce, nor were its manufactures deserving of notice. Under the emperor Napoleon, however, a new order of things arose here, as elsewhere in France, and the industry of Toulouse is now conspicuous. No longer is there a necessity for an importation of cutlery, the manufactories of Toulouse supplying the national wants in that respect; steam-engines are constructed here with a degree of completeness and skill not exceeded in England; and the royal cannon-foundry is superior to those at Douai and Strasburg. Although the area of the city is spacious, the population does not exceed 60,000, at which amount also it has been stationary for the last seventy years; a trifling occasional increase taking place in the winter of each year, from the addition of many private families who then make it their residence. This preference has multiplied hotels, which are on a scale of magnitude and magnificence unequalled in other French cities. The more ancient streets are narrow, dark, and winding; they are paved with small sharp stones, and form a most disagreeable, indeed, in some cases painful, promenade to strangers. One redeeming feature, however, is found in the domestic architecture of this place, a feature calculated to render it familiar and

agreeable to English travellers—it is, that all the houses are built of bright red bricks, a practice not elsewhere adopted in France.

Three noble bridges once spanned the Garonne in its passage through Toulouse, two of which the violence of time and tide have demolished, so that one only survives. Having been built the last, it obtained the usual title of Pont-Neuf; and, although ages have rolled over its head, and millions of waves beneath its arches, the misnomer of the *New Bridge* continues to be employed. Built entirely of stone, and extending 810 feet in length, this fine monument constitutes a chief civic decoration. It connects the greater portion of the city with the suburb of St. Cyprian, on the left bank of the river, and is a massive and somewhat elegant design. The piers are light, the arches broad, and lofty, and flat, affording ample water-way at all times; in addition to which, the architect took the precaution to pierce the pier-heads with tunnels, thereby lightening the weight of masonry, and providing for extraordinary risings in the floods of this impetuous river. This plan is adopted much less frequently than required, and the well-known anecdote connected with Pont-Newydd, another *new bridge* in the county of Monmouth, should be studied with the seriousness of science by architects and engineers.

In the middle of the river are the ruins of an ancient bridge, the dates of whose foundation and destruction seem to be alike unknown. They have the character of Roman workmanship, consisting of the most tenacious description of brick-work, but the fragments are so insignificant that no certain conclusion can now be formed. From the centre of the bridge the view not only of the city, but of the country surrounding it, is spacious, beautiful, and agreeable; and, the back-ground of the picture is still more interesting, formed as it is of the snow-clad summits of the Pyrenees. A trellis-work gate at the bridge-end opens on a pleasant and fashionable promenade, called the Patte d'Oye, or Goose's Foot. It consists of several avenues, radiating from a common centre, and having a resemblance to the structure of the web-footed fowl, from which it claims its name. One of these shady-walks runs along the river-side, the others extending to great lengths are equally sheltered, though less varied; and, at the opposite side of the city, a corresponding, or similar series of walks is laid out. The explanation of the Toulounese preferring the goose's foot as the great original which is imitated in the design of the promenade is easy. Toulouse has long been celebrated for a peculiar species of geese; of these, the legs and feet, enveloped in the melted fat or grease of the animal, are preserved like potted meats or fish, and constitute a profitable export. Pies made of the livers of Toulouse geese are held in much esteem, and, by a peculiar diet, they can be so much enlarged as to afford an ample return to the feeders.

SALOON OF LOUIS XIII., FONTAINBLEAU.

"To his arms he raised
The lost loved fair, and in his bosom pressed.
My father!—Oh my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more.—The rest ecstatic silence spoke."

MALLET.

THIS magnificent apartment, distinguished successively by the names of the King's Royal Closet, the Oval Chamber, the Saloon of the Nobility, and the Hall of Reception, is deserving of the highest consideration as a master-work in domestic architecture. Built by the chivalrous Francis I., it was not completely finished until the reign of Henri Quatre, that prince having caused it to be decorated and embellished in the richest style of art, in honour of his queen, Marie de Medicis, and her son, afterwards Louis XIII., who was born on the 27th September, 1601. For more than a century the envious power of time was permitted, without interruption, to dim the lustre of its decorations; and the exquisite designs that cover the walls resembled the mural monuments of a royal chapel. In the year 1837, however, and by order of king Louis Philippe, a perfect restoration was completed, and this noble saloon opened, in all its primitive beauty and magnificence, at the marriage of the late duke of Orleans, his majesty's eldest son, with the princess Helène of Mecklenburgh Schwerin.

To Paul Bril, of Antwerp, one part of the task was committed by Henry IV., of beautifying the Oval Chamber. Being one of the best landscape painters of that age, no selection could have reflected more honour on his employer; and, in the performance of his duty, gratitude would seem to have been a stimulant to genius. He painted all the small landscapes that adorn the walls, the bouquets of flowers that are intermixed with fanciful figures, the historic camaieux, and the ciphers of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis.

But, Ambrose Dubois executed the greatest pictorial labours in this noble gallery of art. His performances include six designs on canvas, for the ceiling, and nine for the walls, representing the fabulous history of Theagenes and Chariclea, whose affections and sorrows inspired the pen of Heliodorus. This celebrated romancer was bishop of Tricala, in Thessaly, lived at the close of the fourth century, and, although he was deposed in consequence of the amatory character of his writings, his *Ethiopica*, or, the Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea, is distinguished from other Greek romances, not merely by its epic tone, and the wonderful adventures it recounts, but by its strict and instructive morality.* Four of these interesting designs were removed, to give space

* This interesting fiction was translated from the Greek into French, by Jacques Amyot, son of a butcher of Milan, who became bishop of Auxerre and grand almoner of France, in the reign of Francis I. It was reprinted at Paris in 1619 and 1804, and at Leipsic in 1772 and 1805.

SALOON OF LOUIS XIII., FONTAINBLEAU.

"To his arms he raised
The lovely fair, and to his bosom pressed.
My blessings—O my child! at once they cry'd:
We were—The rest eternal silence spoke."

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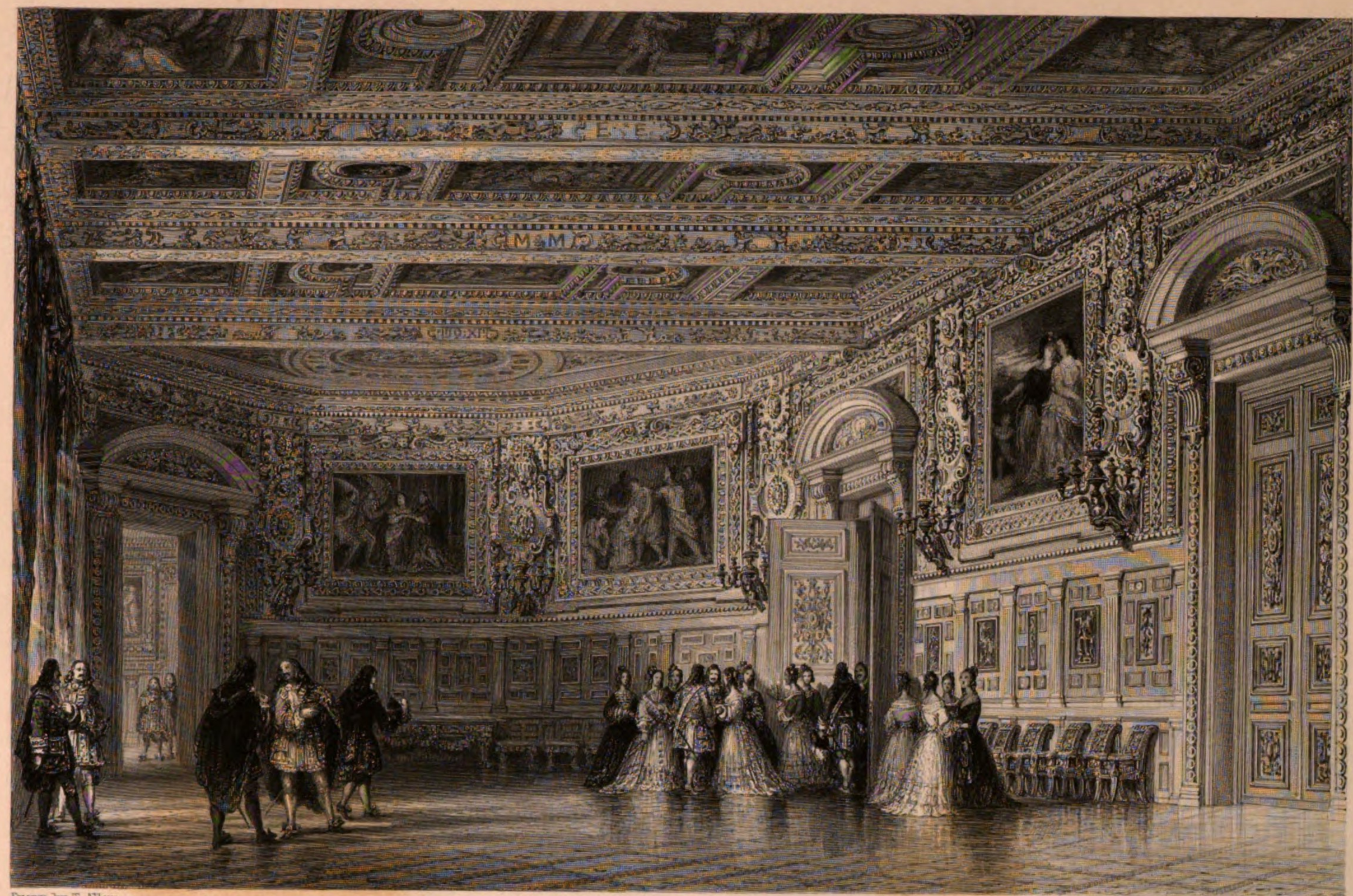
* This romance, which was translated from the Greek into French, by Jacques Amyot, one of a well-known family, who brought up Charles IX. as a prince and grand almoner of France, in the reign of Francis I. It was republished at Paris in 1559 and 1560, and at Lausanne in 1772 and 1805.



Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by E. Challis.

Saloon of Louis XIII. Fontainbleau.

Salon de Louis XIII, Fontainebleau. *Saal Ludwigs XIII, Fontainebleau.*

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for two doorways, in the reign of Louis XV., when the apartment was converted into an audience-chamber; eleven tableaux of the pictorial romance now remain.

The first, with which the sad history commenced, was placed between the chimney-piece and the architrave of the window. Here Theagenes, deputed by the Enienses, has just arrived at Delphos, to be present at the Pythian games. Descended from the illustrious Achilles, the painter has represented his hero in all the vigour and the bloom of youthful manliness. There was in the midst of the brilliant group a priestess of Diana, Chariclea, young, radiant with beauty, whose birth was involved in mystery; even the high-priest of Apollo, to whom she had been mysteriously confided, and from whom she received the name she bore, was ignorant of her real origin. Standing in a chariot drawn by white oxen, Chariclea was the chief object of admiration in the august procession.

In the second tableau, above the chimney-piece, a sacrifice is represented; there Theagenes is seen receiving from the hand of Chariclea a torch to set fire to the pile. The deputy of the Enienses appears to discover with rapture, that the sentiment with which Chariclea's beauty had inspired him was reciprocal, and, from this incident their loves and their sorrows commence. In the third tableau, on the ceiling, and to the left of the grand chimney-piece, the young priestess is depicted as agitated with disquietude, and overcome with apprehension, resulting from the impression occasioned by Theagenes' presence. The high-priest, filled with tenderness for his pupil, uses all his efforts to ascertain the source of the grief that was preying on her, but, finding his exertions ineffectual, he intrusted the duty to Calasiris, high-priest of Isis, who was then at Delphos; entreating him to accomplish, by those magic means which he possessed, a cure which the art of medicine had attempted in vain. The scene changes to the fourth picture, in which Diana and Apollo appear in a dream to Calasiris, order him to take the lovers under his protection, and transport them, without delay, into Egypt.

Calasiris, in the fifth tableau, being placed beside the young priestess, appears to have discovered an explanation of her birth, which had been concealed in the girdle she constantly wore. From this clue it was learned, that Persine, queen of Ethiopia, was the mother of Chariclea, and that she had been removed from the palace in infancy, to escape the cruelty of her father, who resolved on sacrificing her because she had been born *fair*. Her mother entrusted her secretly to the care of Charicles, and, to save her also from the designing priest, who wished her to marry his nephew, devoted her to the service of Diana.

The next tableau is the flight of the lovers, under favour of the darkness of night, and by the assistance of faithful friends; and these means united enable them to escape from the resentment of Charicles. In the seventh picture is seen the vessel that is conveying Theagenes and Chariclea towards the shores of Egypt, surprised and captured by a band of corsairs. Their chief, becoming violently enamoured of the young priestess, appears desirous to espouse her. The next incident in the narrative is no longer pictorially expressed, the eighth tableau having been removed. After this the lieu-

tenant of the piratical crew, equally overpowered by the beauty of Chariclea, is seen disputing possession of the captive with his commander. In the mortal strife between these desperate men, the man of most authority, therefore deepest guilt, fell first, and Theagenes, taking advantage of the exhaustion of the survivor, assails and lays him dead at his mistress's feet. Near to the chimney-piece, on the right, is the next incident; Theagenes appears resting from fatigue, and Chariclea seated on an opposite bank looking towards him, with a countenance full of majesty. Some fierce people, who have descended from the neighbouring hills, taking her for a goddess, stand overawed by her presence. In the tenth partition, which is in perfect preservation, a corsair arrives from an adjoining island, and, putting all the admiring spectators to flight, makes the lovers his prisoners. In the central panel opposite the windows, Theagenes is painted expressing the feeling of jealousy that has agitated him for the first time, while a faithful slave, who watches over him, administers friendly counsel. On the ceiling, and to the right of the chimney-piece, is the twelfth part of the story. A conflict takes place between the islanders, and the corsair-chief carrying off Chariclea, secures her in a cavern, while he hastens to defend his own home from the violence of the people. Confusion alone is observable, terror spreads around, and in their fury the insurgents seem to spare nothing.

The next panel represents Theagenes, who has been wandering about the island alone, arriving at the entrance of the fatal cavern, where a dead body, which he concludes to be that of his lost Chariclea, excites his deepest anguish. But, while he stands absorbed in grief, he is startled at the sound of his name, pronounced by a faltering voice that is supposed to emanate from the deepest recesses of the cave. Directing his steps towards the spot whence the well-known tones escaped, he there finds his Chariclea at the point of death. In another division of the same tableau, the young priestess is represented as recovered from her sufferings, and, accompanied by her lover, who carries a torch in one hand, is proceeding to examine the boundaries of the cavern, and learn who the unhappy being was who had fallen a victim to its horrors.

At length the end of sorrow, like the grey light that bids farewell to a long night of winter, begins to appear in the story of Theagenes and Chariclea. In the next tableau, which is in the centre of the saloon, opposite the chimney-piece, are seen the faithful lovers, calm, tranquil, resigned; while Calasiris, who stands beside them, is announcing that they are in the power of Hidaspes, king of Ethiopia, and on the point of being sacrificed as victims to appease the wrath of their country's gods. The spectators, moved to pity at the sight, demand their release, and the king, at the same instant, being informed of the true birth of the priestess, grants the people's request, and recognises Chariclea as his much injured and long-lost child.

The last part of the pictorial history is the marriage of the lovers; Theagenes being represented as grand-priest of the Sun, and Chariclea high-priestess of the Moon—a most appropriate recompense for an affection actuated by such rigid principles of virtue.

Below this last tableau is a portrait, painted by himself, of the admirable artist who executed these subjects; he has placed the duke of Sully near him, and introduced

Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by H. Adlard.

Church of St. Taur, - Toulouse.

Eglise de Saint-Taur, - Toulouse.

St. Taur Kirche, - Toulouse.

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also Sebastian Zamet, an Italian, who had [illegible]
This prince-merchant had the ability to [illegible]
frequent guest at that great monarch's [illegible]
state-secrets, especially those connected with [illegible]
chief adviser.

Between the two [illegible] on the ceiling is a painting of [illegible]
on a dolphin, holding [illegible] and a laurel branch in [illegible]
of cupids are dropping [illegible] while they are also [illegible]
On the right of this [illegible] Hercules and [illegible]
ing after their fatigues; and, on the other hand, [illegible] Hymen, [illegible]
and crowned by Graces and Cupids [illegible] Hymen [illegible]
two *Fames*, publishing his glory [illegible] the ornaments of this
apartment, the most chaste and [illegible] in the [illegible] gallery.

The saloon of Louis XIII., long neglected and [illegible] in the year 1850
was completely restored to the beauty and [illegible] which it appeared in the
reign of Henri IV. Everything has been [illegible] nothing modern
added. The pleasant conceits that [illegible] the [illegible] elegant foliage,
groups of fruit, and bouquets of flowers [illegible] of white and gold, so
elaborately wrought that the sharpest eyes [illegible] attempting to trace their
developments, have all resumed their [illegible] and brilliant coloring. The
carved wood-work of the chimney was [illegible] decay having established
his dominion over it: but the same [illegible] and judgment that directed
restoration in the other embellishments [illegible] in this instance, and the
precise design, after which the chimney [illegible] in wood, is now perpetuated
in the whitest marble.

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL

[illegible]

In the street leading from the [illegible]
church, dedicated to the [illegible]
No longer retaining its [illegible]
abbreviated title, St. Taur, [illegible]
hour of the day is passed without a visit from a votary to the [illegible]

also Sebastian Zamet, an Italian, who had acquired an immense fortune for that age. This prince-merchant had the ability to please Henri Quatre so much, that he was a frequent guest at that great monarch's table, and was the depository also of many state-secrets, especially those connected with finance, on which he was his majesty's chief adviser.

Between the two entrances, but on the ceiling, is a painting of Louis XIII., seated on a dolphin, holding a sceptre in one hand and a laurel branch in the other; a number of cupids are dropping flower-wreaths on him, while they are also sustaining his crown. On the right of this design are represented, *en camaieux*, Hercules and Dejanira reposing after their fatigues; and, on the left, Diana and Apollo; Hymen, carrying a torch, and crowned by Graces and Cupids, accompanies the cipher of Henri Quatre; while two *Fames*, publishing his glory, harmonize admirably with all the ornaments of this apartment, the most chaste and sumptuous also in this ancient palace.

The saloon of Louis XIII., long neglected and unappropriated, in the year 1837 was completely restored to the beauty and brilliancy with which it appeared in the reign of Henri IV. Everything has been renovated and repaired, but nothing modern added. The pleasant conceits that covered the wainscoting, the luxuriant foliage, groups of fruit, and bouquets of flowers, the various ornaments of white and gold, so elaborately wrought that the sharpest sight is frustrated in attempting to trace their developments, have all resumed their primitive forms and original colouring. The carved wood-work of the chimney was incapable of restoration, decay having established his dominion over it: but the same excellent taste and solid judgment that directed restoration in the other embellishments, have been exercised in this instance; and the precise design, after which the chimney-piece was executed in wood, is now perpetuated in the whitest marble.

CHURCH OF ST. TAUR,

TOULOUSE.

Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, then, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail, red rolls his eye's dilated glow. BYRON.

IN the street leading from the capitol to the cathedral stands the beautiful little church, dedicated to the martyr St. Saturnin, whose bones are enshrined within it. No longer retaining its lengthened classic name of Saturninus, but known by an abbreviated title, St. Taur, it continues to be held in the highest veneration, and no hour of the day is passed without a visit from a votary to the martyr's shrines.

It has been supposed by learned and accurate writers, that Christianity was introduced into this ancient city so early as the first century; while others, almost equally entitled to credit, insist upon its not being known there before the third. Whichever assertion may be correct, it is ascertained with perfect certainty, that St. Saturninus, or Sernin, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, flourished in the beginning of the third century, so that truth probably lies between, that is, that Christianity was preached at Toulouse in the first century, but not established there before the third; and, that the truly glorious work, the entire conversion of the inhabitants from paganism to Christianity, was accomplished by the tutelar saint of the Toulonese.

Amongst the noble edifices erected here by the Romans, was a capitol, which stood near the centre of the city, after the model of that at Rome, and having a temple also dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus. The humble Saturninus had succeeded in getting a little chapel built for his followers, in the vicinity of Jove's temple, where he used to preach the gospel daily to his new converts, and, it so happened, that the way from his home to his chapel lay directly through the capitol. One day, as he was passing the temple, the priests were in the act of sacrificing to Jupiter, when, on the approach of the saint, all their oracles were observed to be suddenly silenced. Already jealous of the saint's success in making converts to faith in Christianity, they only waited a pretext for his destruction, and this appeared an opportunity not to be neglected. Labouring under the deepest mortification, and feeling themselves humiliated at a moment when they desired especially to be exalted in the esteem of their followers, they declaimed in violent language against the Christian doctrines, ascribed all honour to Jupiter and other members of the Olympic council, so that at last the passions of their hearers became excited, and, rushing from the temple in their ungovernable rage, they seized on the holy man as he passed, and doomed him to destruction. A bull, just smote by the erring axe, was chained to the altar, ready to be sacrificed to Capitoline Jove, and it was while the animal was infuriated with pain, that the heathen mob tied the venerable Saturninus to his horns, and goaded him on through the public highways. Impatient of its burden, the fugitive victim proceeded with all the violence of its nature, until at length the strained cords broke, and the bleeding and mangled body of the saint was flung to the ground, amidst the shouts of his inhuman persecutors.

Some pious ladies, who had been converted by his preaching, collected the remains of the martyr, and, having entombed them on the spot where he expired, raised a church there also, which was placed under his tutelage. This ancient temple was called the church of St. Saturnin du Taureau, in the lapse of time abbreviated into St. Taur, and it is now one of the regular parish churches of the city. The style of architecture, of the present structure, is neither classical nor uniform. It is a mixture of Italian, Gothic, and French invention; a number of statues placed around divide attention, destroying all unity, simplicity, and concentrated effect, by which alone sublimity in design is obtained. Nevertheless, the *tout ensemble* is particularly pleasing, although the decorations are more elaborate and enriched than is consistent with the best taste in ecclesiastical architecture.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by T. Turnbull.

The Pantheon, Paris.

Le Pantheon, à Paris. *Das Pantheon, Paris.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

THE PANTHEON

[illegible]

[illegible] time, nor skill, [illegible]

At the solicitation of his [illegible] and of Saint Geneviève [illegible] spot where the Pantheon stands, a church, under [illegible] St. Paul, to which a religious community was [illegible] acquired fame for learning and sanctity. St. Geneviève [illegible] entombed in the church raised at her own request, and [illegible] cated to that holy lady, henceforth the patron saint of [illegible] preserved its ancient veneration, the fabric itself had [illegible] the fifteenth Louis ascended the throne, it was [illegible] Madame Pompadour, whose mischievous influence [illegible] remember, persuaded her royal lover to refuse the [illegible] splendour that should perpetuate his piety; but the [illegible] erection were [illegible] history, evidence rather [illegible] an eminent architect, [illegible] the design, which was [illegible] unanimable mistress; and on [illegible] September, 1764.

A Corinthian portico of [illegible] in diameter, supports [illegible] The tympanum [illegible] rewards to the [illegible] Fenelon, Malsherbe, [illegible] Samuel, and David the [illegible] Solomon. History and Liberty are [illegible] inscribing the names of celebrated [illegible] occupied by groups of youths, students [illegible] predecessors. The frieze beneath is [illegible]

A radiant cross glittered in the [illegible] an inscription more suitable than the present [illegible]

"[illegible]
[illegible]"

Le Panthéon. Paris.

Le Panthéon. Paris.

PARIS, LAPI & CIE LANDON & EAGLE.

THE PANTHEON, PARIS.

Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought, could plan.

BYRON.

AT the solicitation of his queen and of Saint Geneviève, king Clovis founded, near the spot where the Pantheon stands, a church, under the invocation of St. Peter and St. Paul, to which a religious community was soon after attached, that ultimately acquired fame for learning and sanctity. St. Geneviève dying in the year 512, was entombed in the church raised at her own request, and from that period it was dedicated to that holy lady, henceforth the patron saint of Paris. Although the locality preserved its ancient veneration, the fabric itself had entirely decayed, so that when the fifteenth Louis ascended the throne, it was tottering to its fall. Intriguing Madame Pompadour, whose mischievous meddling in political affairs France will long remember, persuaded her royal lover to restore the church of St. Geneviève with a splendour that should perpetuate his piety; but the mode in which the funds for its erection were raised, a lottery, evidence neither sincerity nor liberality. Soufflet, an eminent architect, furnished the design, which was adopted by Louis and his unamiable mistress, and his majesty laid the first stone of the Pantheon on the 6th of September, 1764.

A Corinthian portico of twenty-two beautiful columns, sixty feet in height and six in diameter, supports a pediment one hundred feet in breadth and twenty-four high. The tympanum is adorned with a design by David, representing France distributing rewards to the most illustrious of her sons. On the right of the allegorical figure are Fenelon, Malsherbes, Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rousseau, Lafayette, Carnot, Monge, Manuel, and David the painter; on the left, the armies of France, in review before Napoleon. History and Liberty are seated at the feet of France, weaving chaplets, and inscribing the names of celebrated persons. The extreme angles of the pediment are occupied by groups of youths, studiously endeavouring to emulate the virtues of their predecessors. The frieze beneath is inscribed, in letters of gold, with these words—

"Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante."

A radiant cross glittered in the tympanum during the time of the Restoration, bearing an inscription more suitable than the present; it was—

"D. O. M. sub invoc. S. Genovefæ.
Lud. XV. dicavit. Lud. XVIII. restituit."

The Pantheon can no longer be considered as a place of worship; the bones of St. Geneviève have been removed to the neighbouring church of St. Etienne, and emblems of science, art, politics, and military skill, alone continue to decorate the modern building. Bas-reliefs under the portico represent Genius; civil, military, and moral Courage; besides other emulatory qualities. Of the exterior, the portico is the only portion either perfectly finished or possessing a high order of design; the other parts are meagre, exhibiting no inventive powers. The interior, however, is noble, lofty, light, and graceful. The ichnographic plan is a Greek cross, from the centre of which rises a grand dome, originally supported by twelve Corinthian columns. The idea of a circular temple of such magnitude, so gracefully sustained, was meritorious, but the execution peculiarly unfortunate, for, either from a bad foundation, or a subsidence of the soil, in consequence of the hollow catacombs beneath, the columns appeared to yield under their weight, and they were supplied by solid buttresses of plain masonry, totally at variance with the original design. Over the great circle, inscribed in the square formed by the intersection of the nave and transepts, rises the great dome, sixty-two feet in diameter, two hundred and eighty in height, and springing from a circular gallery surrounded by thirty-two Corinthian columns. On the buttresses that sustain the gallery are placed tablets of bronze, inscribed with the names of the patriots who fell in the Revolution of 1830. The interior of the dome was painted by Gros, for which he received the sum of £4,000; and, on the occasion of Charles X. visiting the Pantheon, he was created a baron; but, nor riches nor titles could give that plenitude to which he aspired, and he finally fell a victim to disappointed professional ambition. His design covers a surface of three thousand three hundred square feet. In the lower compartments are four groups, between which a connection is preserved by angels and emblems, each representing a king of France, whose reign forms a conspicuous era in the history of the country. The four monarchs chosen by the artist are Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Louis XVIII.; they are all offering homage to St. Geneviève, who is descending towards them in a cloud. Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVII., and Madame Elizabeth, are seen in the heavens, in the loftiest part of which a gleam of light indicates the abode of the Deity. The allegories on the pendentives, representing France, Justice, Glory, and Death, were designed and painted by Gerard.

Too often has this noble temple been made the medium of recording political changes; during the first Revolution its walls were hung with designs illustrative of philosophical subjects, preparatory to the church being converted into a Pantheon, where the ashes of the eminent should be entombed, and their effigies set up. Charles X. removed the profane records, obliterated the inscription on the frieze of the colonnade, and expended some millions of francs in restoring the fabric to its primitive character. His labours were rendered vain by the Revolution of 1830, which claimed the Pantheon as its own, and dedicated it to Victory.

The most interesting portion of this great national monument, this public Hall-of-Ancestors, is the crypt, or series of vaults beneath the building; those at the east end

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by W. Le Petit.

Isle of Sainte Barbe on the Saône, near Lyons.

Île Sainte-Barbe, sur la Saône, près de Lyon. *Insel St. Barbe in Saone, bei Lyon.*

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are amply lighted, and their [illegible]
western, which are more [illegible]
ner of the Roman tombs at [illegible]
are two concentric circles [illegible]
extraordinary loudness; the [illegible]
subterranean regions. [illegible]
coat, produces a reverb[illegible]

Here are deposited the [illegible] remains of [illegible]
fine marble statue is extent; to the latter a pal[illegible]
resting-place are the [illegible] of the mathematicians [illegible]
Bougainville; the Dutch Admiral, De Winter; [illegible]
Marshal Lannes, duke de Montebello, the favourite [illegible]
1791 is one worthy of record in the history of the [illegible]
the apotheoses of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the [illegible]
and novelist have [illegible] their narrow cells; but [illegible]
obtained admission by stealth, were publicly [illegible]
of the national [illegible].

The site of the [illegible] is elevated, and [illegible]
public offices and [illegible] of considerable [illegible]
famous library of St. [illegible]
and near it is the colle[illegible]
education. From the [illegible]
the city and surrou[illegible]

A short distance [illegible]
rough and steep, the [illegible]
tion is picturesque, [illegible]
it forms the middle [illegible] party of Chris[illegible]
refuge in this lovely [illegible] the emperor Severus, [illegible]
a religious edifice. Finding the [illegible] dreary, barren, and wild, they [illegible]

Isle of Sainte Barbe on the Saône, near Lyons

Sainte Barbe sur Saône près de Lyons

are amply lighted, and their groined roofs are sustained by Tuscan pillars. In the western, which are more dismal, monuments and funeral urns are arranged, after the manner of the Roman tombs at Pompeii. Beneath the centre of the cross, and in the vaults, are two concentric circular corridors, where an echo is found capable of repeating with extraordinary loudness, the lowest whispers. The guide who shows the wonders of these subterranean regions, by merely striking with a cane on the outstretched skirt of his coat, produces a reverberation that is painfully impressive.

Here are deposited the mortal remains of Voltaire and Rousseau; to the former a fine marble statue is erected, to the latter a painted wooden tomb. In the same last resting-place are the bones of the mathematician, Lagrange; of the circumnavigator, Bougainville; the Dutch Admiral, De Winter; Soufflet, who designed the church; and Marshal Lannes, duke de Montebello, the favourite general of Napoleon. The year 1791 is one worthy of record in the history of the Pantheon, for here then took place the apotheoses of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the interment of Mirabeau. The historian and novelist have retained their narrow cells; but Mirabeau, and Marat, who had also obtained admission to a tomb, were publicly exhumed, and depantheonized, by a decree of the national government.

The site of the Pantheon is elevated, and the space around it ornamented with public offices and buildings of considerable elegance; immediately adjoining is the famous library of St. Geneviève, founded by the Cardinal de la Rochefouçault, in 1724; and near it is the college of Henri Quatre, where the sons of Louis Philippe received their education. From the gallery of the cupola, which is reached by 475 steps, a view of the city and surrounding country is enjoyed, at once extensive and interesting.

ISLE OF SAINTE BARBE, ON THE SAÔNE.

NEAR LYONS.

"Few happy hours poor mortals pass,
Then round them bind no zone,
But rank among the foremost class,
Our evenings on the Saône."

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. BARBE.

A SHORT distance above Lyons, on the river Saône, and where the banks rise rather rough and steep, the little isle of Sainte Barbe seems to float on the waters. Its position is picturesque, its ancient remains highly interesting, and the landscape of which it forms the middle distance particularly pleasing. A party of Christians, who took refuge in this lovely isle from the persecutions of the emperor Severus, first raised here a religious edifice. Finding the spot uncultivated, barren, and wild, they named it

"L'Isle de Barbe," which, in course of time, was corrupted into "L'Isle de Sainte Barbe. So pleasing was the retirement found here, to the emperor Charlemagne, that he passed very many days in the old monastery founded by the persecuted Christians, and had even formed a project of closing his eventful life in its religious seclusion. It was with this view that he collected a library, which, when the state of literature in that age is remembered, must have been a most costly undertaking. His purpose, however, was not carried out, and the library, which had been carefully preserved till the year 1562, was burned by the Calvinists, who still further disgraced their cause by pillaging the monastery. This censure, however, should be qualified, and the cause distinguished from its professed supporters, for assuredly Calvinism throws no shield over the sacrilegious and the unjust.

Some few years before the great revolution, the monastery was pulled down, the refectory and dormitories being preserved, but converted into private dwellings. A single tower survives, from the upper story of which the emperor is said to have counted his veteran legions, as they marched along the river's banks. Other reliques of other days remain, but the present castle is not older than the fifteenth century, although the chapel is obviously of much earlier date.

The form of the island is peculiarly graceful and picturesque, its agreeable features being further adorned by foliage, full and luxuriant; it is visited by boats from Lyons, but is connected with the shore by a wire bridge.

Lyons has been celebrated for ages back for its public processions and holiday feats. The festival of the *Mad Horse,* and the patron-day of St. Denis, are, perhaps, the most universally observed, but the pilgrimage to St. Barbe the most joyously. It is held twice in each year, on the Monday and Tuesday of Easter and of Whitsun weeks. On these occasions the river is covered with boats, over which flags, and streamers, and banners, with devices, flutter gaily; bands of music are carried by some, others are occupied with companies of mummers. Along the banks proceed cabriolets, fiacres, citadines, voitures, and every variety and quality of carriage Lyons boasts of, intermixed with countless pedestrians, whose piety or poverty has limited them to the humblest mode of travelling. Landed in safety, but not in solitude, the pilgrims proceed to feasting, promenading, dancing; and they give all their energies to the pursuit of pleasure, until night puts an end to the revelry. Resuming their places in boats or carriages, or setting out on foot again, they return with the same ceremony to the busy haunts of commerce.

This procession originated in the time of Charles VI., when the sovereignty of the right bank of the Saône was in dispute between the kings of France and the counts of Savoy. The question being decided in favour of the former, a procession was instituted by the magistrates of Lyons and the chief military officers, to take place annually on Whit-Monday, the object of which was twofold, to commemorate the decision, and to return thanks to the saint of this holy isle for his patronage. They went by water the whole way to the island, where the standard of Savoy had previously been hoisted; this they immediately pulled down, and raised that of France in its stead, to show, that the right of sovereignty was vested in their monarch. The commemo-

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by A. Willmore.

The Pont du Gard, near Nismes.

Pont du Gard, près de Nismes. *Pont du Gard, (Gardon Brücke) bei Nismes.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

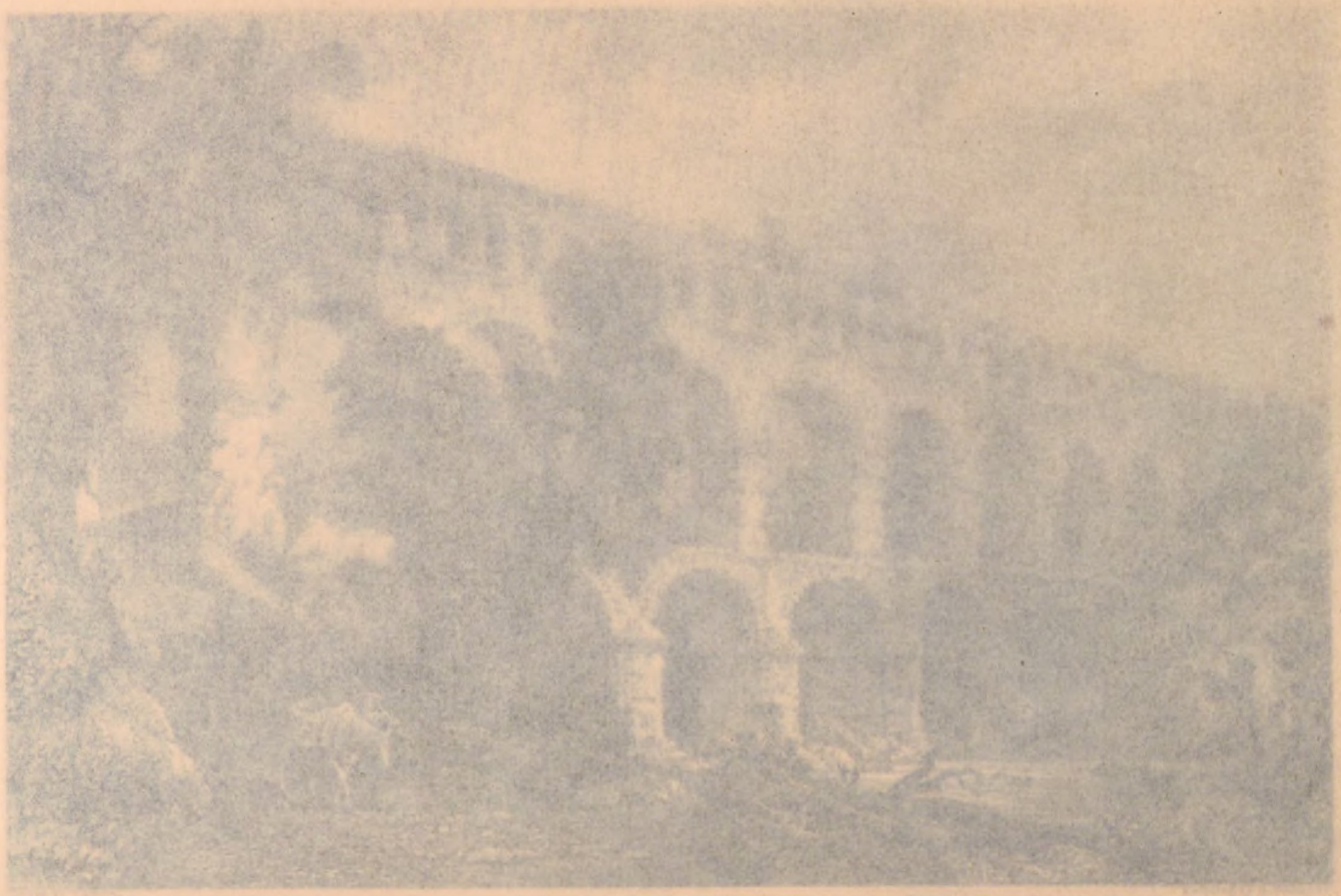
THE PONT DU GARD.

Though the Roman's rule is [illegible]
Lack'd over the depth of [illegible]
And seem'd in their own [illegible]
Upon the flood the [illegible]

WHETHER this grand relic be regarded in [illegible] it was constructed, or to the beauty, solidity, and [illegible] being one of the most perfect monuments of [illegible] admiration can scarcely be bestowed upon the [illegible] bare and sterile mountains, and in a narrow [illegible] impetuous waters in the midst of [illegible] subject for deep contemplation upon the [illegible] its beautiful proportions, are perhaps less [illegible] rural position.

Designed originally to convey the waters of [illegible] St. Quintin's, to the city of Nismes, about [illegible] it extended not less than eight and twenty [illegible] reign it was constructed, is uncertain, but [illegible] great public works with which Nismes [illegible] husband of his daughter Julia, [illegible] Narbonensis. The design [illegible] of three arcades, one above the other, along [illegible] the river, and extending, at the lowest elevation, [illegible] length. The lowest arcade [illegible] more; of these, four are always dry, [illegible] much swollen, but the sixth shows the regular [illegible] story includes eleven arches, eighty feet in height, [illegible] thirty-five openings, twenty feet in length. [illegible] in depth and width, by which gas [illegible] the valley.

The extent, elevation, length, and [illegible] to affect the traveller of taste and feeling; but a closer examination of this [illegible] monument, will repay the more philosophic inquirer. Built in the Tuscan order, as



The Pont du Gard, near Nîmes

Drawn on the spot by Thomas Allom

Engraved by Jeens from a drawing by Allom

rators then returned as they came, accompanied by drums and music, and occasionally chanting forth some national hymn, in praise of honour and earthly glory. The character of the ceremony is much changed from its original destiny,—the triumph of France is forgotten—pleasure, festivity, and extravagant mirth, alone prevailing in the form which the pilgrimage to Saint Barbe assumes at present.

THE PONT DU GARD, NISMES.

"Above the Roman's ruined pile,
Look'd o'er the depth of waters proudly,
And seem'd in silent scorn to smile
Upon the flood that rushed so loudly." ROMAN RELICS.

WHETHER this grand relic be regarded in reference to the stupendous design for which it was constructed, or to the beauty, solidity, and durability of the workmanship, or as being one of the most perfect monuments of Roman grandeur in existence, too much admiration can scarcely be bestowed upon the Pont du Gard. Placed between two bare and sterile mountains, and in a narrow defile, through which the Gard rolls its impetuous waters in the midst of silence and loneliness, this stately structure presents subject for deep contemplation upon the fate of kingdoms. Its nobleness, its grandeur, its beautiful proportions, are perhaps less striking to the traveller than its remote and rural position.

Designed originally to convey the waters of Eure near Usez, and of Airan near St. Quintin's, to the city of Nismes, a fact which remains in various parts of the line testify, it extended not less than eight and twenty miles. By whom it was designed, or in what reign it was constructed, is uncertain, but the received opinion is, that it was one of the great public works with which Marcus Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus Cæsar, and husband of his daughter Julia, beautified and embellished the province of Gallia Narbonensis. The design, which fills the entire gorge between the opposing hills, consists of three arcades, one above the other, rising to the height of two hundred feet above the river, and extending, at its highest elevation, eight hundred and eighty feet in length. The lowest arcade includes six arches, the breadth of the valley admitting no more; of these, four are always dry, a fifth becomes a water-way when the river is much swollen, but the sixth shows the regular channel of the waters. The second tier or story includes eleven arches, eighty feet in height; and the third, or highest, consists of thirty-five openings, twenty feet in height. This range sustains a conduit, four feet in depth and width, by which the waters were conveyed across the valley.

The extent, elevation, design, and site present a combination that does not fail to affect the traveller of taste and feeling; and a closer examination of this interesting monument, will repay the more philosophic inquirer. Built in the Tuscan order, as

most suitable to works of magnitude, and rural localities, a species of Cyclopean architecture is adopted. Blocks of stone, some tons in weight, raised in a neighbouring quarry, are employed, and, in laying them together, neither mortar nor cement is used. They are bound by tenon and mortise solely, their weight being sufficient, on the completion of the design, to preserve an indissoluble union. The bed of the conduit, however, was carefully coated with tenacious cement, and, where it has decayed, and the rain been allowed a passage, stalactites may be seen depending from the arches underneath.

The conduit being covered with flags, a level surface is formed, on which visitors may safely cross the valley, and behold with advantage its solitude and grandeur. About the commencement of the seventeenth century, it was resolved to make the aqueduct minister to convenience, as well as ornament; and, by widening the lower tier of arches, a carriage-way was formed on a level with the second arcade. The experiment did not prove very successful; and although single horses may yet pass safely, carriages could not continue to do so, without endangering the stability of the whole structure. Accordingly the states of Languedoc constructed a more permanent description of bridge in the year 1743.

The following extract, from the diary of a lady-traveller, will be read with interest, and may probably suggest to her followers in exploring the beauties of France, that it is by dwelling sufficiently on individual subjects, that their beauties or their uses can be understood or estimated:—"As we first approached this spot, the sun was setting—the brilliant sun of Languedoc, which, gilding the stupendous arches, and diffusing a glow of radiance over all the surrounding country, produced an effect inconceivably sublime. As I stood and contemplated the ruin, lost in astonishment, I could scarcely help exclaiming—'Why was not the head that could imagine, why were not the hands that could execute such a work, immortal as the work itself!' Alas, while the work stands unshaken, the head that contrived, the hands that executed it, are long since mouldered into dust! and who can say that this or that particle of earth once belonged to them! Yes, as I contemplated this wonderful monument of Roman magnificence, I could not help inwardly sighing, to think that, while this still exists, and exists with almost undiminished splendour, the nation to which it owed its origin is destroyed, and those who succeeded to the soil were for ages sunk into moral degradation. Never weary with surveying the object before us, we remained contemplating it till the evening closed so fast upon us, that the darkness was almost stealing it from our sight, yet rendering it therefore more sublime; and this sublimity was immeasurably heightened before we quitted it, by vivid flashes of lightning, that began to issue from a dark cloud in the horizon, and appeared to play directly through the lofty arches. This was one of those adventitious circumstances, which being wholly out of the power of man to command, he is peculiarly fortunate when it occurs, to give a great additional effect to a scene already so grand and striking."

Drawn by L. Allen. Engraved by J.B. Allen.

Tombs of the Kings in the Crypt of St. Denis.

Tombeaux des rois dans la crypte de Saint Denis. *Grabmäler der Könige in der Gruft in St. Denis.*

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

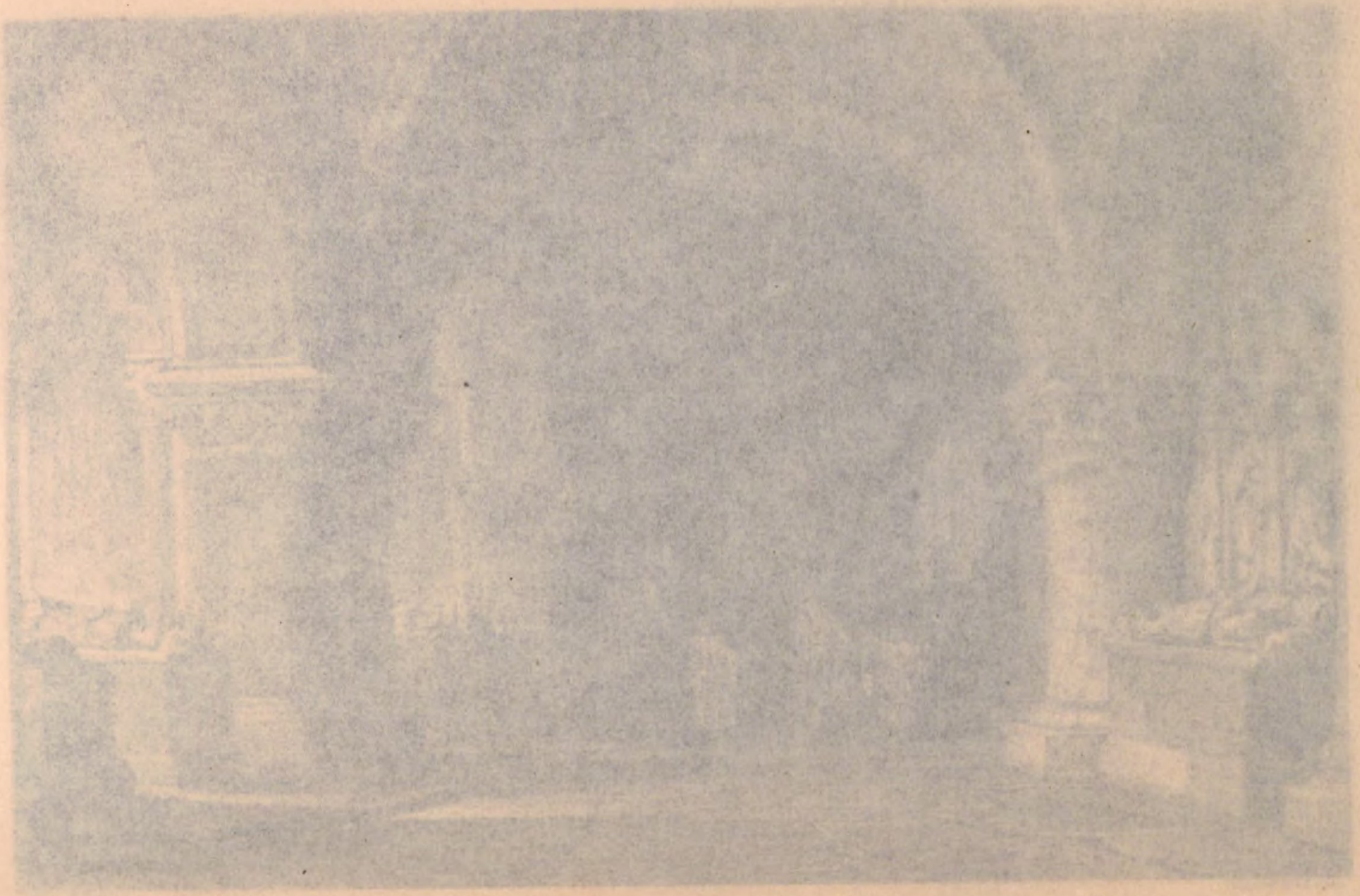
TOMBS OF THE [illegible]

[illegible] and marble [illegible]
[illegible] relics of once-[illegible]

Public places [illegible] adopted in the earliest [illegible] nations, but [illegible] or churches, [illegible] occurrence. The Egyptians embalmed their dead [illegible] Romans burnt their's on the funeral pile; [illegible] preserved as an evidence of ancestral pomp; [illegible] of their deceased relatives in groves [illegible] be deprived of the rites of sepulture has [illegible] astical punishment, and Heathens appear [illegible] Christians in this respect. Roman sepulchres [illegible] upright or recumbent, inscribed with the name [illegible] his death, and the words *sit tibi terra* [illegible] original of the well-known epitaph [illegible] the sod that wraps [illegible]

The Israelites of [illegible] and the most eminent [illegible] chosen as the sites of [illegible] the deepest interest [illegible] the bones of a Christian [illegible] them. During the persecutions [illegible] more than cavernous retreats [illegible] places of devotion; for [illegible] worship. They were called crypts, from the Greek [illegible] or hide; and it is from this original that [illegible] supposed to have been built in commemoration [illegible] and it was expected that a comparison [illegible] and whose of the cathedral, with the simple [illegible] pride of churchmen. For this reason [illegible] noblest and most costly churches.

A second purpose to which crypts were [illegible] applied, [illegible] repose for the bones of martyrs, hitherto concealed from the fury of the [illegible]



TOMBS OF THE KINGS, IN THE CRYPT OF ST. DENIS.

"Struck by the vast and deep solemnity
Of this thrice-hallow'd spot, the spirit shrinks,
Itself astounded, mid the deep repose
That wraps th' illustrious dead.—Here I behold
Each in his own sad marble monument,
The crumbling relics of once-sceptered kings."

J. S. Hardy.

Public places of sepulture were adopted in the earliest ages, and by the most civilized nations, but interment in temples, or churches, or sacred edifices, was of much later occurrence. The Egyptians embalmed their dead, and laid them in catacombs; the Romans burnt their's on the funeral pile, and placed the ashes in urns, which were preserved as an evidence of ancestral pomp; and the ancient Germans laid the bodies of their deceased relatives in groves consecrated for that purpose by the priests. To be deprived of the rites of sepulture has always been deemed a species of ecclesiastical punishment, and Heathens appear to have been even more scrupulous than Christians in this respect. Roman sepulchres were generally marked by a stone, upright or recumbent, inscribed with the name of the deceased, his title, the date of his death, and the words "*Sit illi terra levis.*" In this supplication is traced the original of the well-known epitaph: "Light be the earth on Billy's breast,—and green the sod that wraps his grave."

The Israelites of old, and the early Christians after them, were interred in fields, and the most eminent amongst them in caverns. These recesses were subsequently chosen as the sites of chapels, or mausolea, or shrines, so that at last it was an object of the deepest interest—one sought with the utmost eagerness—to discover a spot where the bones of a Christian martyr had been laid, that a chapel might be built above them. During the persecution of the Christians in the first ages, these tombs, little more than cavernous retreats, like the grotto of St. Rosalia at Palermo, were their only places of devotion; for there, while seen of God, they escaped human observation. They were called crypts, from the Greek verb κρυπτω, signifying to conceal, or hide; and it is from this original that the crypts of our churches are entitled. These are supposed to have been built in commemoration of the early state of the primitive church, and it was expected that a comparison between the gorgeousness of the choir, and nave, and aisles of the cathedral, with the simple crypt, or underground-church, would moderate the pride of churchmen. For this reason it is, that crypts are found principally under the noblest and most costly churches.

A second purpose to which crypts were subsequently applied, was as chambers of repose for the bones of martyrs, hitherto concealed from the fury of their persecutors

in caverns, or remote and inaccessible situations. First, a grotto was built over them, and a cell, or a chapel, was formed above it, and dedicated to the saint: afterwards, more spacious buildings were raised in honour of some particular martyr, and his tomb employed as the high altar, whence comes the phrase of altar-tombs. Still the multitude were not buried within the precincts, or atrium, or sanctuary of the church, but in some consecrated spot. This latter custom has been always observed by the Moravian brotherhood, whose burial-places are richly-cultivated gardens, and the *friedhof*, or *field-of-peace*, is common all through Germany. In the Catholic cemetery at Munich every grave is a bed of flowers, watered almost daily from a neighbouring fountain; and the Society of Friends, carrying the ancient custom further, abstain from the use of monuments of any kind.

Crypts, therefore, were not burial-places, but records commemorative of the simplicity which characterized the primitive church, and admonitions against pride arising from the riches and power which the church had acquired in the middle ages. It was not until the year 337 that a sepulchre was constructed within a church, and the emperor Constantine was the first who ordained such an introduction. As he had founded the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople, he probably considered that this privilege might reasonably be awarded to him, and thus his interment became a precedent for the practice in after-times. Christian bishops soon imitated the example, directing their remains to be interred near to the high altar; and sepulchres in churches would have multiplied more rapidly, had not Theodosius and Justinian forbad their erection. Leo the Philosopher again permitted the practice; but the density of population in modern ages, and the consequent increase of interments in places of worship, has excited apprehension for the health of the living, and led to the formation of public cemeteries in suburban districts.

Whether we regard its colossal proportions, its ancient and venerable aspect, or the illustrious dead whose bones are laid at rest here, no sacred structure in France is more entitled to attention than the subterranean aisles of St. Denis's abbey. The pillars, of massive dimensions, have sculptured capitals, and are varied in the forms of their shafts and in their decorations; the covering arches are circular, and the height and the breadth of each avenue in this city of the dead, give it all the character of those works completed by Imperial Rome.

In the previous pages* of this volume an imperfect list is given of the celebrated personages who sleep here for ever; a change having occurred in the succession to the throne, St. Denis is no longer the royal mausoleum, but, so long as it is permitted to retain the historic records which infuse an absorbing interest into a visit to the crypt, its desertion by monarchs of later times will be scarce remembered.

* *Vide* p. 6, *et seq.*

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. Carter.

Arch of Marius, at Orange, on the Rhone.

Arc de Marius, à Orange, sur le Rhône.

Marius Pforte zu Orange, an der Rhone.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

THE foundation of [illegible]
enterprising and [illegible]
during a wide-spread [illegible]
Romans became [illegible]
in extent, and of [illegible]
consequence. Here the [illegible]
of Constantine the [illegible]
Transalpine Gaul, to be [illegible]
so late as the close of the [illegible]

Orange, the city of [illegible]
the vicinity being [illegible]
which rushes impetuous [illegible]
usually written [illegible]
intonation, easily [illegible]
dominion; of the [illegible]
sceptre has passed [illegible]
from the, territory [illegible]
and many other [illegible]
monuments, the [illegible]
rectly supposed [illegible]
Cimbri and the [illegible]
destination, is the [illegible]
Porrieres, near Aix, [illegible]
quaries have suppose [illegible]
Ænobarbus, in remembrance [illegible]
Orange and Avignon [illegible]
of a victory obtained by [illegible]
and Avernians. Both these [illegible]
mentioned, that of being [illegible]
supposition that it is [illegible]
different origin and object, who deserve more attention than the [illegible]

Arch of Moses at Orange on the Rhone

Arch of Moses at Orange on the Rhone

Antique Photo. of Orange on the Rhone

ARCH OF MARIUS, AT ORANGE.

ON THE RHONE.

——————— "Grand fabric,
The proud achievement of a former age,
Whose form so classic strikes the astonished eye
Of passing traveller!" H.

The foundation of Orange is ascribed to the Massilians, or rather the Phocæans, an enterprising and commercial people, who continued to retain an independent republic during a wide-spread rage for dominion by all other powers of Europe. When the Romans became masters of Gaul, they found this place encircled by walls five miles in extent, and of considerable strength, but no evidences now survive of this ancient consequence. Here the mother of Cicero was born; and here also Constantius, the son of Constantine the Great, fixed his residence, after he had been appointed governor of Transalpine Gaul, by his father. A column, erected to his memory, was standing here so late as the close of the seventeenth century.

Orange, the city of the *Cavares,* was originally called Auraison, from *aura,* a breeze, the vicinity being much subject to sudden and violent gusts of the *bise,* or north wind, which rushes impetuously down the valley of the Rhone. By the Romans it was usually written *Aurasio,* subsequently corrupted into *Auranche,* which, by the French intonation, easily passed into *Orange.* For many years this locality was under the dominion of the princes of Nassau, now kings of Holland; and although its tiny sceptre has passed away from their race, they do not disdain to take the title of prince from the territory. Here very many remains of Roman civilization are to be found, and many others, that were known to have existed here, have perished. Of the surviving monuments, the most perfect, beautiful, and conspicuous, is the Triumphal Arch, incorrectly supposed to have been erected in commemoration of Marius's victory over the Cimbri and the Teutones. Amongst other reasons for doubting that this was its original destination, is the fact of the great distance, fifty miles, of Aurasio from the plain of Porrieres, near Aix, where that celebrated and decisive battle was fought. Some antiquaries have supposed it to be one of many military testimonials raised by Domitius Ænobarbus, in remembrance of the triumph he obtained over the Allobroges, between Orange and Avignon; whilst others believe it to have been consecrated to the memory of a victory obtained by Fabius Maximus, over the combined forces of the Allobroges and Avernians. Both these conjectures, however, are exposed to the objection already mentioned, that of being too remote from the respective scenes of action, to admit the supposition that it is commemorative of either. There are not wanting advocates of a different origin and object, who deserve more attention than the rest; they would class

this exquisite specimen of Roman art amongst the numerous triumphal arches erected in honour of the emperor Augustus, when he made a public tour through the conquered provinces of Gaul. To this let one other opinion be added, namely, that it perpetuates the successes of Marcus Aurelius on the banks of the Danube. Whatever may have been its real destination, and whoever may have been its author, it should not be forgotten, that *triumphal arches* were unknown before the time of the Roman emperors. When the princes of Orange dwelt here, the arch was included within the palace precincts, and a tower was erected on its summit, whence its modern appellation of the Arch of the Tower. This desecration was remedied, in 1721, by the prince of Conti, who ordered the tower to be removed, as well as the walls of modern erection by which it was surrounded.

Standing on an open plain, about a quarter of a mile from the city, and in the royal road from Lyons to Marseilles, the Arch of Triumph is visible for some miles, in approaching from Montdragon. It is sixty feet in height, sixty in breadth, and pierced by three circular-headed arches, the central for the passage of carriages. Four beautiful fluted Corinthian columns decorate the principal front, the two central supporting a pediment, above which is an attic, finished with a rich moulding. The bas-reliefs are now much decayed, and the inscriptions illegible, although the stone of which the whole is formed (a tertiary limestone) appears to have resisted the ravages of time with no common share of obstinacy. A bas-relief on the attic represents a combat between cavalry and infantry. On one side are implements and emblems of sacrifice; on the other, marine trophies—rostra, anchors, oars, masts, tridents, and cables. Military accoutrements occupy many panels on every side; and groups of figures, whose occupations are not discernible, are placed over the side archways. No part of the workmanship has excited more admiration than the caissons, or sunken panels, in the vault of the great, or central archway; they are filled with garlands of roses, while the borders of the arcades consist of vine-branches loaded with fruit. A few letters, a single word, and an abbreviated sentence, appear in various parts of the design, insufficient, however, to afford anything like definite information. On one broken tablet is inscribed *isvijus*; on another, *beve*; *dodvacus* is plain in a third place; and the letters *sre* are observable in several. These words are also legible on some of the shields—*Sacrovir, Mario, Dacvno, Vdilliers, Av. Ot.* Beneath the marine and military trophies, are captives, bound with chains; and the tympanum of the pediment, on the south front, is filled with a radiant sun.

The pleasure derived from an examination of the Arch of Triumph, is imbittered by the recollection, that its immediate locality was the theatre of the most sanguinary scenes, that render the Revolution but too memorable. It was beneath the beautifully-enriched arch, that a guillotine was erected in 1790, to which the inhabitants of Orange and Avignon were dragged, to be massacred without pity, and without means of defending themselves against their murderers.

It is a fact deserving of recollection, as admonitory to posterity, that the chief actors in these sanguinary scenes were less influenced by public sentiments than by

private vengeance. A false patriot, by profession a music-master, had been settled at Orange, previous to the breaking out of the Revolution; and, amongst his numerous pupils, was the wife of a town-councillor. This lady, always addicted to vice, became enamoured of her tutor, and, violating bonds that ever encumbered her, eloped with the handsome musician. The husband did not consider her recovery of any value, so that for some time nothing was learned of the fugitives. At length, the luckless period arrived, when the evil-minded and designing found an opportunity for effecting their malevolent purposes; and, at once attracted by the occasion, the lady and her gallant suddenly re-appeared in Orange. The first act of this remorseless villain was to urge his mistress to sue for a divorce. In those times refusal would have been vain; and the husband being compelled to resign his worthless wife, she gave her guilty hand to her profligate lover. This iniquitous step was followed by another, more inexplicable and uncommon—one in which a spirit of retroactive vengeance is shown, that could only have belonged to the basest natures.

The lady was required by her now lawful husband, to deliver a full catalogue of her early lovers, in order that, by their proscription as adherents to the old regime, the disgrace he had entailed upon himself by his marriage, might be expiated by their immediate deaths.

The intrigues of this music-master, who invented a judiciary pretext for immolating his victims, were the occasion for erecting a revolutionary tribune at Orange, and he was appointed its president. The poor magistrate, who had been divorced, was one of the first that fell; and the rest, whose names were on the proscribed list, soon followed. Among the latter was a retired officer, then living with his wife and family at Orange, and unconnected with the political movement of the times. His acquaintance with the intriguante had been early, and even guiltless; but the infamous Philippa gave in his name amongst those of her victims, and his fate was thenceforth fixed. The public accuser was directed to denounce him as having cried *Vive le roi* two years before, in the theatre of Avignon; and he was condemned upon the sole evidence of the wicked adulteress, who affirmed that she was present on the occasion. In vain did he strenuously deny the charge: no evidence he brought on his side could exculpate him before such a judge, and his days were ended by the axe of the guillotine beneath the triumphal arch of Marius.

AVIGNON, ON THE RHONE.

"Yes, lovely Rhone, thou flow'st as pure,
Transparent, copious, as before:
I look upon thy glassy wave,
'Tis past beyond the power to save,
And, like eternity, rolls on,
Flows, and reflows, and then is gone." H.

ANCIENTLY the capital of the Cavares, and a favourite city of the Gauls, Avignon is consequently a place of very remote foundation. Some authors ascribe its first formation to the Marsellais; others to the Celtæ, calling the former its embellishers only. It is, however, not denied that the Romans planted a colony here soon after their conquest of Gaul; and although so many remains of that great nation as might have been expected do not survive, in evidence of their occupancy, sufficient practical proof exists, and the absence of further is easily explicable.

During the decline of the empire, and separation of its members, Avignon passed successively into the power of the Burgundians, the Ostrogoths, the Austrasians, and the Moors. It next became a province of the petty kingdom of Arles, from whose dominion it was handed over, first to that of the counts of Forcalquier, and then of Toulouse. The emperors of Germany became its masters after the counts of Toulouse were deprived; and when Avignon escaped from their authority, it became an independent republic. Whatever beauty this form of government possesses, its stability seems little certain, and the republic of Avignon, as short-lived as many similar systems, soon fell to ruin, affording an opening for usurpation by the nearest feudal lord. The counts of Provence availed themselves of the opportunity, and, becoming chiefs of Avignon, contrived to rule there till the year 1348, when it was ceded to Pope Clement VI. by Joan, queen of Naples, Sicily, Jerusalem, and countess of Provence. Ruled by a legate, this province and Venaisson continued under the papacy till 1790, when, after many stormy scenes, and much shedding of blood, it was annexed to the French republic. In 1791, this legislative union took place formally.

When Avignon is written or spoken of, the motives that actuated queen Joan in alienating so rich and valuable a portion of her dominions uniformly present a subject for discussion. In the contract of cession, it is emphatically stated that she sold it to the pope for 80,000 florins, to carry on a war in which she was engaged with the king of Hungary, who sought to avenge the assassination of Joan's first husband, Andrew, king of Hungary. This Joan was granddaughter and heiress of Robert the Good, king

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by E. Brandard.

Avignon, on the Rhone.

Avignon, sur le Rhône. *Avignon, an der Rhone.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

of Naples, and had been betrothed to the young king of Hungary when he had only reached his seventh, and she her ninth year.

Affection, therefore, formed no ingredient in the contemplated union; and when the illustrious couple became man and wife, it was soon obvious that love never would exist between them. Their dispositions were dissimilar; both had been reared to govern; both insisted on wearing their crowns for themselves solely; the result of which was a fixed aversion to each other, and, on the part of Joan, a determination that her husband should not be crowned king of Naples. By counter-intrigues, however, Andrew succeeded in gaining over the pope to his party, and, notwithstanding the opposition of his queen, the crown of Naples was placed on his head—but this victory was the signal of his fate. Soon after this memorable occasion, the king was called from his bed at midnight, on pretence of urgent business upon which his ministers had occasion to consult him; but, as he entered the queen's antechamber, he was seized and strangled, and his body cast over the balcony into the public streets.

The part which the queen enacted in this tragedy has always been, like that of queen Mary in the death of Darnley, an historic doubt; and it is not the least singular coincidence in their lives, that each of these queens had subsequently more than one husband, whose fortunes were also most luckless. Joan, however, pursued the assassins of king Andrew with the most unmitigated rigour, nor ceased until they expiated their guilt upon the scaffold.

A patient investigation of Joan's history will lead inevitably to the conclusion, that she was accessory to her first husband's death, that she accelerated the destruction of her second also, and that her life was a series of immoral and criminal actions. It was to avert the anger of the church, and purchase absolution of her guilt, that she ceded the province of Avignon to the papal power, for it is sufficiently ascertained that she never received a single florin from the successors of St. Peter in consideration of the cession.

And this act of Joan, the Provencaux never forgave. Though fond of their queen to enthusiasm, and supporting her through all her misfortunes with the most chivalrous zeal, this flagrant abandonment of her patrimony was never mentioned by them but with sorrow and indignation. The prince of Condé, the companion of Louis XIV. in his visit to the southern provinces of his dominions, when he beheld the fertile plains of Avignon, exclaimed, "Certainly queen Joan must have been guilty of some grievous sins, and extremely pressed for absolution, to purchase it at such a price!"

Part of the city stands on an elevated spot, where anciently there was a grove, and a temple dedicated to Diana. This rock was called *Rupes Dianæ* by the Romans; and its present appellation, *Roches des Dons,* although it resembles the Celtic *dun,* a fort, may also be a corruption of the Latin, resulting from French pronunciation. From this rock there is a commanding prospect over the fertile fields of the Comtât, watered everywhere by the meandering Sorgue, which, flowing from the fountain of Vaucluse, separates into numberless streams, that intersect the whole surface of the wide-spread plain.

The Rhone divides into two branches just above Avignon, and these unite again a little below it, forming an island of considerable area opposite the site of the city. The smaller of these branches runs under the walls of Avignon, the larger flows at the foot of the town of Villeneuve, in Languedoc. Both these branches have changed their beds materially since ancient times; that which at present runs without the walls of Avignon, once had its channel where is now the centre of the town, and some remains of the ancient walls which were washed by the ancient river may still be traced in that locality.

The present walls are of prodigious solidity, and considered as a masterly piece of workmanship; they were raised under the pontificate of Pope Innocent VI., as a defence against a company of banditti that infested the country, and had even sworn that they would lay the pope and cardinals under contribution. So far did they execute their project, that the pope was glad to make a composition with them, and purchase the tranquillity of his city by the payment of forty thousand crowns. These marauders, called Gascons, pillaged and overran various parts of France. They were chiefly veterans disbanded from the French army, after the ever-memorable battle of Poictiers, and they continued their ravages for fifteen years before they could be effectually repressed.

Without the massive walls, and spanning the waters of the Rhone, are the ruins of a once noble bridge, an object of interest and picturesque effect, although no longer of any advantage to the inhabitants. It was in passing under this beautiful remain of the middle ages that Madame de Grignon, daughter of Madam de Sevignè, had nearly lost her life, soon after her marriage—a circumstance to which the affectionate and affrighted mother often recurs in her very elegant letters.

Of this stately structure, built some time in the twelfth century, four arches are still perfect, under one of which the road by the river-side passes. Several attempts to restore this great public convenience were made under the old regime; but, as the ferry which was substituted when the bridge became impassable, was a seigneurial right, the seigneur, who would have lost the revenue arising from it, always found means to frustrate these attempts. Under the empire, however, every right which disturbed popular liberty was unsparingly annihilated; and the ruined bridge of Avignon might have been restored before the present time, had the neighbouring provinces thought the restoration worth the expenditure.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. Saddler.

Arch of Triumph, Marseilles.

Arc de triomphe, Marseille. *Triumphbogen zu Marseilles.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

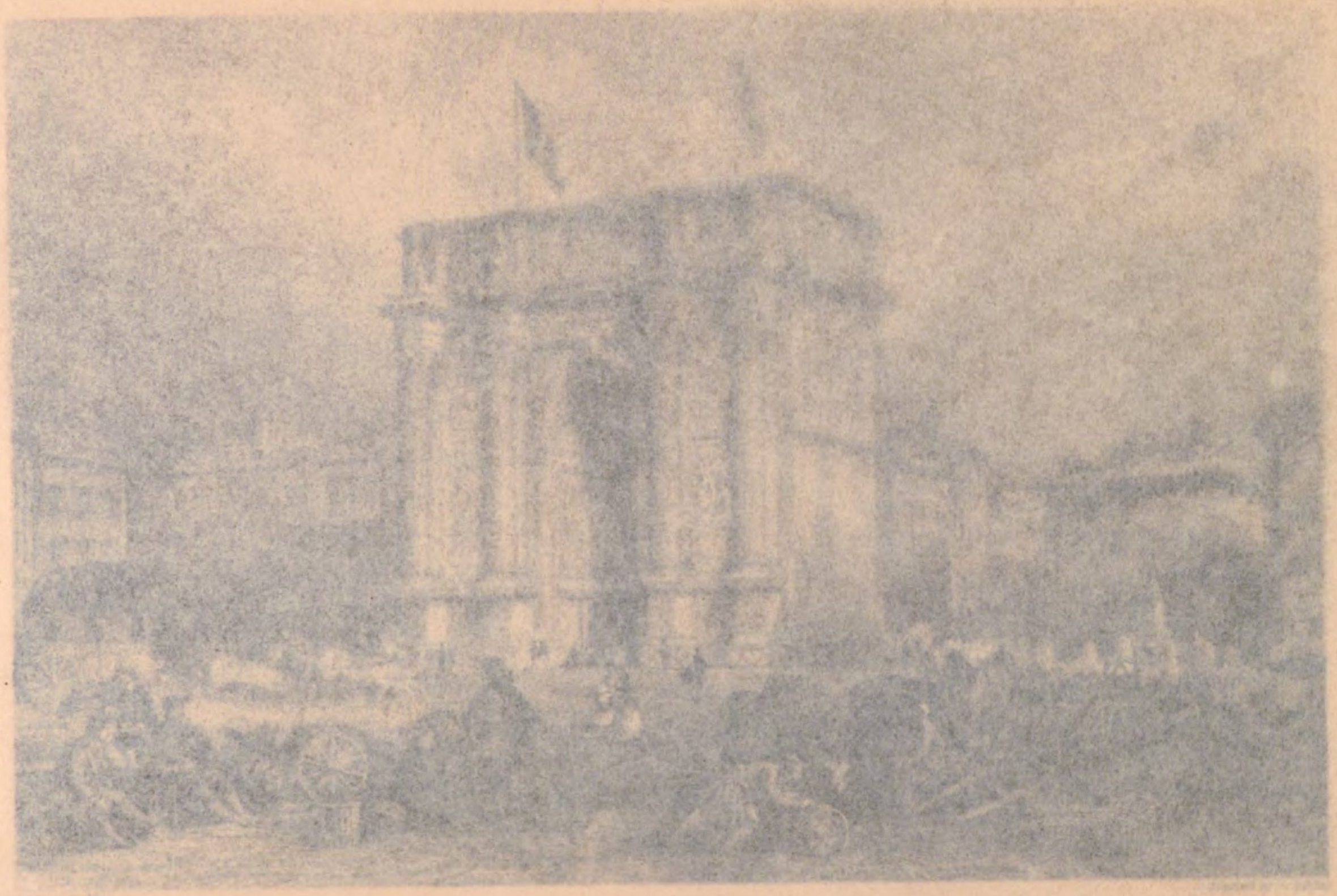
MARSEILLES

> "Rouling of Cæsar and his angel fortune,
> Thy corse before the marching regiday bears,
> Thou right to assign whole nations to a day;
> Mounting back the imperious victor stay,
> And chaunt his rapid conquests with calm lays."
>
> Anon.

THIS is that famous city of ancient Gaul which arrested the progress of the Roman conqueror, when aspiring to universal dominion; and the vast assemblage of villas scattered over the suburban plain, in the diminished form to which time has reduced, seen from the distant heights that surround the city, have the appearance of an extensive camp; and the imagination deserves indulgence which transports the scene into the very camp of Cæsar himself. Such is the glorious prospect of Marseilles, and the amphitheatre of hills in which it is embosomed, when viewed from La Viste; but the sense and the scene change too soon, and before half the distance is accomplished, the road is enclosed between two lofty walls, excluding all prospect, to the mortification of the traveller, whose imagination, in beholding the panorama from the heights, had been led to indulge in the hope of undiminished enjoyment until the suburban streets were reached. With the exception, however, of only a furlong's length, the road continues to be enclosed to the very gate of Marseilles.

There is another approach, and another entrance, more striking than that from Aix. Here stands the famous Arch of Triumph, forming a frame to the city view, seen so advantageously through it; the eye is carried at once through the whole length of the town, to the entrance into Toulon at the other end. The avenues that form this imposing vista are, the street of the Four Lanterns, and the Rue de Rome—the end of the latter street closed by a vast perspective of the Chateau d'Aimargh; but this is a pleasing delusion, the mountains being quite beyond the town.

The design of the Arch of Triumph is [illegible]. It consists of one central but no lateral arches; the centre [illegible] are almost blank. The entablature is supported by eight [illegible] columns, of Languedoc marble, and the panels are ornamented with [illegible] figures and bas-reliefs, commemorative of conquest generally. The [illegible] of this public monument was to commemorate the success of the French arms in the Peninsula [illegible], but by a change of purpose it is now said to be a remembrance of Paul [illegible] France." It is inferior to the Arch of Marius at Orange, in decoration [illegible] delicacy of proportions, but many prefer it as an imitation of the Arc du [illegible]



Arch of Triumph, Marseilles

Arc de triomphe, Marseille

Triumphbogen zu Marseille

FORBES, NEW & YOUNG, LONDON & PARIS

ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

MARSEILLES.

"Fearless of Cæsar and his arms it stood,
Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood;
But while he swept whole nations in a day,
Massilia bade th' impetuous victor stay,
And clogg'd his rapid conquests with delay."
LUCAN.

THIS is that famous city of ancient Gaul which arrested the progress of the Roman conqueror, when aspiring to universal dominion; and the vast assemblage of villas scattered over the suburban plain, in the diminished form to which they are reduced, seen from the distant heights that surround the city, have the appearance of an extensive camp; and the imagination deserves indulgence which transforms the scene into the very camp of Cæsar himself. Such is the glorious prospect of Marseilles, and the amphitheatre of hills in which it is embosomed, when viewed from La Viste; but the sense and the scene change too soon, and before half the descent is accomplished, the road is enclosed between two lofty walls, excluding all prospect, to the mortification of the traveller, whose imagination, in beholding the panorama from the heights, had been led to indulge in the hope of undiminished enjoyment until the very city streets were reached. With the exception, however, of only a furlong's length, the road continues to be enclosed to the very gate of Marseilles.

There is another approach, and another entrance, more striking and agreeable—that from Aix. Here stands the famous Arch of Triumph, forming a frame to the city view, seen so advantageously through it; the eye is carried at once through the whole length of the town, to the entrance from Toulon at the other end. The avenues that form this imposing vista are, the street of Aix, the Course, and the street of Rome—the end of the latter seems closed by a vast mountain, like Princes-street, in Edinburgh; but this is a pleasing delusion, the mountains being upwards of a mile from the town.

The design of the Arch of Triumph is neither elegant nor original. It consists of one central but no lateral arches; the centre is undecorated, and the gables are almost blank. The entablature is supported by eight handsome Corinthian columns, of Languedoc marble, and the panels are ornamented with allegorical figures and bas-reliefs, commemorative of conquest generally. The original destination of this public monument was to commemorate the successes of the French arms in the Peninsula, in 1823, but by a change of purpose it is now said to be in remembrance of "all the glories of France." It is inferior to the Arch of Marius at Orange, in decoration, design, and delicacy of proportions, but many prefer it as an imitation of the Arc du Carrousel.

CHURCH OF ST. SERNIN.

TOULOUSE.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"

Merchant of Venice.

SATURNIN, or Sernin, is the tutelar saint of Toulouse; and if the barbarity of his execution be admitted in estimating the value of his martyrdom, few eminent men in the calendar of the Roman church should be placed in a higher rank.* It was about the middle of the third century that he preached the Gospel here, but the beautiful church which is dedicated to his honour was not raised before the eleventh.

As an architectural record, no building in France possesses greater interest; as an object of admiration, it is little less remarkable. The exterior is deficient in magnificence and design, but the interior fully compensates that omission. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and was built before the introduction of Gothic architecture into France, or rather at the precise period which marks the decay of the Roman manner. To this circumstance must be attributed the mixture of both styles, the Gothic ground-plan, and the Roman principles of architecture. The round arch is introduced in every part, even the most minute details; and the pointed arches on the south side of the choir, if coeval with the foundation, evidence the transition then going forward in ecclesiastical architecture. The roof is vaulted, and the demi-dome above the high altar adorned with a Transfiguration in fresco. There is a profusion of carving and ornament around the altar, and numerous cherubim, amongst whom a figure of St. Saturnin is introduced. Beneath the eastern end of the choir, two flights of steps descend into the crypt, which is divided into cells or little chapels, where the repose of the souls of benefactors to the church is prayed for. There are besides several lateral chapels, in which reliques are preserved, and the bones of illustrious or pious persons enshrined.

The memory of St. Sernin is still much revered by the Toulounese, and in the beautiful temple dedicated in his name, worshippers are ever bending the knee, and bowing the head, and telling their beads. Offerings are frequently made before his altar, or expended in the decorations of his church, and the source whence one supply is derived is ancient and singular. A ceremony was instituted in the city of Toulouse by Charlemagne, that at Easter any Christian might give a box on the ear to a Jew, whenever he chanced to meet him, as a mark of contempt for the nation which had, at that season, crucified the Saviour of mankind. This custom, scandalous in itself,

* *Vide* p. 53 *ante.*

[illegible] OF ST. SERNIN.

[illegible]

"[illegible] a Jew [illegible], organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? [illegible] fed with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the [illegible] warmed by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"

Merchant of Venice.

[illegible] of Toulouse; and if the barbarity of his [illegible] the value of his martyrdom, few eminent men in [illegible] should be placed in a higher rank.* It was about [illegible] that he preached the Gospel here, but the beautiful [illegible] was not raised before the eleventh.

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The memory of St. Sernin is still much revered by the Toulousese, and in the beautiful temple dedicated in his name, beggars are ever beading the knee, and [illegible] the head and telling their beads. Offerings are frequently made before his altar, or expended in the decorations of his church, and the source whence our supply is derived is ancient and singular. A ceremony was instituted in the city of Toulouse by Charlemagne, that at Easter any Christian might give a box on the ear to a Jew, whenever he chanced to meet him, as a mark of contempt for the nation which had, at that season, crucified the Saviour of mankind. This custom, scandalous in itself,

* Vide p. 38 ante.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by T. Turnbull.

Church of Saint Sernin, Toulouse.

Église de Saint Sernin, à Toulouse. *Die Kirche des Heil. Sernin, in Toulouse.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by H. Adlard.

Rue du Chapeau Rouge, Bordeaux.

Rue du Chapeau rouge, Bordeaux.

Chapeau Rouge Strasse, Bordeaux.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

was sometimes, through [illegible] so much violence [illegible] to have forced [illegible] becoming, in [illegible] was appropriated [illegible]

FOSSE [illegible]

"[illegible]
With [illegible]
Wide-pour[illegible]
See how they [illegible]

The splendour of the ancient city laid the [illegible] embellishment for which the modern city [illegible] select this great public haunt of man [illegible] execute their designs in a manner corresp[illegible] already existing.

The Romans [illegible] style, and construction [illegible] adorned this favourite [illegible] and boundless [illegible] stood here [illegible] dignity which [illegible] Architecture [illegible] and treasures [illegible] the soil. The [illegible] a magnificent [illegible] theatre is the [illegible] France;—even [illegible] The principal front [illegible] Bordeaux; and [illegible] in the [illegible] The majesty and effect of [illegible] being completely insulated, [illegible] suited to the best effects. The use [illegible] adorned with panels in the basement [illegible] as the story above, [illegible] a decorated attic. The [illegible] above which are [illegible]

Rue du Chapeau Rouge Bordeaux

Rue du Chapeau rouge Bordeaux

Chapeau Rouge Street Bordeaux

was sometimes, through the zeal of those who administered the blow, practised with so much violence as materially to injure the victim; on one occasion, it was known to have forced out the eye of a poor insulted Jew. The barbarity of the practice becoming, in consequence, too glaring, it was henceforth commuted for a tribute, which was appropriated to the use of the church of St. Sernin.

FOSSE DU CHAPEAU ROUGE, BORDEAUX.

> "Then would a splendid city rise to view,
> With carts and cars, and coaches roaring all;
> Wide-pour'd abroad, behold the giddy crew,
> See how they dash along from wall to wall." THOMSON.

THE splendour of the ancient city laid the foundation of that grand style of architectural embellishment for which the modern city is remarkable; and public benefactors, who select this great public haunt of man for a display of their liberality, are prepared to execute their designs in a manner corresponding with the magnificent monuments already existing.

The Romans had temples, and theatres and tombs here, all designed in their best style, and constructed irrespective of expense, or rather, labour. The Visigoths also adorned this favourite locality, and the modern French have expended infinite labour and boundless treasures in rendering the Bordeaux of to-day superior to the city that stood here in preceding ages. St. Sernin's, and St. Michael's churches illustrate the dignity which the Goths introduced into the architecture of this place: the Exchange, Archiepiscopal Palace, and grand Theatre, will represent, with equal efficacy, the taste and treasures bestowed on civic structures here by their successors to the possession of the soil. The front of these buildings resembles the Palais-Royal at Paris; the palace, a magnificent pile, has been converted into the Hotel of the Prefecture, and the grand theatre is the handsomest edifice, devoted to the representation of the drama, in all France;—even the Odeon at Paris, in its most prosperous days, was not equal to it. The principal front is towards the Alleys of Tournay, the most agreeable promenade in Bordeaux; and one flank faces the Chapeau Rouge, the broadest avenue in the city. The majesty and effect of the design are much improved by the building being completely insulated, admitting every part of it to be viewed at distances suited to the best effects. The side that is turned to the Chapeau Rouge is regular, adorned with panels in the basement, round-headed windows and interesting Corinthian pilasters on the story above, and, higher still, with a richly indented cornice, supporting a decorated attic. The principal front is more adorned; it consists of a noble colonnade, above which is a balcony with a stone balustrade, on which are placed

statues of Apollo and the Muses. The scenery within the theatre is often, of course, interesting, faithful, and beautiful: but the natural view from the balcony above the colonnade, comprehends the whole of this noble city, the sweeping course of the Garonne, and the rich country around, with its luxuriant vegetation of various kinds; and far surpasses the best efforts of the most magic pencil.

GRENOBLE, WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

> "Here piety with up-cast eyes
> Dissolves in holy ecstasies,
> And scorning ought of this vile earth,
> That Heaven seeks that gave her birth:
> Here Charity, above the rest,
> E'en in the desert spreads a feast."

THE shattered pinnacles of the Grande Chartreuse lowering over the wide-spread plain of Grenoble, are singular, solemn, and sublime. They indicate operations of nature—a power possessed by Providence, so superior to all human efforts of productiveness, that few can contemplate the scene without being rapidly affected by ideas of the greatness of the Creator, the insignificance of the creature. The composition represents great rather than pleasing qualities; the mountains are vast, of broken outline, indented fronts, separated by huge chasms, and terminated by lofty isolated rocky pinnacles. The plain that lies below them stretches far and wide, reducing by its immensity all objects on its surface to mere specks and dots; and the course of the Isere, which varies the monotonous character of the plains of Grenoble, adds to the ideas of its extent by the distance to which its windings may be followed by a spectator from the mountains above the city. Less lofty than the Alps, these rugged cliffs are more picturesque and striking, from their peculiar position, than any other chain in France; and, in a panorama, including the characters of sublimity, contrast, and extent, few scenes in any part of Europe exceed the plain of Grenoble, and its impending mountains.

It is amidst those stupendous cliffs, within hearing of the ever-falling torrents, within sight of perpetual snows, and surrounded by all the gloomy horrors of remote and almost inaccessible mountain-districts, that the pious community of St. Bruno established their religious palace, and devoted themselves to lives of penitence and prayer.* Each member of the community had a cell, with a little garden adjoining. In this cell he ate, slept, and worked, excepting during the hours of out-door exercise, which each passed in cultivating his own little garden. By this means, the recluses, however numerous, had no communication with each other. They never saw each other, but in the hour of public service; excepting on a Sunday, when they were

Vide p. 39, *ante*.

[illegible] The scenery within the theatre is often, of course, [illegible] the natural view from the balcony above the [illegible] of this noble city, the sweeping course of the [illegible] with its luxuriant vegetation of various kinds; [illegible] most magic pencil.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

[illegible]

[illegible] Chartreuse lowering over the wide-spread plain of [illegible] They indicate operations of nature—a power [illegible] to all human efforts of productiveness, that few can [illegible] rapidly affected by ideas of the greatness of the Creator, [illegible] of the creature. The composition represents great rather than pleasing [illegible] are vast, of broken outline, indented fronts, separated by huge chasms, and [illegible] by lofty isolated rocky pinnacles. The plain that lies below them [illegible] all objects on its surface to mere specks and dots; and the course of the Isere, which varies the monotonous character of the plains of [illegible], adds to the ideas of its extent by the distance to which its windings may be followed by a spectator from the mountains above the city. Less lofty than the Alps, these rugged cliffs are more picturesque and striking, from their peculiar position, than any other chain in France; and, in a panorama, including [illegible] and extent, few scenes in any part of Europe [illegible] of Vercors and its surrounding mountains.

[illegible] those, magnificent cliffs, within hearing of the ever-falling torrents, [illegible] perpetual showers, and surrounded by all the gloomy horrors of remote [illegible] mountain-chasms, that the pious community of St. Bruno [illegible] palace, and devoted themselves to lives of penitence and [illegible] of the community had a cell, with a little garden adjoining. In this [illegible] and secluded, excepting during the hours of out-door exercise, which [illegible] cultivating his own little garden. By this means, the recluses, however, [illegible] communication with each other. They never saw each other, [illegible] public service, excepting on a Sunday, when they were

Vide p. 56, note.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. C. Bentley.

Mountain of the Grande Chartreuse, from Grenoble.

Montagne de la Grande Chartreuse, prise de Grenoble. *Grofser Karthäuser-Kloster Berg, bei Grenoble.*

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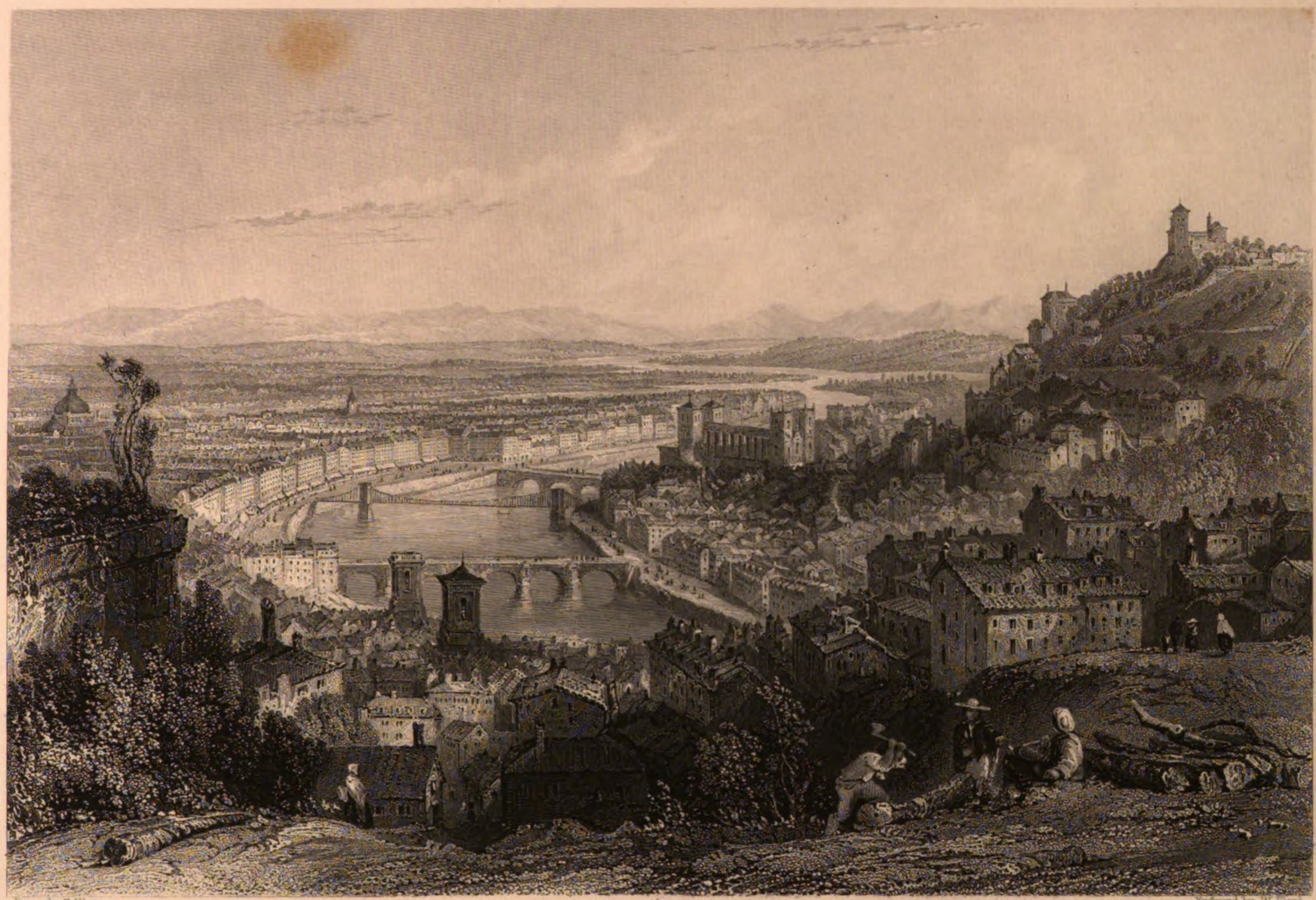

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by W. Floyd.

Lyons, from La Croix Rousse.

Lyon, vue prise de la Croix-rousse. *Lyon von La Croix Rousse aus gesehen.*

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allowed to go to the proper [illegible]
Every one cooked his [illegible]
brown bread and vegetables. [illegible]
given them.

In case of illness, they [illegible]
high festivals they are allowed [illegible]
which runs close by, and [illegible]
that purpose. They [illegible]
make any communication [illegible]
cell is furnished with [illegible]
himself for a certain [illegible]
to take the vows till the age of [illegible]

A little chapel covers over the [illegible]
a grotto beneath it, a spring still [illegible]
quench his thirst.

LYONS PAST AND PRESENT.

Lyons, the [illegible]
confluence [illegible]
three line [illegible]
about 500 feet [illegible]
buildings, large [illegible]
shops.

The interior [illegible] narrow and
dark streets, [illegible] built of
stone. In the [illegible] of a more
agreeable character. [illegible]
inferior to none in Europe [illegible]
the Arts; the Prefect [illegible]
Dieu, and the Gothic Cathedral [illegible]
in the world; and manages to [illegible]

allowed to go to the proper officer, who gave them their portions of food for the week. Every one cooked his provisions in his own cell. Their only sustenance was a coarse brown bread and vegetables. They are likewise allowed to receive fish, whenever it is given them.

In case of illness, they are allowed two spoonfuls of wine to a pint of water. On high festivals they are allowed cheese. The cells are provided with water by a brook which runs close by, and which enters the cells through apertures left in the walls for that purpose. They always wear hair-cloth next the skin. Whenever it is necessary to make any communications to their brethren, they do it by signs, if possible. Every cell is furnished with skins of parchment, pens, ink, and colours; and each one employs himself for a certain time every day, in writing or transcribing. No one is admitted to take the vows till the age of twenty.

A little chapel covers over the cell where St. Bruno led an eremitic life; and, in a grotto beneath it, a spring still continues to run, at which the holy man used to quench his thirst.

LYONS, FROM LA CROIX ROUSSE.

> "O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
> Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
> That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
> Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
> And, certes, there is for it reason great."
>
> *The Castle of Indolence.*

Lyons, the Lugdunum of the Romans, and second city of France, is seated at the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, the former of which rivers is here spanned by three fine bridges, each above 600 feet in length; and the latter by six bridges, of about 500 feet each. The banks are employed as wharves, adorned with handsome buildings, lined with fleets of boats, and resound with the hum of mills and of water-shops.

The interior of the city presents the aspect of an ancient town, with narrow and dark streets, enclosed by houses seven and eight stories in height, and solidly built of stone. In the modern quarters, the streets in general are broader, and of a more agreeable character. Amongst the principal public buildings are the Hôtel de Ville, inferior to none in Europe, that of Amsterdam excepted; the Palace of Commerce and the Arts; the Prefect-house, formerly a Dominican Convent; the principal Hôtel Dieu, and the Gothic Cathedral of St. John. Lyons contains one of the finest libraries in the world; and amongst its scientific institutions are a royal college, medical and

theological academies; schools of literature and the arts; agricultural, Linnæan, medical, law, and bible societies.

The commerce and manufactures are extensive; the most important article is silk, the manufactures of which are celebrated for their fineness and beauty: silk and woollen, and silk and cotton stuffs, shawls, crape, silk hose, gold and silver lace, are amongst the products of Lyonese industry. A large proportion of the silk raised in France, and great quantities imported from Italy, are wrought up here. The silk raised in the vicinity is remarkable for its whiteness.

In 1828, the number of establishments (within the walls) for the manufacture of silk, was 7,140; and of looms, 18,829. Printing, publishing, bookselling, paper-staining, the manufacture of glass, jewelry, artificial flowers, and hats, give occupation to numerous hands. Lyons has also an extensive transit trade of provisions for the southern cities; and of the oil and soap of Provence, and of the wines of Languedoc, for the northern. Numerous warehouses and docks facilitate the great commercial operations of this queen of cities in eastern France.

In the suburbs, on the hill of Fournières, is a public cemetery, planted with trees and shrubs, laid out tastefully with gravel-walks, and adorned with much sepulchral statuary and many monuments. On another elevation, northward of the city, stands the tower of Pitrat, erected for an astronomical observatory. In 1828, the building fell to the ground, but it has since been restored with care and cost.

The history of this city is eventful. It was the capital of Celtic Gaul, and, in Nero's reign, was wholly destroyed by fire. In the fifth century, the Burgundians made it their chief city; and in the twelfth century, the seat of the Waldenses was fixed here by Peter de Vaud, a merchant of Lyons. In the thirteenth century it gave shelter to Italian refugees, whose longer residence at home was prohibited; and these brought with them arts which have since enriched their protectors. Scarcely had Lyons recovered from the desolating effects of the religious strife of the sixteenth century, when it was visited by the more dreadful consequences of the Revolution of the eighteenth. In 1793, the convention sent an army against the city, and it was taken, after a brave resistance of sixty-three days. Enraged at impediment, Collet D'Herbois and Couthon erected the guillotine, *en permanence;* and, not satisfied with this tardy mode of execution, massacred the citizens *en masse,* by discharge of grape-shot. At that period the fortifications were destroyed, the name *Lyons* abolished, and that of Ville-Affranchie substituted. Several obstinate actions took place in the vicinity of this city, in 1814, between the French and the forces of the Allies.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J.H. Le Keux.

Gallery of Henry II. Fontainbleau.

Galerie de Henri II. Fontainebleau. *Heinrich II. Gallerie Fontainebleau.*

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SALOON OF HENRY II., FONTAINEBLEAU.

"And now, behold! the Palace, which [illegible]
The Palace of the kings. To different ranks
Respective place belongs, yet equal regards
The [illegible] and the all."

Tasso.

This noble apartment was constructed in the reign of Francis the First, as the salamanders, which are still visible in the exterior architecture, sufficiently prove. Its pleasing situation, the fine view it commands over the grounds and the forest, and the fresco paintings which decorate it, render it one of the most remarkable saloons in this gorgeous palace and unequalled in the palaces of Europe. Five large windows on the south, corresponding exactly with an equal number on the north, light the apartment perfectly: its length is ninety feet, and width thirty, exclusive of the depth of the arches or cells that form the deep soffits of the windows. These were finished under the imperial government, and are still decorated with the emblem of that regime.

Whoever visited the gallery of Henry II. at the close of the year 1833, and should now revisit it, would be struck with astonishment and admiration; and would hardly recognize the identity. In the former year it resembled one of those venerable remains which have nothing grand about them but the recollections they bring back. The ceiling, so remarkable, and at the same time so enriched, was crumbling away, and threatening to bury amidst the ruins of its imposing mass, its most devoted admirers. The painscots were worm-eaten; the beautiful chimney-piece, the elegance of which surpasses anything of a similar kind in France, had lost its grandeur and its brilliancy: it was but a spectre, that reminded beholders of its former strength, beauty, and power. Nor was this all; the frescos which are spread over this vast surface; the paintings,—works of the celebrated Primatrice, and Nicolo, his pupil and friend; these paintings, expressive of such fantastic ideas, so well carried out in the style of the *renaissance*, were nearly effaced; in many no traces of the pencil were discoverable. In one place the eye could catch some few features, some scattered members, some vestiges of trophies; and those walls, now so brilliant with new creations, representing those fields of battle so vivid in recollection, but where nothing more is now to be found than melancholy vestiges of the disasters of war.

To undertake the revival of works of such vast conception, was the proof of [illegible] capacity. King Louis-Philippe has undertaken it, and posterity will hold him [illegible] able for the performance: it is he who shall have given to France the most remarkable historical book of the sixteenth century, and a monument which makes the foreigner better acquainted with the spirit and character of the nation. Scrupulously preserving

Gallery of Henry H. Fontainebleau

SALOON OF HENRY II., FONTAINBLEAU.

"And now, behold! the fabric stands complete,
The Palace of the kings. To different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The sheltering roof o'er all."

THOMSON.

THIS noble apartment was constructed in the reign of Francis the First, as the salamanders, which are still visible in the exterior architecture, sufficiently prove. Its pleasing situation, the fine view it commands over the grounds and the forest, and the fresco paintings which decorate it, render it one of the most remarkable saloons in this gorgeous palace, and unequalled in the palaces of Europe. Five large windows on the south, corresponding exactly with an equal number on the north, light the apartment perfectly: its length is ninety feet, and width thirty, exclusive of the depth of the arches or cells that form the deep soffits of the windows. These were finished under the imperial government, and are still decorated with the emblem of that regime.

Whoever visited the gallery of Henry II. at the close of the year 1833, and should now revisit it, would be struck with astonishment and admiration; and would hardly recognize the identity. In the former year it resembled one of those venerable remains which have nothing grand about them but the recollections they bring back. The ceiling, so remarkable, and at the same time so enriched, was crumbling away, and threatening to bury amidst the ruins of its imposing mass, its most devoted admirers. The wainscots were worm-eaten; the beautiful chimney-piece, the elegance of which surpasses anything of a similar kind in France, had lost its grandeur and its brilliancy: it was but a spectre, that reminded beholders of its former strength, beauty, and power. Nor was this all; the frescos which are spread over this vast surface; the paintings,—works of the celebrated Primatrice, and Nicoli, his pupil and friend; these paintings, expressive of such fantastic ideas, so well carried out in the style of the *renaissance*, were nearly effaced; in many no traces of the pencil were discoverable. In one place the eye could catch some few features, some scattered members, some vestiges of trophies; and those walls, now so brilliant with new creations, representing those fields of battle so vivid in recollection, but where nothing more is now to be found than melancholy vestiges of the disasters of war.

To undertake the revival of works of such vast conception, was the proof of a high capacity. King Louis-Philippe has undertaken it, and posterity will hold him accountable for the performance: it is he who shall have given to France the most remarkable historical book of the sixteenth century, and a monument which makes the foreigner better acquainted with the spirit and character of the nation. Scrupulously preserving

all that he found there, he has not permitted the least innovation. He caused all the frescos to be restored to their pristine beauty and character. The idea was great and wise, but the task was difficult. The work was entrusted, at the close of 1833, to M. Alaux, but was not commenced until the year following.

Now that it is completely finished, and that the effect may be judged of, it must be acknowledged, to the credit of the artist, that he has admirably fulfilled his commission, and that, without enjoying the honour of being inventor of the design, his name may honourably be inscribed beside that of the eminent man, whose talents were so well appreciated by Francis I. and Henry II. Numberless difficulties were to be overcome; those parts which had disappeared were to be painted anew; and, in many places, the stucco, where the mortar had fallen away, exposed to view the brown freestone of which the walls are built. In other parts, the fresco had the appearance of old tapestry, worm-eaten, and completely discoloured by time. All these difficulties have been conquered by M. Alaux. By the aid of old prints, and descriptions well studied, the paintings in Henry II.'s saloon have been restored to their original character—to the same shades, the same colouring, which they formerly had; and, if Primatice could return again, he would not assuredly disown them.

Fresco painting is done upon fresh plaster, composed of chalk and sand. The colours are put on immediately, and acquire, by drying simultaneously with the plaster, a solidity which renders the painting unalterable. At Fontainbleau, the fresco paintings have not endured as they are known to do in Italy. What can be the reason of this failure, the scientific may perhaps discover. But it is quite certain, and does not admit of doubt, that even during the reign of Henri Quatre, a great part of the paintings in Henry II.'s gallery were obliged to be restored. This restoration, badly designed and badly executed, has not succeeded.

Instructed by this first experiment, M. Alaux resolved to adopt a plan of restoration which does not take from the fresco that light and transparent character which belongs to it. This plan of proceeding is termed encaustic painting; it was known amongst the ancients, used much by them, and exhumed from the ashes of Pompeï and Herculaneum by a friend of the fine arts, M. Paillot de Montabert, who has bequeathed the fruit of his labours to posterity, in a work full of researches, as ingenious as clever.

From the documents furnished by this learned observer, and from experiments made with success by M. Vivet, Alaux was enabled to employ this method, and has succeeded triumphantly. A coat of wax, laid upon the surface of the paintings, (which includes the new plaster,) was warmed rapidly, by means of chafing-dishes, made expressly for the purpose. This succeeded in bringing out the discoloured parts; and the wax, mixing with the colours, contributed at the same time to give a perfect uniformity to the *ensemble,* and leave to the old and new paintings the character and style of true fresco painting.

The painting on the right of the chimney-piece represents Francis I. killing a wild-boar which made great havoc in the country around the forest. Underneath

this is a Diana. The painting to the left represents a knight condemned to death, and who, hoping either to save his life or terminate it more honourably, has obtained permission to fight with a wild beast, which had chosen the forest of Fontainbleau for its retreat, and traversed in day-light the neighbouring country, committing dreadful ravages amongst the flocks. The gallant knight was victorious, and obtained his pardon. Underneath this painting is a Diana reposing, said to be the portrait of Diana, of Poitier. At the extremity of the room, above the rostrum, which is of carved wood with inlaid flowers, ornamented with the same arms as are upon the ceiling, is a large basso-relievo, representing a concert, composed of all the musical instruments known at that period; and near the orchestra are nymphs dancing round a Cupid.

The chimney-piece is quite in harmony with the other decorations. The centre, which is in the Ionic order, is ornamented with a large shield filled with the arms of France, surrounded by festoons, and garlands of flowers surmounted by a crescent enclosing the cipher of Henry II., its founder. In the Doric order there are crescents, palms, laurel-branches, and other attributes, covered with gilding and rich colouring. Satyrs in bronze, eight feet in height, laden with baskets of fruit of the same metal, formerly supported the vast design; but, in 1793 they were carried away, to be converted into implements of war, or brass money; during the Imperial government, they were replaced by two fluted columns in stucco, which still remain. This chimney-piece was the work of the sculptor William Rondelet, who, under the direction of the celebrated Philibert Delorme, superintended the public buildings in the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., and acquired a well-deserved reputation.

The ceiling is composed of twenty-seven concave octagon caissons; they contain in bas-relief, upon a ground of gold and silver, in some, the arms of Henry II., in others, roses and crescents intermixed, and two great shields are inscribed with the words, *donec totum impleat orbem.* An inlaid floor of mosaic work, composed of native woods of divers shades, contributes to make Henry II.'s saloon one of the handsomest that can be found in Europe; and it is yet more interesting from having preserved all the characters of the epoch in which it was constructed, and the impress of the *artistes* who have laboured to decorate and embellish it.

AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

Years have grown into centuries grey,
Emperor and people—where are they?
Where are the buildings of carved stone?
Look in the dust—to dust they are gone.

Nismes was one of those colonies particularly favoured by Augustus Cæsar, and it received its earliest embellishments from the hand of Marcus Agrippa, his son-in-law. It was still further beautified by Hadrian and the Antonines, of whom it was the birthplace. Under which of its imperial masters the noble Amphitheatre arose is uncertain; some antiquaries ascribe its origin to the generosity and genius of Marcus Antoninus. Charles Martel, who detested the name of Roman, prostrated everything that perpetuated the memory of that great nation; the Amphitheatre became one of the earliest objects of his stupid enmity, and, in order to efface what he could not utterly obliterate, he caused all the corridors to be filled with wood, which was set on fire in various places simultaneously. But the solidity of the structure, like the enduring character of Roman superiority, resisted the most violent attempts to annihilate it; and the ruins of this stately structure add, to the other facts they attest, proof of the ignobleness of Martel's mind.

Notwithstanding the injuries purposely inflicted upon it, the Amphitheatre of Nismes is still the most perfect example of its kind surviving. Its greater diameter, or major axis, is 440 feet, its minor 320; its circumference 1,100 feet, and height 70. The longer internal diameter, or length of the arena where the shows and games and combats were exhibited, was 260 feet, and the transverse diameter of the same 140. The interior is not so perfect as curiosity would desire; remains of thirty tiers of seats, however, are still discernible; and those ambulatories where the Roman citizens and soldiers were lounging while the shows were impatiently expected, are entire in many places. Less capacious than the Colosseum at Rome, which afforded accommodation to eighty-five thousand persons, this building is of equal extent with the amphitheatre of Verona, which was calculated to hold twenty thousand.

The exterior design consists of two arcades, of sixty openings each, between which are three-quarter columns, with ornamented capitals, supporting a continuous entablature. For many years this inestimable record of civilization was profaned by the intro-

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

Amphitheatre at Nismes.

Amphithéâtre à Nîmes. *Amphitheater zu Nismes.*

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duction of hovels around its massive walls, and by the conversion of its lower arcades into shops of the meanest class. The purposes to which its immitigable foes, the Visigoths, applied it, was more noble; they made it a fortress, and called it *Castrum Arenarum;* and the Saracens employed it for similar objects, until they were expelled by Charles Martel. Degraded by this superstitious chieftain from its primitive dignity, and having been purchased from Francis II. for a trifling sum, the citizens here held a species of bull-baiting, called *Fenade,* after which the whole building and its precincts were abandoned to the meanest uses.

Not long before the revolution of 1792, a project for the purchase and restoration of the amphitheatre from the town of Nismes was contemplated, but political troubles diverted public attention from all other objects. Napoleon, the realizer of so many shadows, did not lose sight of this popular idea, and commenced the removal of those humble dwellings and foreign objects, that incrusted, like disease, the beautiful form within them. The structure is now insulated, and, from the space that has been kept clear around it, a most agreeable prospect of the design, and of its oval form, is immediately presented to the eye.

A branch of the great aqueduct on which the Pont-du-Gard is a portion, supplied water to the arena, for the purpose of allaying the dust, and washing away all stains of blood. The conduit for this purpose is still visible. At each of the cardinal points was a chief entrance for patricians of the first class; and separate entrances, well known to those who were strictly prohibited from employing any other, are placed at intervals in various directions. A long and wide crypt, or corridor, in the lower story, encircles the building, and one of less dimensions embraces the upper. The lower passage is roofed with huge blocks of stone, and the upper is ceiled with stone-beams and flags, in a style truly Cyclopean.

The customs and habits of the people, for whom this place of public amusement was destined, may be gathered, so far as relates to those objects, from a careful study of the different parts of the ruins. The cavities in which the poles were set that sustained the awning,—the secret galleries for the performers, and attendants of the theatre,—the cells for wild beasts,—wedge-formed vomitoria by which egress was facilitated,—divisions cut deeply on the benches, by which various ranks of society were separated, all these, and additional characteristics, are sufficiently obvious to become instructive to the historical student.

The religion of the inhabitants of Nismes, at the earliest period of which records survive, was Druidism, to which the worship of Roman deities succeeded. Under Commodus they were converted to Christianity, and from that date almost to the present time a disposition to *heresy,* as the Church of Rome styles it, has ever prevailed here. Having favoured the Albigenses, they shared in the sufferings of those persecuted people, and offered the most determined resistance to Simon de Montfort. When Luther exposed the abuses of the Roman Catholic church, these people quickly caught up the spirit of his doctrines; and, when toleration became universal in Rome, Protestant

churches multiplied in Nismes. This place was the strong-hold of the Hugenots in the sixteenth century; and in the year 1815, in consequence of the religious reaction of that period, scenes of the most deplorable violence on account of religious opinions were enacted in the public highways. These barbarities did not cease until the month of March, in 1817, when a powerful body from the Cevennes presented themselves at the city-gates, during a massacre that was actually in progress under the walls of the Amphitheatre, declaring "that 30,000 men were ready to descend from the mountains with the weapons of despair, if the safety of their brothers required it." This announcement instantly sheathed the assassin's dagger.

END OF THE FIRST SERIES.

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Bd.: 1

London [1845]

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